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Plusieurs choses certaines sont contredites; plusieurs fausses passent sans contradiction; ni la contradiction n'est marque de faussete, ni l'incontradiction n'est marque de vérité.

PASCAL: (*Pensées*)

Omnis res argumentando confirmatur

CIC. DE INV.

CALCUTTA:

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THE
BENGAL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1876.

ANNALS OF KASHMIR.

(From the original Sanskrit of Kahlana Pandit.)

BOOK I. PART IV.

BY J. C. DUTT.

Not much is said of the reign of Durlabhavardhana. The queen's bad character was not known to any, and she built a monastery named Anangabhabara. An astrologer predicted that Mahlaan one of the sons of the king would not live long, so the boy raised a god Mahlanasvami. The king bestowed a village named Chandra near the hill Vishokakota upon the Bramans. He also set up a Hari named Durlabhasvami at Srinagara. He died after a reign of thirty-six years.

His son Durlavaka by queen Ananga then reigned. He assumed the name of Pratapaditya after the title of the dynasty of his maternal grandfather by whom he was adopted as his son. He had a rich minister named Oda who built a village for the habitation of Bramans. This powerful king built a beautiful town named Pratapapura, where settled merchants from many places; and among others Nona from Rohita. He built Nonamatha for the habitation of the Bramans of Rohita. It is said that the king being pleased with him once invited him, and the merchant passed a day and a night with the king. When in the morning the king asked how he was, the merchant complained of headache on account of the lamp that was burning in his room. And when afterwards the king was invited by the merchant, the king saw that a rich stone, instead of a lamp, lighted his room. Astonished at the luxury and riches of the merchant, and being

well entertained by his host, the king spent there some days, and then returned to his capital.

His son Chaudrapira, otherwise called Vajraditya, ascended the throne : he is said to have performed many good deeds, and to have been a very virtuous king. He equally possessed power and forgiveness, and similar opposite qualifications. He was rich without the concomitant vices ; he equally favored all and did nothing that frightened his people ; and was so modest that he felt ashamed when any one praised him for his good works. He held his ministers under due subjection ; and in disputes he always sacrificed his own interest at the altar of public good. He made many clear and just laws. Here the author ends his description of the virtues of the king for fear of prolonging his narrative. He however adds an instance of the justice of the king. In building a temple to Tribhuvanasvami, the house of a shoe-maker fell within the boundary marked for the temple, but that man would not give up his house though compensation money was offered to him. At last when the matter was reported to the king, the men in charge of the building were held guilty, and not the shoe-maker ; since without first asking his consent they had commenced work. And they were blamed for this want of foresight. They were told either to change the plan, or to devise some other means, for he, the king, would not commit the sin of forcibly taking another's land. "For it is our duty," said he, "to administer justice, and if we act unjustly who would act rightly?" At this time there arrived a man from the shoe-maker, and was sent to the king by the ministers. This man said, that the shoe-maker wished to see the king, and if he was held not fit to enter the court, he requested that he might see the king when at leisure, and out of his court. On another day the king gave audience to the shoe-maker when not in court, and asked him if he was the obstacle in the execution of a pious object, namely the erection of the temple ; and if he thought his house beautiful he might have another house still more beautiful, or a large sum of money. Then the shoe-maker replied—"Be not proud, o king, of your learning and experience, but listen to my words according to my judgment.

I am meaner than a dog, and you are a great king of the line of Kakutstha. The courtiers will be vexed to see us talking together. All men love themselves and the things that belong to them. As you love your body which is adorned with ornaments, so we equally love ours though unadorned with any thing. What this handsome palace is to you, that is my hut to me though through it the sun penetrates. This hut, like a mother, is witness of my joys and sorrows from my birth, and I cannot bear to see it destroyed. The grief which a man feels whose house is taken away from him can only be known to a king who has lost his kingdom. Even after all this, if you come to my house and ask for it, then out of civility I shall give it up to thee." The king took possession of the shoe-maker's house.

The death of the king is reported as having occurred owing to some magic performed by a Braman whom the king punished for murder, instigated by his brother Tarapira. It is remarked that from this time, the crime of destroying the lives of superiors through magic by aspiring men, began in Kashmir. When the king was at the point of death the Braman was brought to him, but the king would not kill him saying that he was innocent, since he was instigated by another. Who does not feel a pleasure, remarks our poet, in remembering the forgiveness of this king? This reign though short is replete with many virtuous acts. He reigned for eight years, and eight months.

The fierce and angry Tarapira succeeded him. The first act of his reign appears to have been a war with his enemies whom he defeated with great slaughter. Who these enemies were, it is not mentioned. His prosperity was a source of annoyance to all. Envious of the gods and thinking that the Bramans exhibit the glory of the gods, he ceased to punish the Bramans in order that they might become corrupt. He reigned for four years and twenty-four days. He too is said to have been removed by the magic of the Bramans, whereupon our author remarks that the man dies by the same means which he devises for others, just as fire gives out smoke to trouble the eye, but the same smoke transforms itself into water and puts out the fire.

He was succeeded by his youngest brother Lalitaditya. He was a very powerful king, and it appears that he carried on wars against his neighbours, but did not fight against those who submitted even at the moment of his victory. Almost the whole of his reign was spent in conquest. He carried his victorious arms to the east. He conquered Gadhipura, where the women were hunch-backed.* Yashovarma the king of the place wisely submitted. But the king's servants were prouder than the king. Yashovarma unfortunately placed his name before that of Lalitaditya in the document of the treaty which was about to be concluded between the two kings.† This offended Mittrasharma who was minister of war and peace, as he regarded it as a slight to his master. The king approved of the conduct of his servant in taking offence, and was so pleased with him that he made him head of the five offices which he created out of eighteen that existed before.‡ Yashovarma and his family were extirpated. The poets Vakpati, Rajashri and Bhababhuti, &c., who were in the court of the king of Konouge, now came over to the king of Kashmir, and used to chant songs to him. Kanyakurja from the Jumna to the Kalika (the extent perhaps of the kingdom of Konouge at that time, submitted to him.

He with his army marched thence towards the east. He passed Kalingga where it appears that elephants were caught. And then he came to Goura (Bengal). Thence he reached the Eastern Sea (Bay of Bengal) and pursued his course along the coast towards the south. Karnata submitted at his approach. A beautiful Karnati lady named Ratta, who ruled supreme in the south, her territories extending as far as the Vindya hills, also submitted to him. The army then rested on the banks of the Cavery beneath the palm trees, drinking the water of coco-

* It appears from the text that Gadhipura and Kanyakurja are one and the same town. And as for the legend of the ladies there being hunch-backed, see Ramayana F. I. Chapter XXXIV. Griffith's translation.

† It ran thus "Peace is established between Yashovarma and Lalitaditya."

‡ The five offices are thus named—the great constabulary, the military department, the great stable department, the treasury, and the supreme executive office.

nuts. Thence he marched to Chandanadri (literary the hill of sandal wood, a part of the western Ghats). And then the king crossed the sea from one island to another; and thence he marched towards the west, singing the songs of victory, and attacked the seven Kramuka and the seven Konkana (Concans) which suffered much thereby. His army was anxious to enter Dvaraka situated on the western sea (Arabian Sea). The army then crossed the Vindya hills and entered Avanti, where there was an image of Siva named Mahakala.*

Lalitaditya, finding that almost all the kings had been conquered, turned towards the north, and had to fight his way in that direction. He robbed the king of Kamvoja of his horses. He passed through the mountains of Bhushkara (Bokhara). He thrice defeated Dussani. He then conquered the Bhutanees, in whose naturally pale colored faces, says the author, no further sign of anxiety was visible. Before he approached East Jatishapura the inhabitants left the place. His elephants then passed through a sandy desert. Here the kingdom was governed by a female, and here it appears the females outnumbered the males. The queen, it appears, submitted and came out to have an interview with the invader. The people of North Kuru fled to the mountains for fear of Lalitaditya.

Rich with the spoils of conquest the king returned to his country. He gave Jalandhara (Jullundur) and Lohara and other small provinces to his adherents. He obliged other kings to wear a symbol of subjection, which they bore, it is said, to the days of the author. The Turashka (Turks) commemorate the event of their being bound by generally clasping both their hands behind their backs, and shaving the front part of their heads. To show the inferiority of the people of the South, he caused them to wear a tail. It is said that there was not a town or village or island or river where he did not raise triumphal monuments. These monuments he named according to the event or the time. When he set out on his expedition, he felt certain of con-

* This god is mentioned in many of the works of Kalidasa. See Meghduta (Vidyasagar's Edition) Sloka 84.

quest, he built a town named Sunishchitapura which may be translated as the "city of certainty", when in his pride of conquest, he built another named Darpitapura or the "city of pride," in which he set up an image of Keshava. And when his conquests were over, and he was enjoying the fruits of his victories, he raised another city which he named Phalapura from *phala* signifying fruit or effect. He completed Parnotsa and built a house for amusement named Krirama, the name indicating the purpose of the building. In the kingdom of the females he set up an image of Nrisingha—an iron figure, it appears, unsupported by any thing but placed in the air between two loadstones, one above and one below. When he was out in conquest, his deputy built a town after the king's name, but he incurred the king's anger. In the above mentioned city of Lalitapura, there was an image of the sun. At Hushkapura he built an image of the god Muktasvami and built a large monastery with a stupa for the Buddhists. He raised the stonhouse of Jeshtarudra and attached many villages and lands to it. He also planted a series of machines at Chakradhara to draw water from the Vitasa. Also he raised a strong wall of stone round the temple of the sun. He erected a town adorned with vines, and another for the spiritual benefit of the people.

He built a beautiful town named Parihasapura. Here he set up a silver image of Vishnu named Sri Parihasakeshava, and another of gold named Sri Muktakeshava, also an image of Mahavaraha an incarnation of Vishnu, the mail of the last image was made of gold. He also set up a silver image of Govardhanadhara. He planted a single piece of stone fifty cubits high on which was planted a banner on the top of which he set up an image of Garura. He likewise built a temple of Buddha which had a square court-yard, also a chaitya, and a monastery. It is said that the image of Muktakeshava was built of eighty four thousand tolas of gold, that of Sri Parihasakeshava was built of eighty four thousand palas of silver, a pala being equal to four or eight tolas. The image of Buddha which he set up was built of eighty-four thousand prastha of brass, a prastha being equal to forty eight

double handfuls. The monastery had a square court-yard, and the chaitya was built with eighty-four thousand pieces of the current coin. The rich king built gods of gold and silver by the side of the great gods of the country. The jewels, furniture, and villages bestowed on the gods were without number. It is very probable that the riches plundered from the countries he conquered supplied him with funds for these numerous works of public utility as they were then considered. His queens, ministers, and dependent kings, also set up hundreds of images, no doubt influenced by the example of the king. His queen named Kamalavati, who was very rich, set up a silver image of Vishnu named Kamalakeshava. His minister, Mittrasharma, raised an image of Siva named Mittreshvra; and Kayya, a subordinate ruler, built a god named Sri Kayyasvami; he also erected a vihara named Kayyavihara, where Sarvajnamittra a Buddhist attained the purities of Buddha. Another of his ministers named Tuskharnshchankuna raised a vihara named Chankuna, a stupa and a golden image of Buddha. Ishanadevi, wife of the minister above named, caused a canal to be dug whose waters were clear and beneficial to the sick. Chakramardika a favourite queen of Lalitaditya, built a town named Chakrapura containing seven thousand houses. A Braman named Bhappata set up a god named Bhappateshura, and other individuals set up Karkatesha and other gods. The prime minister Chankuna built in another place a vihara with a chaitya; and Ishanachandra, the physician and brother to the wife of Chankuna, having obtained wealth through the favor of Takshaka, built a Vihara.

The King further caused a permanent asylum for the poor to be built at Parihasapura, to which he presented one lac and one plates filled with food. This perhaps indicates the number of men that were fed there. He invited prudent men from other countries; and brought Chankuna, brother of Kankanavarsha, an alchymist from Bhuskhara. The king exchanged with this man a statue of Buddha which he brought from Magadha* for certain jewels

* It appears from this passage that Lalitaditya conquered Magadha, the modern Behar, though the fact is not mentioned in the list of his conquests.

of mysterious properties. This statue Chankuna, placed in the monastery which he built, and could be seen in the days of the author encompassed with iron railings.

The king discovered under ground a ruined old temple, within which were two old statues of Keshava, and an inscription purporting that they were built by Rama and Lakshmana.[†] By the side of the temple of Parihasahari the king built a separate house of stone where he placed Ramasvami one of those two statues. His queen Chakramardika asked for the other statue Lakshanasyami from the king and placed it beside Chakreshvara.

The author here relates a miracle said to have been performed by the king, which would not have been worth narrating had it not contained some historical facts regarding his conquest of Sindhu. It is said that, when the king set out on his wars, a man with fresh wounds laid himself down before the elephant on which the king rode. His hands were scratched, and his nose wounded and bleeding, and he begged hard to be saved. The kind-hearted king asked what had happened to him. He replied that he was the faithful minister of the King of Sindhu, and that he was beaten by the king because he advised him to submit to Lalitaditya. The king of Kashmir determined to chastise the king of Sindhu, and caused good surgeons to attend the wounded ex-minister. The ex-minister afterwards privately told the king, that after suffering the injury he had received, he did not care to live, except for the sake of vengeance, and when vengeance will have been taken it was fitting that he should die bidding farewell to the joys and griefs of this world. "But it is meet", said he, "that I should injure him more than he has injured me. How can you", he then continued, "reach that country sooner than three months, or reaching his country, how will you maintain yourself against him? I will show you a way by which you can reach that coun-

[†] There is some evidence to show that these extreme western parts of India were once covered by the princes of the solar line. Lava and Kusha are said to have founded Lahore and Kussour; and we again find in Cunningham's ancient Geography of India Vol. I. Page 49, that Pushkara the son of Bharata, and nephew of Rama, founded Pushkalavati, the Penkelaotis or Pencolaitis of the Greeks, the ancient capital of Gandhara.

try in half a month, but no water can be had by that route, so you will have to carry water for your army. My friends there will give no alarm of your approach, so you will be able to capture the king with his ministers and his zenana." Thus saying he led the king's army, and entered a sandy desert. When fifteen days were past, the store of water became exhausted. Still the king pressed on for two or three days more, but finding that the soldiers were suffering from want of water, he said to the guide that more days had passed in the way than he had mentioned, and that the soldiers were almost dying for want of water. He then asked how much of the way was yet remaining. Then replied the guide smiling, "Askest thou of the way to the country of your majesty's enemy, or to that of Death? For the benefit of my master I have disregarded my life, and have devised the plan, and have brought you and your army to the way of death. This is not merely a barren place, but a terrible sea of sand, no water can be had here; who will save you to-day?" Hearing this speech, the whole army became motionless like a sali crop destroyed by hail stones. The king heard the lamentations of the frightened soldiers and said, "I am glad, minister, to see your devotion to your master, but on me your deception is in vain, and you will now grieve for your falsehood as one does who grasps a flame mistaking it for a jewel. As a thunder-bolt opens the ground, so at my words waters will spring from underneath the ground." The king then began to dig the earth with a spade and there issued a river from patala, the life-hope of his soldiers. The ex-minister of the king of Sindhu, his labors now being abortive, returned to the country of his master, where followed death, for the king of Kashmir defeated the wily king of Sindhu, and devastated his country. The river Kuntavahini, which the king struck out in the desert, and which ran according to the wants of the king through various tracts, was still flowing in the days of our author.

Once when dwelling at Parihasapura in the company of his queens and when intoxicated with wine, he told his ministers that if they wished to increase the beauty of his city, they should burn

Pravapura the city built by king Pravarasena. His orders could not be disobeyed, and the ministers hurried to the place, and set fire to the dry grass and heaps of grain. The king seeing from his palace the burning flames laughed loudly. But when he became sober he grieved at the sin committed in burning the town. On the morning when his ministers saw him repenting, they removed his grief by assuring him that they did not burn the town. The king was glad to learn this fact, as one is to see his son whom in dream he thought he had lost. He then praised his ministers, and instructed them not to obey him when he issued orders under the influence of wine.

Another of the king's wicked actions is thus related. He assured the king of Goura of his safety through the god Sri Parihasakesava, but he caused him to be murdered by wicked men at Trigrami. The people of Goura were then very powerful, and for the death of their king they were ready to give up their lives. Some of them entered Kashmir under the pretence of visiting Sarasvati, and having collected themselves into a body besieged the temple of Parihasakeshava, the god by whom the assurance had been given to their king. The king was not then in the city, and the priests seeing that they intended to get an entrance shut up the gates of the temple. On the other hand the people of Goura seeing Ramasvami, whose temple stood by the side of the other, built of silver, and mistaking it to be Parihasakesava, tore it from its seat and broke it to atoms, scattering the pieces on every side. They were however overtaken by the soldiers who were in the city, and were cut to pieces—their sable bodies besmeared with blood fell on the ground.

Thus passed the days of the king; the greater part of his reign was spent outside his kingdom. Anxious to see no one but himself king in the world, he again led an expedition against Uttarapatha. The ministers for a long time had no intelligence of him, and the messengers whom they had sent returned with the following message from the king. —“ What a mistake it is on your part to expect my return when I have entered these regions? what business have I to enter my own kingdom leaving behind the new kingdoms

which I conquer every day? The river issuing from its source terminates in the sea, but the career of him who conquers for the sake of conquest has no termination. I am instructing you what you have to do, and reign accordingly. Let not the great men of the country raise a quarrel among you, for like atheists they have no fear of the future world. The people who dwell in the caves of mountains should be punished even without fault, for if they can get money and fortify themselves they will turn out formidable. Let not the villages get grain more than would suffice them for one year, and let them have no more bullocks than what is required for cultivating their lands, for if they gain more than they require for the year, these cruel damaras will become powerful enough to set aside the orders of the king. When the villagers have clothes, wines eatables, elephants, ornaments, horses, houses like the citizens; when kings neglect to watch important forts; when they are not able to know the hearts of their servants; when soldiers are recruited from one district alone; when the Kayasthas are united to one another by marriage; when kings see their officers behaving like Kayasthas who were supposed to be very oppressive and crafty;—then you will know for certain that the people's lot is going to be changed for the worse. After careful consideration follow my advice, and let not outsiders know of this. As by scent the nearness of an elephant is known, and by lightning the thunder clap,—so by careful observations the heart of man can be ascertained. My sons Kuvalayaditya and Vajraditya are the same to me, but being born of different mothers, there is difference in their intellect. The elder should be anointed when he is strong, still if it be necessary you may disobey his orders. If he leaves his kingdom, or commits suicide, let none of you be grieved. My younger son you should not raise to the throne, or if you do, never disobey him. And though he be oppressive still you should guard him. To my youngest grandson, the boy Jayapira, you should always say "be like your grandfather."

The ministers, understanding his purpose, and despairing of his return, heard his orders and wept. One day Chankuna

after much weeping said to the people—"Anoint Kuvalayapira, for the king is dead." He is said to have learnt the fact through magic. The king died after a reign of thirty six years, seven months and eleven days. Some say he perished at Aryanaka by an untimely fall of heavy snow. Some again maintain that in order to keep up his glory he burnt himself in some time of danger. Again, there are others who are of opinion that he with his army entered the abodes of the gods through Uttarapatha.

PSEUDODOXIA EPIDEMICA.

DUTY.

The sense of duty, says Dr. Brown, is always associated with that of obligation. If such be the case, I owe duty to no creature whatever. I am obliged to no body, dead or alive, for my unfortunate passage out to this scene of misery and injustice, where honest folk have to eat humble pie, embittered by the cankered venom of surly porters, ever and anon mimicking the Cerberian proclivities of their masters with success quite unmistakeable. Was there a gold famine in the Hogg-market upstairs, that not a grain was available to be epitomised into something like a Teaspoon for my mouth, while from the mouth of Baron Rothschild dangled a Table-spoon of the old style, big enough to transport the entire commissariat of the Crimean war, or to displace the extra water-supply of Noah's deluge? Is Rothschild more musical? I admit there are names pregnant with the very quintessence of harmony inimitable by instruments wired or stringed. "What's in a name?" expostulates the mad-cap of Avon. Why, every thing in a name. It is the fountain-head of all intellectual dalliance. Let some body but whisper the name of your DULCINEA, and the whole train of thrilling associations is at once set a-going. But what has that to do with Gortchakoff or Hemsterhuys or such other nut-crackers with which our neighbours, the Muscovites,

delight to break our jaws? We must indeed be worked up to the insane mood of seeking sermons in running brooks ere we can discover a single grain of poetry in Rothschild, painfully prosaic from alpha to omega. Then why this distinction without a difference? This zenith and nadir in society? This throw-spittle here, and lick-spittle there?

• • "For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
• That man to man the wide world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

It is useless disguising from ourselves the fact that the galvanic battery of modern Progress has given a tremendous shock to Tradition. The poor cripple limpeth as it listeth without any regard to the laws of reason or rhyme. Talking of galvanism, by the way, reminds me of an experiment made in old Alma Mater on a dead frog by our chemical lecturer. It—not the Professor, though, as to the matter of that, I don't think the functionary in question, or indeed ninety nine per cent. of the fraternity, would be much compromised by being placed on the same bottom with the croaking gymnosophist, but let that pass—It, the resuscitated amphibious animal, surcharged with an exubérance of animation, commenced cutting capers with a gusto that thoroughly over-did the resurrection. *Festina Lente* is the motto of old fogies. The more occult the science the broader the margin for dogmatism. The more barefaced the lie, the safer the erudition of the preacher. He risks nothing by libeling the species, by tampering with the genesis of the animal kingdom, or by converting the creation into a myth. The harpies of the High Court will pounce upon you if you venture to call a man a bastard, but there is no law to catch you if you bastardize the whole race. The Vatican and its faithful crew will make minced meat of you for denying Real Presence in a piece of bread, but deny all real presence in the universe and you escape scott-free. "Love thy neighbour as thyself" has been declared apocryphal by the Synod of Swelldom. To arrive at the true reading of the commandment we must substitute in the place of the interpolated verb its logical contradictory, and hate the poor of

the parish with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our strength. It is *infra dig* to admit to our festive boards ragged paupers, the pestilential propaganda of the ninety-nine plagues. A forty pound divine may allow the claim of kindred to any prodigal son he likes ; but Mr. Upstart, just kicked to affluence, can ill afford to recognise his quondum chum of the village work-house. Alas ! poor Yorick ! cool your heels at the outer gate till the crack of doom, there is no chance of a closer approach to the dainties of your metamorphosed companion till you can make a shift to exchange the cotton shreds on your back for embroidered silk. The entire panoply of ties social or consanguinal has been merged into dress. Equip yourself well, and you have the private entree of my house. You are welcome to my board and brotherhood, to my billiards and—yes, if needs must—to my bed sheets, while I enjoy my *siesta* broadcast under the table after the full complement of toasts for the commemoration of the happy reunion. Dress is the true badge of gentility, the rest is leather and prunella. Pedigrees are fictions, and the so-called accomplishments are hollow shams. *Per se* man is but a crawling automaton, it is silk that makes him man. The wretch then transplanted to this colony of Cloth-worshippers without a penny worth of caterpillar secretion, cowed down by brainless puppets, and brow-beaten by progenies of unknown quantities, is to subscribe himself “the most obliged and dutiful servant” of the author of all his misfortunes.

Preachy, preachy, preachy,

Thrashy, thrashy, thrashy—Bah !

Who is to decide when doctors disagree ? That Alexander the great and Tom Thumb the great are equally reliable authorities in all matters, is what we may, I think, safely take for granted. When, therefore, two such eminent doctors of law and literature, of physics and metaphysics differ, however slightly, in the nomenclature of the very *bismillah* of human existence, they leave the smaller fry of mortals indeed in the lurch. Here it may be as well to premise that, by Tom Thumb I mean the doughty knight of our own age and country, as genuine Bengali as *Tal-*

tilla slippers, and as unquestionably fresh as the Health Officer's *hilsa via Kooshea*. Our hero was dubbed "Great" by the local College of Heralds, the sole dispensers, by the recent ruling, of names and local habitations to rising generations destined to rout wind-mills or to put Palk's Strait to fire-avocations that recommend youths to distinction faster than any other contingencies. Merit is not to be gauged by lineage any more than by the Bass-rilievo of the facial promontory. Your Peerage is the very "feet and mouth disease" of genius. The ghost of despair haunts "chips of old blocks" throughout their sojourn. The delicate crop of sapling perishes under the malignant shade of the widespread genealogical Banyan which monopolises all light, all heat, all moisture. A formidable array of Marquises and Earls, of Viscounts and Dukes, from that inexhaustible reservoir of *sans terra* nobility of Normandy, cow down their spirits, and the heirs apparent give up the contest for fame without striking a blow. Destitute of moral courage to chalk out a new career for himself, the lordling rolls down the ancestral groove dividing his waking hours between horses and hounds, between bottles and brothels, the orthodox programme of time immemorial. Divest him of the donkey load, cut off the tail, and the liberated Renard preacheth in the wilderness. "Tails are but encumbrances. Brethren be ye like unto me, and like unto me live, move and enjoy your being." I defy any one to point out, either this side or that side the year of grace, a single hero, properly so called, who owned a Father, a sort of burglar, whose identity can be established only by the highly questionable testimony of a *particeps criminis*.

Tom Thumb was, it is true, what in common parlance is called a *Parvenu*; but he was "Great" for all that. The syndicate was pleased to recognise him as such, and therefore he was fully competent to juxtapose his opinions with those of his brother "Great" whom Philip called his son. The question thus repeats itself—Who is to decide when these two disagree?

"————— On the secret top of
Oreb, or Sinai didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed."

In the beginning, how the
Heaven and Earth rose out of Chaos."

Dr. Bentley suggests the substitution of "sacred" for "secret;" Dr. Pearce with more piercing gumption, dissents, and adds— "Sinai and Horeb are the same mountain, with two several eminences, the higher of them called Sinai; of which Josephus, in his Jewish antiquities, says that *it is so high, that the top of it cannot be seen without straining the eyes.* In this sense, therefore, though I believe it is not Milton's sense, the top of it may well be said to be secret." Dr. Newton is of opinion that Milton might have a further meaning in the use of the epithet secret, employing it in the same sense as Latin *secret*, "set apart or separate." GANA is knee-deep in love with the Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody of the "elegant extracts;" but our concern is with the fact that this literary Triumvir are as much at loggerheads, as were the first gubernatorial Triumvirs of Rome. Then is it to be "sacred," is it to be "secret," is it to be "separate," or is it to be a hotch-potch, like the so called theistic Baboo, who is neither a Hindu, nor a Christian, nor a Mahomedan? The Green room in which Alexander rehearsed the gymnastics of after-life, he designated his "Lodgings." Tom Thumb calls the retreat wherein he was initiated into the mysteries of the superb "Imitative Harmony," his "Godowns." Were we permitted to obtrude our crude notions in matters of such grave philological importance, we might, of course with due deference to the disagreeing heroes, observe, that the latter definition seems to be more in keeping with the exquisitely refined taste of those days of degrees and diplomas. Aristotle might have been an able instructor of youth in his own way, but any comparison between him and the Dave Carsons of modern Universities is altogether out of the question. These scout the idea of a slavish adherence to antiquated paraphrases, and very justly leave the bare routine to chalk and the black-board, those mighty engines for hammering sense into the heads of all would-be Native Civil Servants from China to Peru. Sir! with as many apologies as there are nights in the Arabian book of Entertainments, I beg once

more, most respectfully to urge that, judging by the inestimable production, albeit not yet published, of the Meteorological Office, the physical features of the *Terra incognita* resemble more those of "Godowns" than of "Lodgings." With both the heroes, however, the question finally resolves itself into one, not of obligation, but of mere rentage, which both of them agree in condemning as extravagantly high, considering the nature of the accommodation. For an apartment so dingy, for a fare so stinted, for beddings so stained, no other publican would venture to charge more than four pence half-penny per head. This, will, as any man of "Compound Rules," will tell you, in nine months and odd days, amount, in round numbers, to four shillings, which sum paid, either in ready money or grub, ought to square our accounts. It is a fair bargain and admits not of cock and bull stories of life-long duty or obligation, any more than does a lift to Chowringhee in one of Mr. Chick's Harmoniums, or repose in one of those locomotive coffins manufactured by the superfine Industrial Art of Orissa.

"I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserved friend,
But in the way of bargain, mark ye now,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

Absolved from duty in this quarter, what mother's son will have the audacity to put forward his claims for the obnoxious tribute? Certainly not the *ex officio* member of the firm of Messrs. Father, Mother & Co! The fellow that, like the giant in the story, enjoys all the glory, leaving his companion, the dwarf, abundant harvests of boxes and bruises in each and every encounter. There is not in the whole "Animated Nature,"—a capital work by the way, replete, especially the "House Spider" Statistics, with instruction, entertainment, and morals strong enough to allay the fears of poor Philanthropy at Dacca.

Say lovely fugitive, how didst thou sail
O'er Megna's eddies bleak and currents strong,
Among Bangals to dwell who now do throng
In Halls to jabber morals, and retail

The fudge of Howards old within the Ditch,
 The leading members teaching friends to lead,
 As maggots know how maggots to breed,
 And them in turn by force of lungs to—pitch !

I say, there is not in the "Animated Nature" an animal more conceited and self sufficient than man, "the Turk who bears no rival near the throne." Having usurped the management of the legislative Foundry, he forges laws and by-laws that completely ignore the sex, and thus excludes a moiety of human beings from all participation in affairs to them of equally vital importance. Is woman fit for nothing? Cannot she move a Resolution or second it either? Compare your Town Hall oratory with that of Machuabazar, and judge for yourself which excels in diction, delivery and delicacy. Why stuff with stump ventriloquists the various committees now formed or being formed for the reception of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales? Does loyalty lurk in beards and moustaches? Supposing it did, who knows that in this unsettled weather Darwin's "Reversion" will not, this very night, adorn the female face divine with those adjuncts on which so much emphasis is unreasonably laid, and thus confound Lindley Murray's inflexion of nouns and pronouns, burying

"Boy, Girl," "Brother, Sister,"

"Father, Mother," "Husband, Wife,"

in the tomb of the Capulets, and leaving "He, His, Him," "He, His, Him" to the end of the chapter? But the most ludicrous outcome of this gender-legislation is in courts of assizes where parties apply for dissolution of nuptial ties, which, thanks to modern civilisation, is fast verging to a regular institution all round the world. In all such cases our Daniels make over the litter to the guardianship of the interloper ere the urchins are in a condition to settle the reckonings of the "Lodgings" or "Godowns" as you may choose to call them! Is not this paying too much for a whistle? The labourer is doubtless worthy of his hire; but what man ever entitled himself to indemnification for his own pleasures, for his sirloin, for his sinkin, for his cigarette? Who has made him king over Israel? Why should he override every body else?

He is but a sort of queen-consort, an impotent, a moribund digit that becomes lively only when brought in contact with significant symbols. "Is there no way for man to be, but *fathers* must be half-workers? I wish the jaw-breaking, blistering *Paterfamilias* were expunged from the pages of our lexicons, and the whole race of *egotists*, who pride in the *soubriquet*, despatched, in one lot, by mail steamer to Jericho to be there hanged, drawn and quartered for giving the local crows a dinner. I would much rather be plucked from trees like berries, I would much rather be dug up like onions, I would much rather be dragged out of water like crabs, than own fealty to this self-constituted despot who is a thorn by my side, who eternally croaks decorum, and checkmates my Free Will.

"Will ye submit your necks and choose to bend
The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of Heaven possess'd before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then, or right, assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals, if in power and splendour less,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration, to the abuse
Of those imperial titles, which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve."

THE ASSISTANT PROFESSORSHIP OF ENGLISH
LITERATURE IN THE PRESIDENCY
COLLEGE.

By An Educational Officer.

Owing to the lamented death of Baboo Peary Churn Sicar, the Assistant Professorship of English literature in the Presidency College became vacant in the beginning of the month of October last, and no steps have yet been taken to fill up the vacancy. When a short time ago Baboo Umesh Chandra Dutt, Assistant Professor in the Kishnaghur College, was promoted to the fourth grade of the educational service, we thought that that gentleman would be transferred to the Presidency College to fill the vacant chair. But our supposition has not proved correct, for we now hear that the Baboo is to remain where he is. What then becomes of the vacant chair in the Presidency College? That the chair in question is an important one must be admitted by any person who knows any thing of the Colleges in the country. The object of that chair is to initiate into the mysteries of English literature those young men who have finished their elementary training, and are commencing that higher education which our Colleges impart. The Assistant Professor lays the foundation on which other Professors build. If the foundation be not sound, the superstructure raised upon it cannot be durable; but if the foundation be stable, the building raised upon it becomes as firm as a rock; and the rains may descend, and the floods may come, and the winds may blow, and beat upon the building, but the house will not fall, for it is founded upon a rock. Further, the Assistant Professor is required not only to do solid work, but he is also required to possess literary enthusiasm. He should not only be able to lecture intelligently on the text-books of his class, but he should rouse the dormant faculties of his pupils, inspire them with love of knowledge for its own sake, impart to them a healthy literary tone, and communicate to them some portion of his own

enthusiasm for the study of English literature. All this is true of every Assistant Professor in the Colleges of Bengal, but it is especially true of the Assistant Professor of the Presidency College, as it is the first College in the country, and as the sons of the *elite* of the native gentry and of the landed aristocracy receive education within its walls. It is of the utmost consequence that the flower of the youth of Bengal should receive a sound training in English literature, and should be imbued with a healthy literary spirit,—all which work depends in a great measure on an efficient Assistant Professor, an Assistant Professor who has made English literature his specialty, and who is thoroughly saturated with the spirit of that literature.

Such being our estimate of the importance of the vacant chair in the Presidency College, we have been astounded beyond measure to hear it rumoured that that chair will be virtually abolished, and that its work will be entrusted to two educational officers on two or three hundred Rupees a month each, officers who will be expected to teach all sorts of subjects under the sun, in a word, to two educational jacks-at-all-trades. Far be it from us to speak slightingly of those worthy gentlemen who teach in our elementary and our middle class schools. They do a most important work; and they do it most efficiently. But the idea is supremely ludicrous to transplant those worthy teachers from the scene of primary education to that of secondary instruction. As they have never made the study of English literature their specialty, they can hardly be expected efficiently to discharge the highly important duties of an Assistant Professor of English literature in the Presidency College. Should this arrangement be adopted, it would tell most injuriously on the College; and the first College in the country would lose its high position. We trust the Principal of the Presidency College, who has for so many years vigilantly watched over its interests, and who has by his assiduous labours made it so prosperous, will set his face against such an arrangement, and move the Director of Public Instruction and the Government to appoint an efficient Assistant Professor in the room of the lamented Baboo Peary Churn Sircar.

That the Assistant Professor of English literature in the Presidency College should be a Native officer of the Educational Department hardly admits of a doubt. In the first place, that post has for many years been filled, and filled most worthily, by Native gentlemen in the educational service. It cannot be said that the two Native gentlemen who filled that honourable post, the late lamented Baboo Peary Churn Sircar, and Professor Mahesh Chandra Banerjea, who is now enjoying his well-earned *otium cum dignitate* after a meritorious service of upwards of a third part of a century,—it cannot be said that these gentlemen did not discharge their duties efficiently; neither can it be pretended that no one equal to them in talents and acquirements can at this moment be found amongst the Native officers in the department. There is therefore no reason why a well-qualified Native gentleman should not be appointed to the post. In the second place, the Assistant Professorship of English literature in the Presidency College has always been looked upon as a prize appointment by all the Native officers in the department. As there are scarcely any graded appointments open to the Native officers, it would seem to be a piece of cruelty to deprive them of this particular one which they always thought had been reserved for them. In the third place, we think that a Native officer of the educational department who has made English literature his specialty is better fitted to be an Assistant Professor of English literature in a College in Bengal than a European officer. The reason of this is, that the Native Professor, owing to his thorough acquaintance with the mental habitudes of his pupils and with the idiomatic peculiarities of their mother tongue, is better able to explain the English poets and Essayists to young Hindus imperfectly acquainted with English than a European Professor. Some time ago a series of letters, signed by "A Bengal Professor," appeared in the now defunct periodical called the *Indian Observer*, in which the writer pathetically dwelt on the difficulty he felt in explaining passages in Milton and other English poets, in consequence of his ignorance of the mother-tongue of his pupils. That this is a real difficulty must be admitted by every English gentleman who ever has had

to instruct Native youth. All this difficulty vanishes into thin air when the Professor is a Native gentleman, who has made English literature his specialty.

But it may be said that, though the Native Professor is more advantageously placed as regards the knowledge of the mother tongue of his pupils than the European professor, he labours under the disadvantage of having less knowledge of English and of English literature than his European colleague. We beg to deny this. It is well known that in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge—the two Universities from which the higher officers of the educational department are for the most part recruited—scarcely any English is taught. The undergraduates are chiefly grounded in Latin and Greek, in Mathematics and Philosophy; and they have to pick up their English literature as best they may. The result is, that a young man fresh from Oxford or Cambridge—and such a person only can be appointed to the inferior post of the Assistant Professorship under consideration—is not well read in English literature; whereas the Native Professor has all his life been studying that subject. We venture to assert that there are Native officers in the educational department, and many more outside it, who have deeper and more extensive acquaintance with English literature than the young men who come out in the educational service from the English, Scotch and Irish Universities; and some of them, it is well known, write as pure and idiomatic English as those gentlemen from the Universities in Britain. We are aware that there are some old fogies who, in sovereign contempt of facts, maintain that Natives cannot teach Enlish properly simply because they are Natives; but those fogies ought to be relegated to the palaeontological section of the Indian Museum, duly labelled and ticketed, as interesting relics of an old-world and antediluvian state of things.

We have said enough, we think, to show that the Assistant Professorship of English literature in the Presidency College is a most important post; that the abolition of the chair would be prejudicial to the best interests of that College; that to entrust the work to two educational hucksters would be ridiculous and

absurd ; and that the vacant post should be filled by a competent Native officer in the department. We should be glad if the rumour about the contemplated arrangement turned out to be groundless ; but if there be any foundation for the rumour, we respectfully call upon the Principal of the Presidency College, upon the Director of Public Instruction, and upon His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, to avert from the first College in Bengal so terrible a catastrophe.

VIDYAPUR
December 15th, 1875. }

AN EDUCATIONAL OFFICER.

EVILS OF KOOLINISM.

It is a fact that no section of the Hindu community in Bengal is more seriously and perniciously affected by a blind adherence to antiquated custom than that portion of our society known by the name of *koolins*. It is an incontestable truth that the *koolins* in days long gone by denoted the real blood aristocracy of the country, and were conspicuous for all those social virtues which are esteemed by all the civilized nations of the world. In the days of Adisoor and Bullal Sen they formed the ornament of our realm, and strove by their example for some generations to infuse a new spirit to the then existing stagnant society of Bengal. Every native of this province is fully aware of the circumstances which led Raja Adisoor to indent five Brahmans from Canouj. Bengal was found by him wholly devoid of Brahmans instructed in the *Vedas* and *shasters*. The aborigines who pretended to belong to that class were illiterate in the extreme and highly debased in morals. Neither the Raja nor the people in general had any respect for them. The performance of religious ceremonies and the observance of rites in Lower Bengal had, to a great extent, fallen into disuse, owing chiefly to the utter want of proficient Brahmans. To remedy this state of things, the orthodox

Raja on the occasion of the celebration of an important rite, hit upon the expedient of inviting for settlement in his kingdom, five learned and exemplary Brahmans, from the upper provinces of India. The king of Canouj was requested to make the selection of the koolin stallions, if we may be allowed to use such an expression. The choice was heartily approved of by Adisoor when he found his five guests to be ministers of sterling worth, of unimpeachable character and withal so polished in manners as to induce him to bestow on them favors and attentions they richly deserved.

So much by way of preface. We come now to enquire how in the course of, say, thirty generations, embracing at a rough calculation a period of nearly eighteen centuries, things have assumed an almost diametrically opposite turn, into the causes that have contributed to bring about this unhappy change, and the many intolerable evils that have gradually sprung from the evolution of the *koolin* system, the inauguration of which was hailed by our ancestors with unmixed pleasure and commendation.

That the present class of koolins are quite unlike their revered progenitors, that in the majority of cases they are utterly destitute of those remarkable distinctions which had distinguished the ~~Dallali~~ koolins, are facts too familiar to our countrymen to require an elaborate explanation. It will be difficult, however, at this distance of time, to trace with tolerable accuracy the progress of the lamentable change which had its beginning in all probability at the latter end of the thirteenth century of the Christian era. The records available for the purpose contain a very vague recital of the events of the past, and the incidents of koolinism have in some cases been so overclouded with tropes and figures as to puzzle and confound the keenest and most stubborn searcher. The *Misra*, the best reliable authority on the subject, held in great repute by the Ghuttaoks of Bengal as a work of antiquity, is no better than a sort of carte blanche. Numerous annotations and interpolations have been introduced into the work at random by various commentators, and what strikes us most is that the sequel has been got up with an inexcu-

sable disregard to chronology. Irrespective of its shortcomings on other scores, its pretensions to precision as regards the tissue of facts touching kolinism, are not altogether unworthy of credit. Pundit Ram Koomar Nayapunchanun of Kallamerda, with whom I had much to do concerning the accumulation of authentic information on this subject, could not, though he was well versed in these matters, determine the successive transition periods of kolin defilement. Another Pundit of high estimation in heraldry, the late Rajmohun Ghuttak of Bikrampore, to whom I am also indebted for some interesting anecdotes regarding the kolin family, was candid enough to declare his inability to help me with a clue for tracing of the gradual declension of the Bullali heroes of the Netherlands of Ind. But be the task as difficult as it may, I venture to say that the decline in all probability must have commenced shortly after the conquest of Bengal by Buktyar Khiliji.

It is not my intention to trace the history of the kolins from the period of their advent to Bengal down to the present day. My object in this paper is simply to notice, in the first place, the stages of retrogression as far as my own researches enable me to do so. It must be remembered, however, that for more than a century the kolins maintained their dignity untarnished. It is well known throughout the length and breadth of those Lower Provinces, that the immortalized Bullal Sen was lavish in the bestowal of his favors on the descendants of *Sandyllo*, *Doskho*, *Chhandur Ved Gurbo* and *Srechura*. It was Bullal Sen, who set his head and heart towards the organization of the kolins under a systematic and consistent form. It was he who devoted himself to the aggrandizement of his proteges. He it was who first gave the impulse and motive power, so to say, to this section of the Bengal community—contributed by his favors and kind attention to heighten its credit and glory—and spared no pains to make it the pattern and model of imitation among his degenerate subjects—the so-called *Saptasati* Brahmans of East Bengal.

I apprehend it may be asked whether the renowned Bullal

was right in inaugurating this system of Koolinism and in thus patronizing the scions of the new titled patrician family. To such a query I would emphatically answer in the affirmative. Any man with reason in him cannot for a moment hesitate to pour on his sacred memory expressions of strong commendation. The object of Bullal in the institution of the kooliny system was no other than to ward off the moral depravity and degradation of his Brahman subjects, to raise in his kingdom a blood aristocracy and by means of rewards to encourage intellectual and moral improvement. No one can deny for a moment the utility and paramount importance of such a measure, and consequently none can with justice refrain from honoring the memory of Rajah Bullal Sen for having attended to this important duty of a reigning sovereign.

We learn from authentic records as well as from tradition that the system as organized by Bullal was productive of much real good to the country, and was well calculated to promote intellectual culture and amelioration of manners. The introduction of the koolin system in his time afforded a stimulus to energy and created a spirit of emulation which contributed to a great extent to achieve at no distant time, a thorough improvement in the society of Bengal. It would be preposterous to suppose that the Bullali system tended to foster or encourage polygamy. If we regard with attention the constitution of koolins as it then existed, we should find that there was nothing in it to make us believe that polygamy was imperative or unavoidable. I deem it necessary to add this remark to prevent misapprehension which might otherwise possibly arise on this score.

But whatever might have been the beneficial influences of koolinism in the day of our remote ancestors, and however radical were the changes introduced in the patrician organization of our country under the auspices of the renowned Bullal, it is certain that the great fabric was not proof against corruption and decay. A slight divergence from the original standard of distinction was observable for the first time on the occasion of the notorious *Samikorun*, which was a congregational meeting held by Raja Luksmun

Sen for the purpose of preparing an authentic statistical return of the whole family of koolins, and of widening the line of demarcation between the *Suptasatis* and the descendants of the famous five Canoojeahs. A further aberration more material than the preceding, manifested itself two centuries after, when the far-famed Devivara Ghuttack felt the necessity of re-classifying the koolins of his time, with a view to arrest the progress of corruption amongst that distinguished class of people in Bengal. This classification, which was virtually based on negative principles, is ordinarily known by the term *Mels*, literally signifying unison. The division thus made by Debibur embraced within it thirty six distinct sets of koolins, of which Pholeh and Khurdah are universally regarded as the best.

Now, as regards the causes that have operated to bring about deplorable changes in the institution of Bullal, I have in the first place to remark, that the most important is the subversion of the native rule. The seizure of this province by the Mahomedans served to introduce a thorough revolution in politics and to affect to a very great extent the social organization of the realm. The koolins who had hitherto been fostered and patronized by their Hindoo sovereigns with unprecedented kindness, became sorely depressed, and being destitute of that spirit of emulation which had signalized their forefathers and strengthened their efforts in the path of glory, they soon abandoned themselves to sloth and its concomitant vices.

Another circumstance to which the degradation of the later koolins may be ascribed, is the malicious rivalry that prevailed among them. Bereft of the many eminent qualifications of their distinguished ancestors in the flourishing days of koolinism, these gentlemen endeavoured to urge their pretensions to superiority and excellence by slandering their rivals. The spirit of emulation soon gave way to envy which, in conjunction with numerous other personal foibles, served to engender the abominable practices in matters of matrimony of which we have much reason to complain at present.

A third cause that has helped to do much mischief in this

department, is the utter ignorance of the recent koolins to the tenets of the *Dharma Shasters* as promulgated by Manu, Parasara, Krishna Dwipayun and other sages of antiquity. It may easily be conceived how this ignorance served to lead these koolins astray from the right path—how, though not directly, it lent a sanction to their crudities and oddities, and how it served in the long run to enliven prejudices and to encourage eccentricities of all kinds.

Were the space allotted to me in the Magazine ampler, I could have possibly enumerated many other salient causes of comparatively minor importance, which have more or less been for some time at work for effecting by slow degrees the much to be regretted change for the worse, among the modern holders of the Bullali insignia. Suffice it to say, that kolinism has swerved greatly and radically from its original pattern, that it has altogether changed its ancient mould, and has worn of late years a fantastic and an outlandish garb calculated to prove obnoxious to society at large.

But to proceed. I have already observed that the Bullali organization of Bengal koolins, viewed in its integrity, was perfectly pure and chaste. It was too cautiously and considerately made to leave room for criticism and impeachment. The absurdities, such as polygamy of males, life-long celibacy of females and the like, were innovations subsequently dovetailed into the system by designing professors of heraldry. Bullal was too wise to be an encourager of these vile and loathsome practices. We cannot with justice blame the Raja on these accounts any more than we can tax the ancient sovereigns of Hustinapore for encouraging polyandry in their days.

Of the many evils which the lapse of ages has ingrafted on kolinism, there is perhaps none so prominent as polygamy. Pundit Eshwar Chunder Vidyasagur has in his two excellent treatises on *Bohu Bibaho* portrayed with a masterly hand, the distressing features of this diabolical custom in such vivid colors as to leave to us no occasion or necessity for further comment on the subject. I cannot, however, refrain from making one observation in connexion with this subject, to wit, that the immortal bard of Avon was right when he remarked

“ What custom wills that should we do
 In all things, though mountainous error
 Be too highly heaped for truth to overpour.”

It is this miscalled sacred custom that has proved a stumbling-block to the present race of koolin Brahmans, and is daily evoking loud deprecations from all well-meaning souls. The progress of civilization and the diffusion of English education have accomplished now a days a thorough revolution in the sentiments of the upper class of natives to such a degree, that there is to be hardly met one educated koolin in Lower Bengal who would be disposed to advocate the cause of this obnoxious polygamy still in vogue throughout the length and breadth of demoniac koolindom.

Degenerate as the generality of the Koolins are at present compared with their patriarchal standard, there is still among the untarnished Srotriya Brahmans a struggle for courting the alliance of the Bullali knights. This emulation, which was based on rational principles during the Augustan age of koolin glory, has subsequently become perverted and is subsisting on mistaken notions. A blind adherence to time-worn custom is propelling our hoodwinked countrymen to koolin matches against their will, even at an immense sacrifice of their wherewithal. This lust of blood distinctions has, to say the truth, turned the wrong side of koolinism outward. It has impoverished and ruined a good many families of the Srotriyas of our land—promoted to a great length the abominations of premature marriage and polygamy, and turned lamentably many of the comely daughters of respectable families either into miserable widows or worse.

Righteous honor, we cannot deny, is a great thing. It ought to be always alive in every polished society for intellectual, social and moral purposes. But it is a matter of pity, that such honor is not being aspired after by our benighted countrymen of high blood. The reputation they are seeking is one of high blood alliance. They are busy after a shadow and not the substance. The Koolins of the present day “woo and affect honor” which is “much talked of, but inwardly little admired,” and in so doing they “darken their virtue so as to be undervalued in opinion.”

In the pursuit of a worthless bubble, of a sonorous sound, so to speak, of a mere “ guinea’s *stamp*,” as the poet has chosen to call it, our dignitaries are daily, nay, hourly we may say, staking their last farthing and by contracting unhappy matches involving their families in endless embarrassments and life-long misery. There is not a single soul even among the koolin tribe so dull and apathetic as to gainsay the truth of these observations. We all of us are perfectly sensible of these evils—we all with one voice admit the pernicious tendency of polygamy and early marriage—declare the same to be downright sham and hoax subversive of all discipline moral, social and physical good, and yet we are obliged to tolerate the practice. Why? simply because we are shackled by time-honored custom, the barriers of which we are scrupulous enough to venture to overleap. We are sanguinely and devoutly wishing for the extinction of the objectionable custom, but alas! we have not. We want the pluck to stem the tide. We are heartily anxious to eradicate the evil, but we are precisely in the predicament of the famous cat on the Adige—too timid to wet our feet. We are waiting with impatience for the watch-word, but are entertaining apprehensions and misgivings to take the initiative.

I lack, I confess, adequate language and appropriate expression to depict in a proper manner the enormity of the vices that are prevailing in our society in consequence of the execrable usages noticed above. One who is not familiar with our domestic annals, will feel shocked to hear of these frightful incidents. The continuance of these vices reflect the greatest dishonor on humanity. They are looked upon with abhorrence even by the Chihars, Bheels, Dhangurs. One who is not bred in the Lyceum of koolinism, would start up sword-at-arms to strike the blow at the very fountain of these absurdities. What native is there in Bengal who is not disgusted with the wanton behaviour of the polygamists? Who is not aware that such persons regard marriage as a mere farce, a trick to beguile their fancy or at least a strategem to screw out their personal comforts and luxuries? As a rule, these polygamists never think of main-

taining their wives and children. They are, generally speaking, apathetic, reckless and devoid of the "milk of human kindness." This class of people, as is well known to us, are in the habit of visiting on *circuit* the abodes of their fathers-in-law, not with the view of enjoying the comforts of conjugal life, but for the purpose of levying a sort of *visit tax* from their disconsolate and distressful consorts. There are numerous interesting and authentic anecdotes bearing upon this point, but for one or another reason I would omit to mention them here.

The pitiful beggarliness of most of the Srotriya and Koolin families of Brahmans in this province is mainly ascribable to their crochety predilections in favor of koolin matches. The expense of such alliance, the payment of annuities to Ghuttacks, and the perpetual maintenance of daughters, serve to drain their resources to exhaustion, so much so, that instances are not wanting even of the total extinction of many a Srotriya family of Bengal owing to their absolute inability, as regards means, to afford to dispose of their sons in marriage, not to speak of the intolerable misery in which many of them have to pass their whole lives in consequence of the encumbrance entailed on them by the oddities of koolinism.

The mistaken emulation which propels the upper classes of Brahmans in this part of India to seek for Koolin honors by contracting marriage alliances for their children before their attainment of the age of puberty, is another fruitful source of the calamities which afflict our Hindu *Zenana*. Premature marriages are condemned by all the civilized nations of the world, and the distressing consequences of such a practice must have been very deeply felt by the philosophers of all ages and of all countries before the same was discontinued in the other parts of the globe. The ancient sages of Hindustan were unanimous in censuring the thing, and yet we see that, somehow or other, the practice had managed to creep into Bengal where it has become sanctified by long usage, to blemish us during our lives and to occasion all sorts of uneasiness within our domestic circle.

The remarks which apply to early marriage without distinc-

tion of color or creed, would be doubly applicable to the peculiar features of the malady in our province. The deplorable and wretched state of Brahman widows would bring out tears even from stubborn eyes. It would, therefore, be highly inhuman on our part to tolerate the continuance of the practice of premature marriages which serve only to expedite and prolong the calamity. The evils of lifelong maidenhood are too patent to require any detailed or elaborate treatment. It would not, I think, be out of place to conclude this topic with one important suggestion for arresting the progress of these pernicious usages which are universally in vogue in the koolin families. The same spirit of philanthropy which animated Lord William Bentinck when he unhesitatingly crushed down through legislative interference, the abominable custom of *Suttee* immolation and infanticide, should, in my opinion, invigorate the energies of our present governors. It would be idle to trust to time alone for the abolition of the usage. Immediate measures should be adopted by the Legislature to put down these abominations. As matters stand at present, it would be an easy task for the government to effect the desired revolution. I can assure our Indian politicians that they need entertain no apprehension on the score of encountering even the feeblest opposition from the handful of koolin Brahmins who are, as far as I am aware, fully prepared for the desirable change. Besides, such a step would be perfectly consistent with the benignity of the British rule and the policy hitherto adopted by our Governors. It stands to reason that the Government which has done so much for our country by the recent suppression of the Meriah sacrifices in Orissa, and the extinction of the shocking and inhuman practice of female infanticide in Oudh, should interest itself in this matter. The proposal, I am told, was brought by the Rev. Dr. Duff to the notice of Lord Dalhouse during the first year of his administration. Lord Canning thought of taking action upon the minute recorded by his predecessor, but unhappily for our country, the troublesome days of the Cawnpore mutiny of 1857 engrossed the attention of that noble Lord and left to him no opportunity to look after the contemplated

reformation. It is our sincere and ardent hope that, after the busy days for the welcome reception of His Royal Highness, the illustrious Prince of Wales, the son and heir apparent of our much honoured and beloved Queen and Empress, His Excellency the Viceroy will kindly take up the subject into his indulgent and gracious consideration.

A KOO LIN BRAHMAN.

HOW THE HISTORY OF BRITISH INDIA HAS BEEN WRITTEN.

The history of British India has yet to be written. This may appear paradoxical when there are so many works of approved merit already in the field. There are Malcolm and Orme, Duff and Wilkes, Kaye and Cunningham, Marshman and Macfarlane, not to mention Beveridge and Lethbridge and the nameless illustrated histories. It will be seen that we have omitted the name of James Mill, though in the opinion of his son his work is, notwithstanding certain deficiencies as compared with a perfect standard, still "if not the most, one of the most instructive histories ever written, and one of the books from which most benefit may be derived by a mind in the course of making up its opinions." Our reason for such a procedure is nothing more nor less than this, that Mill having, as behoved a conscientious historian, given expression to some of those disagreeable truths with which the history of British India is rife, his work has earned an unpopularity which the posterity of the conqueror of Plassey, and the destroyer of the Puna and Seringapatam rules "will not willingly let die." When we add to this, the fact that Mill writes in a heavy, formal and laboured style, and not unfrequently runs over the "drum and trumpet" portion of history—"all quality, pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," to enter into tedious disquisitions about the justice of deposing a "native" prince, or of annexing a

new province, our readers will at once see that his fate is very justly sealed. And yet it was not after a gallant effort had been made for his resuscitation, that he was doomed to oblivion. The late Professor Wilson came to the rescue, and with much learning and more ingenuity attempted to modify or reverse the most severe judgments which he had passed. But as this procedure left the text with all its "malignant" criticism untouched, and as the notes did not always—we might almost say even occasionally—triumphantly refute the aspersions Mill so lavishly scattered abroad, his work remained as dangerous as ever, especially if it were offered to an Indian mind in the course of forming its opinions.

Having said so much of the historian, who, like the images in the Roman procession, was conspicuous by his absence, we may proceed to say a few words of the others. All but the last few write only of short periods, or of particular transactions or parts of the country, and their works, though in many respects admirable, cannot in any sense be called histories of British India. We will of course refer to them in this and the following papers, but we can now dismiss them with the remark, that so long as a plastic mind does not appear who can incorporate or assimilate their detached narratives, their works in no way contribute to the production of a history of the country.

As Macfarlane is, for less obvious but better grounded reasons, quite as little known as Mill, and as we do not think it worthwhile to speak either of epitomes, abridgments summaries or whatever else is the dignified name for a "cub," or of padded popular histories, Marshman's work is the only one left us to speak of. Nor is it unbefitting that he should have some of our attention. The public—whatever, in literary matters, may be the meaning of that nondescript expression, in India—has smiled upon him, the Indian Government has rewarded him with the companionship of an exalted order, the Civil Service Commissioners and the Senates of the Indian Universities have combined to favour him, and his name like those of worthy Messrs. Lennie and Clift has become a household word. We do not, before producing our evidence, venture

to arraign so unanimous a verdict, but if our readers will take the trouble to follow us step by step, they would soon find us hazarding very unorthodox opinions on this subject.

So much for individual historians; a few words now for the general form of all these histories. It would be strange indeed if this were impartial, or what would to the "miserable sciolists" otherwise known as educated Indians, appear as such. The writers were not unfrequently actors in the transactions which they related, and even when they were not, they could only enter into the feelings of their own race; those of the others—comprising as these did varied races and nationalities—being a sealed book to them. They might indeed have learned in time; but as their intercourse went on, the unchecked career of conquest which accompanied it, changed the astonishment, we might almost say, awe with which they had contemplated a type of civilization so very different from their own, into contempt; a feeling which surpasses all others in its capacity to blunt the faculties of observation. It impelled them, without thinking twice of it, to accredit their opponent with the vilest motives. What among European belligerents was a perfectly fair manœuvre became duplicity and treachery, what among them was a justifiable act of warfare became cold-blooded assassination or savage carnage. We do not hazard these statements without possessing what we consider strong grounds for them; and we will as we proceed be in a position to give numberless illustrations.

For the present, we will content ourselves with one example. And we will take an event in Indian history described by different historians, who vie with each other in using the most horrible words as "a tragedy" "ever since infamous," the horrors of which were approached by "nothing in history or fiction, not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer." We have no doubt that even our Indian readers will be surprised when we tell them that we intend to palliate though not to defend, what is known as the tragedy of the Black Hole, while our European fellow-subjects will in their mind's eye see us crowned with the red

cap of the Commune, and armed with the tomahawk of the savage. We would fain have taken these crowning examples of savagery from India, but the "mild Hindu" offers little material for the winding up of a period in this bristling style. We have said we will palliate, but not defend, the tragedy to the Black Hole. Let us see in the first place what the Black Hole was. Mill writing in 1818 and following Orme described it as "a small ill aired and unwholesome dungeon;" and Macaulay in 1840 added "that it was too narrow and close even for a single European malefactor," though we find in the next sentence that the space was only twenty feet square. Four years later Wilson gave a rather different and more circumstantial account. "The Black Hole," he says, "was no dungeon at all; it was a chamber above ground. According to Holwell (Holwells India Tracts) it was a room eighteen feet square, with a door on one side and two windows on the other." After saying rather inconsequentially, that "it bore by no means the character of a prison" since it was pointed out to the Nawab's officers as such, the same writer goes on to say that "It was much more light, airy and spacious, than most of the rooms used formerly by the London watch, or at present by the police for purposes of temporary durance." Marshman follows Wilson and describes the room "as not twenty feet square and however suited for the confinement of a few turbulent soldiers was death to the hundred and forty six" thrust into it. This was bad enough but somewhat wanting in effect, and Mr. Lethbridge writing with all the evidence before him, reverts to Macaulay's theory and talks with dogmatic certainty of a "miserable dungeon," which "had been used as a place of punishment for single individuals."

Having said so much of the scene, let us now turn to the actor of this tragedy. We at once disclaim all sympathy with Sirajuddowlá, but that is no reason why justice should not be dealt out to him. Let us see what the head and front of his offence was. Was he present at the massacre? Was he cognisant of it, till it had taken place? No one has yet answered these questions in the affirmative, though even that may be looked for

in time. At the worst, therefore, he was to use a legal expression only an accessory after the fact ; and he certainly showed great callousness when the news of the massacre reached him, if it did reach him ; for even that is open to doubt. As to his army, it must be admitted that, great laxity of discipline existed, for as soon as the results of the incarceration became patent, information ought to have been carried if not to the Subadar, at least to his responsible officers ; but better disciplined armies than it was ever Sirajuddowla's fortune to possess, have in the moment of victory done as inconsiderate acts, though they have not incurred the same odium. It was an English army commanded by English gentlemen that became so indignant at repeated repulses before the walls of Baroach in 1772 though they had no business to be there, and had been sent by the Bombay Government in the teeth of an express prohibition by the Directors, that they, as the historian of the Mahrattas ingenuously relates, put the whole of the garrison to the sword.

We have taken a long time in speaking of this event ; but it is a crucial one. It has not only earned for Sirajuddowla the epithet of "the greatest monster that ever disgraced humanity," but it has also been extremely convenient to fling at the face of India and the East generally. "So little," says Marshman, "did it appear to be out of the ordinary course of events in the east, that it was scarcely marked by the native community, and was not considered of sufficient importance to demand even a passing notice from the Mahomedan historian of the time." Another explanation of this reticence is given by the translator of this historian (Khaf Khan) "The truth is," he says, "that the Hindustanees wanting only to secure the prisoners for the night, shut them up in what they heard was the prison of the fort, without having any idea of the capacity of the room.... This event which cuts so capital a figure in Mr. Watts' performance, is not known in Bengal.... So careless and incurious are these people." This good word for the voiceless Hindu the unpatriotic writer we are quoting from follows up with " Were we therefore to accuse the Indians of cruelty for such a thoughtless action, we should of

course accuse the English, who intending to embark 400 Gentoo Sepoys destined for Madras, put them in boats without one single necessary, and at last left them to be overset by the bore, when they all perished after a three days fast." Considering who were in fault, it is not at all strange, as Wilson pertinently remarked, that the story is uncorroborated, but we have little doubt that, had the parties changed places, it would have been worth its weight in gold; and capitalised to its full value.

This and the awkward story about the seige of Baroach may be ascribed to the deleterious effects of the eastern atmosphere, and indeed historians have been fain to distinguish between an Anglo-Indian and English morality. We will therefore transport ourselves to Europe for a moment, try if we can lay our hands on malefactors of Sirajuddowla's type, and see whether their memories have been sanctified or execrated. We will take events that occurred in Protestant England, and will not go back to Bartholomew massacres and the like, as we do not mean to be summarily put down by an "Oh! that was religious bigotry." We will take the massacre of Glencoe. The writer who can find nothing in history or fiction to compare with the horrors of the Black Hole, and who is driven in sheer desperation to talk of Ugolino extremely unintelligible feat, can speak of this crime, which has never been rivalled for the treachery, cowardice and truculence of its perpetrators and designers, with the most perfect composure. "It is said," says Lord Macaulay, "and may but too easily be believed, that the sufferings of the fugitives were terrible." Strange as it may appear also, in such a virtuous country as England, that "many years elapsed before the public indignation was thoroughly awakened" and when it did the tardy justice which followed was distributed in a most exemplary manner. The eagle-eyed business-like king who had signed a warrant for the "extirpation" of a clan at the top as well as the bottom to betoken the greatest deliberation, was declared to have been ignorant of its contents. Granting even an improbable hypothesis like this, William III can only stand on the same footing as Sirajuddowla; and his subsequent treatment of the offenders can alone

furnish any distinction. But what was this treatment? After stifling an enquiry to the last moment, he allowed a commission to sit who made a report to the estates of the kingdom, and this latter body declared the master of Stair "whose design was to butcher the whole race of thieves, the whole ~~darnable~~ race" and who carried it out but too literally, to be guilty of excessive zeal for—interpolates the historian—the interest of the state. He therefore escaped with the loss of his office, though the officers he employed were declared to be murderers. Such was the final decision of William, and he does not, we must say, contrast very strongly with Sirajuddowlah. Yet he stands forth in the pages of Macaulay, and every succeeding historian, as a benefactor to England and the world. Of the England which acquiesced in his decision, it does not behove us to speak.

This took place nearly a century before the Black Hole, and as we intend to make our case as strong as possible, we will take an instance of our own times. We ourselves remember the gloom which seemed to brood over London, when the death of the late Emperor of the French took place. We do not grudge to his bereaved consort the solemn sorrow in which she indulged, nor to the royalist Frenchmen the pilgrimages they made to his mausoleum. We concern ourselves with the feeling which the English people entertained towards him; and this was manifested at the time of his death and more markedly still, when at the close of the Crimean war he paid a visit to Queen Victoria in London. On this latter occasion prince and people received him with equal favour. He was invested with the garter, and the huzzas of the free-born Englishmen rent the air whenever he made his appearance in public. And yet his hand was red with the blood of the men, women and children he had ruthlessly ordered to be shot down in the streets of Pairs!

So much for the public morality of the nations of Europe. We do not take up the unpleasant instances with any offensive purpose. Our sole object is self-defence. And here, at the conclusion of our introductory paper, we will give a brief sketch of the way in which the following papers will be made to conduce to that

object. If we have succeeded in proving any thing, we have shewn that the history of British India is written in a most one-sided way. This is not strange ; but the result is most deplorable. It has been said that nations may be divided into three categories with regard to their histories. There are those who have had a glorious past and who can recall "the stirring memory of a thousand years." Their lot is happy, and no less happy perhaps is the lot of those whose "history is yet to be written." A third category, and in this India is unfortunately to be placed, is that in which the history, if not a record of shame, as our opponents would fain make out, is at least one of defeat. The history of India is a history of the triumphs of foreigners, and of the utter prostration of the sons of the soil. Such a history, even if it were told in a plain unvarnished way, with nothing extenuated nor aught set down in malice, is enough to break down a stouter spirit than that which an enervating climate and a subjection of centuries has left to the Indian. We do not urge that the interests of truth are to be sacrificed to lighten the load which he is condemned to bear, but we maintain that the interests of truth and humanity will be alike served by his being made to fear no iota more than his first share. If there is any truth in what we have said, this is very far indeed from being the case.

We therefore purpose to ourselves the task of thoroughly scrutinising each succeeding event of British Indian history. The space at our command will prevent us from entering into details about the transactions which make up one event. We will not, for instance, narrate the different battles, sieges and expeditions of a campaign, but will satisfy ourselves with the beginning and the end. We will try our best to make our way through the tangled meshes of "English diplomacy" and "Eastern treachery," and see which of these was most instrumental in bringing about the frequent wars which devastated the country. We will, by this means, we believe, be able to prove that it was the aggressive and overbearing spirit of Anglo-Indian administrators and commanders that has built up the British empire in India, and not as it is the fashion to speak now-a-days, that it was thrust upon unwilling

ing recipients by a chain of circumstances woven by the duplicity, cunning and cowardice of Indian rulers.

It is worth while to say here that, in writing such a series of papers we have nothing to say against the existing Government of India. We deal with the events of the past. These we will speak of with rigorous exactitude whatever ill-feeling or odium we may excite. The benefit to be derived from such a course, which we have alluded to before, outweighs its evil consequences. It is different with the existing government. With many shortcomings, the present administrators of India, we believe, are trying their best to ameliorate the condition of the country ; and so long as this is the case, we, for our part, will not advocate any radically revolutionary measures, though we will strongly and earnestly plead for the gradual introduction of the principle of representation.

BHARATI DEFENSOR.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Rigveda Sanhita, the First and Second Adhayas of the First Ashtaka. With Notes and Explanations, and an Introductory essay on the study of the Vedas. By the Rev. K. M. Banerjea, Member of the Board of Examiners (Late College of Fort William) Honorary Examining Chaplain of the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, Honorary Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, London. Calcutta : Thacker Spink & Co. 1875.

Mr. Banerjea has rendered most essential service to the youth of India by placing within their reach the first and second chapters of the first Ashtaka of the Rig Veda, which is probably the most ancient piece of human composition in the world. To every Hindu youth the Vedas are connected with the holiest associations ; and to be able to read any portion of them with intelli-

gence is justly regarded as a most auspicious circumstance. Hitherto the Vedas were a sealed book, and Max Muller who has edited the original text of the Rig Veda, together with the commentary of Sayana, must be regarded as the second Founder or Deliverer of the Vedas,—the first Deliverer being that fishy incarnation of Vishnu who picked up the sacred volume from the bottom of the ocean. But the volumes of the German *Matsya Avatar* are accessible only to a few rich people on account of their prohibitory price. Mr. Banerjea, therefore, deserves the thanks of the public for making the opening pages of the Rig Veda accessible to all. This little book is especially valuable to those graduates of the Calcutta University who intend going up for honors in Sanskrit, as that learned body have judiciously ruled that for such persons some knowledge of the Rig Veda is necessary. The notes are all that can be desired. We wish, however, Mr. Banerjea had prefixed a short Vedic Grammar and appended a Glossary, similar to those attached to the editions of Piers Ploughman, Chaucer and Spenser, which are being now issued from the Clarendon Press, Oxford. Perhaps the learned Editor will do this when a second edition is issued. The introductory essay "On the Study of the Vedas" is of the deepest interest, some of the topics of which we understand have been discussed elaborately in the learned author's forth-coming work—"The Arian Witness."

Kalpataru. By Indra Nath Bandyopadhyaya, Calcutta : G. P. Roy & Co.'s Press. B. E. 1281.

This book relates the adventures of Narendra Nath, a member of the party usually called Young Bengal. Expressions and images, here and there, are rather broad and coarse ; but on the whole the book is very cleverly written. The author has a keen sense of the ludicrous, and his powers of sarcasm are considerable. We hope he will soon favour us with another book.

Kshitisa—Bansabali—Charita. By Kartikeya Chandra Raya. Calcutta : New Sanskrit Press, Samvat 1932.

We have in this excellent book a series of the memoirs of Rajas of Nadiya from Bhatta Narayana, the founder of the family, to Raja Kshitisa Chandra, the present representative of that family, after whom the book is named. Some of the memoirs are of the liveliest interest, especially those of Bhambananda Majumdar and Raja Krishna Chandra, the latter of whom helped the British not a little in getting possession of Bengal. Most of the Rajas, it is interesting to remark, were celebrated for their benevolence and charity ; and almost all of them were promoters of learning and patrons of learned men. The book contains a vast deal of information, and is admirably written, the style being at once simple, elegant and perspicuous.

Palasir Yuddha. An Epic poem. By Nabin Chandra Sena. Calcutta : New Bharat Press. B. E. 1281.

Baboo Nabin Chandra Sena has been long known as one of the best Bengali poets of the day. His versification is always smooth and melodious ; and he has not a few of the qualities of a true poet. The performance before us is an epic poem on the Battle of Plassey which put an end to the sway of the followers of Muhammad and placed Bengal at the feet of the British. We are of opinion that the subject is unhappily chosen, as the celebrated battle which the poem describes reflects no lustre on the Bengali nation, and there can be no true epic except on a theme of national glory. But though the subject is ill-chosen, the poem has merits of a high order. The descriptions are always graphic and picturesque, and the similes apt and striking ; nor are the reflections with which the narrative is interspersed stale and jejune. We trust the writer will do justice to his powers, which are considerable, by trying his hand at another epic on a grander and more popular subject.

Kamala-Kalika. An Epic. By Dina Nath Gangopadhyaya. Calcutta : New Sanskrit Press, 1875.

Here is another epic poem, though of a far humbler type than the one just noticed. The author is not altogether unknown to fame, as he wrote some years since a poem entitled *Vivida Darsana*, which we remember to have read. The present poem, which treat of the day, of the evening, and of the night, is a decided improvement on the first. There is considerable melody in versification and power in description. We trust the writer will persevere and give us something really good.

Manasa-Ranjini. Part I. Calcutta : Madhyastha Press. B. E. 1282.

Here comes a third aspirant to the poetic laurel. Our poet seems to be a young man and has the rare modesty—rare in a young person—to conceal his name from the public. But though young, he appears to have no mean powers of versification; and we feel it to be our duty to encourage him to go on. He may in future produce something worthy of being read.

Satrusinha Natak. By Kunja Behari Basu. Calcutta : New Sanskrit Press. B. E. 1282.

This is another young author, whose first production, the *Varat Adhin*, was favourably noticed by the press when it appeared. This has induced him to come before the public again in the capacity of a dramatist. As we have not seen his first work we cannot give our opinion of it. But the drama before us has hardly any merit. And no wonder, for dramatic composition is of difficult achievement. We advise the writer to leave off the stage, and take to something else.

• *Khandan Khanda Khadya.* Parts I. and II. Calcutta : Hitashi Press.

Leaving the dramatist we come to the critic, and certainly

the piece of criticism before us is of the most trenchant. There is here a vigorous onslaught on the vernacular monthly periodical *Banga Darshana* and its Editor Baboo Bankim Chandra Chatterjea. The critic is exceedingly clever, smart to a degree, and wonderfully vivacious. His criticism is often just, but the tone is hardly commendable. It reminds us of a Malayan running a-muck and stabbing every one he meets with. We doubt whether this sort of slashing criticism does any mortal any good. The author's powers of composition are unquestionably great; we advise him to turn them to good account by writing some useful book.

Ki Holo !!! By Chandra Sekhar Sena. Calcutta: People's Friend Press. B. E. 1282.

This is a satire, or rather a series of satires, in which the writer lashes what he conceives to be the vices of the times. There is no real power in these satires; they are too hollow and too sensational to do any good. Why does not our author take to serious composition?

Panini. By Rajani Kanta Gupta. Calcutta : G. P. Roy & Co.'s Press, Samvat 1933.

When in July, 1874, we noticed in these pages Baboo Rajani Kanta Gupta's first work, *Jayadeva-Charita*, we wished him "a long and useful literary career." We are glad to perceive in the performance before us a partial realization of that wish; and we have no doubt that this work will be followed by similar other works of a more elaborate character. The book before us is one of great merit. It shows in the author extensive research, considerable critical power, and sound judgment. Our author makes no pretensions to originality; his materials are drawn at second hand—the great mine being Goldstücker's *Panini: His Place in Sanskrit Literature*; but he has shown no mean power in not only arranging those materials in proper order, but also in critically discussing the opinions of learned orientalists on the age of the great-

est grammarian in the world. Whether Mr. Gupta's conclusion regarding the age of Panini be correct or not—and we are not about to discuss the subject here—we cannot but rejoice in the rise of the critical spirit amongst the vernacular authors of Bengal. Amongst English scholars in Bengal we have long had this critical spirit, especially in the English compositions of two of our best oriental scholars, the Rev. K. M. Banerjea and Baboo Rajendra Lal Mitra; but to Baboo Rajani Kanta Gupta belongs the high honor of transfusing that spirit into the Bengali language.

Baboo Rajani Kanta will pardon us for giving him a bit of advice. It is evident from the manner in which he transliterates German names in Bengali that he is unacquainted with the German language; and if we are not mistaken, he is also ignorant of Latin and French. And yet we find in the foot-notes references to Lassen's *Indische Alterthumskunde*, Pliny's *Historia Naturalis*, Schlegel's *De L'Origine des Hindous*; &c. &c., books which Mr. Gupta could not have read in the original. It is an established rule amongst scholars never to refer to an author whom one has not read, though there are many pretenders to scholarship who make a parade of authorities with whom they are utterly unacquainted except at second hand. But such pretenders are guilty of literary dishonesty; for they make the public believe that their scholarship is deep whereas it is ridiculously shallow. As we wish Mr. Gupta to be a sound and honest scholar, we advise him in his future works never to refer to authorities with whom he is unacquainted in the original. This might make his works look less learned; but they would be more true, more modest, more honest. We hope and trust Mr. Gupta will persevere in his learned labours, and write a work which posterity will not willingly let die.

We have to thank Dr. Forbes Watson, Reporter on the Products of India and Director of the India Museum, for sending us a copy of his able pamphlet advocating the establishment of an Indian Institute in connection with the India Museum in London. The object has our complete sympathy.



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LITERATURE OF BENGAL.

By Arcydae.

CHAPTER XVI. BHARAT CHANDRA RAI.

Contemporaneously with Ram Prasad Sen and equally favoured by Raja Krishna Chandra Rai lived a greater poet, the talented Bharat Chandra Rai,—a “mine of talent” (Gunākār) as the Raja called him. Fortunately the particulars regarding his life and actions have been preserved to us, and that chiefly through the labours and research of the late Babu Prasanna Chandra Ghose, a quiet worker who, unlike the workers of the present day, could do his duty without blowing his own trumpet, and who has left us a creditable account of the poet’s life and a correct and tolerably complete edition of his works without so much as giving us his own name as the Editor of the work.

Bharat Chandra Rai was the fourth son of Raja Narendra Narain Rai a wealthy Zemindar of Burdwan. The seat of his Zemindari was at Pandua in the Purgana of Bhursoot, and his kingly residence was surrounded on all sides by a moat, traces of which are visible to the present day. We have elsewhere seen that in those days Zemindars were all but feudatory princes, armed with complete civil and criminal powers over their subjects, and bound only to send their quota of revenue to the Subadar’s treasury. So long as they paid their revenue regularly, and could maintain sufficient influence in the Subadar’s court by means of representatives or vakeels and occasional rich presents, they were seldom interfered with by the Subadar, and were even allowed to carry on petty warfare among themselves. As all

rival Zemindars strove for power, influence and prestige, such warfare was by no means infrequent. Narendra Narain had such disputes with Kirti Chandra Rai Bahadur the lord of Burdwan, and made insulting allusions with reference to Kirti Chandra's mother. The queen mother was incensed and instantly sent an army which attacked and took the forts of Bhabanipur and Pandua, and desolated the states of Narendra Narain. Narendra Narain was all at once reduced to penury, and his young son, Bharat Chandra fled for shelter to the house of his maternal uncle at Nawapara near Gazipur in the Pargana of Mandalghát. There he studied Grammar and Dictionary, and at the age of 14 returned to his native village, and married a girl of the village of Sarada. We do not know if it was a love-marriage ; but certain it is that the match was considered dishonorable, and Bharat Chandra's elder brothers reproved him for it, on which the future poet left his home in disgust, and took shelter with one Ram Chandra Munshi a Kayest inhabitant of Debanandpur, near Bansbaria in the district of Hugli, and there commenced the study of Persian.*

The first poems that Bharat Chandra published to the world were composed under curious circumstances. Bharat Chandra was asked to read hymns to Satya Narain on a certain occasion by the people with whom he lived. The festivo day came, and how great was the surprise of the people when, instead of reading the verses usually read on such occasions, he read out *tripadi* verses specially composed by him for the occasion ! How much greater was their astonishment when on being asked to chant verses again a few days after on a similar occasion, he read out

* We should here mention that Pandit Ramgati Nyayaratna gives a different story. He says Bharat Chandra quarrelled with his brothers because he was resolved on learning Sanskrit, whereas his brothers considered the study of Persian, (then the court language,) more profitable for him. It is highly improbable that there should be any quarrel on such slight grounds. Besides if Bharat Chandra was so very averse to learn the Persian, why should he commence it as soon as he ~~left~~ home ? We believe therefore the biographer of Bharat Chandra is right. At any rate Pandit Nyayaratna does not tell us on what authority he differs from the poet's biography ; and till he does that we must reject his version altogether.

a new set of *Chapadi* verses which he had composed afresh on the same subject. The poet was then only fifteen.

At the age of twenty Bharat returned home, and as he was well versed in the Persian language, he went over to the court of the Raja of Burdwan as a Muktear or agent for his brothers for their joint estate.

Bharat's brothers however failed to remit rent in due time, and the Raja, actuated probably by his old grudge for the family, confiscated the estate, and took it over as his *Khas* lands. Bharat was imprudent enough to object, on which he was imprisoned. Poor Bharat Chandra was now in utter misery ;—but he did not lose heart. He bribed the jailor and escaped and at once went over to Cuttack where he lived under the permission and patronage of Siba Bhatta the Mahratta Subadar of the place. Cuttack, as our readers know, has always been a great seat of the Vaishnavas ; and in their company Bharat turned a Vaishnava and assumed the dress and demeanour of the sect. Shortly after, while on his journey to Brindaban,—a place which all devout Vaishnavas usually visit,—he was surprised by some of his distant relatives at Khanakul Krishnagar. As rigid Hindus they were shocked at the conversion of the poet, they prevented him from going to Brindaban, they remonstrated with him, and after much persuasion made him forsake his Vaishnava dress, and Bharat was an orthodox Hindu once more. The readers of Annada Mangal know how in describing the double conversion of Vijata, who first became a Vaishnava and then a Sakta or Saiva, the poet has partly explained and partly apologized for his own conduct.

After a short residence at his father-in-law's house at Saradá, Bharat Chandra went over to Chandernagore, where Indra Narain Pal Chaudhuri, Dewan of the French Government, received him with honor. This Pal Chaudhuri was a friend of Raja Krishna Chundra of Nuddea, and used to lend him money. On one occasion when Raja Krishna Chandra came to Chandernagore, Indra-narain introduced the poet to him. The Raja was pleased with the young poet, took him over to Krishnaghār, and appointed him as a Pandit of his court on a pay of 40 Rs. per mensem. He

was pleased with the short pieces which the poet now and then composed, and asked him to compose a long poem, *Annada Mangal*, after the style of Makunda Ram's *Chandi*. Bharat composed the poem, and a Brahman of the name of Nilmani Samadar set it to music, and sang it before the Raja, in parts as it was composed. At the request of the Raja the tale of Vidya Sundar was subsequently put into the body of the book. Krishna Chandra was so much pleased with the poet that he made him a grant of 100/- Rs. to enable him to build a house in Mulajor (on the Hugli), which village he leased to the poet on a rent of 600 Rs. per annum.

Shortly afterwards an incursion of the Mahrattas compelled Raja Tilak Chandra Rai of Burdwan to flee with his mother to Kangachi near Mulajor ; and they took Patni lease of the village from the Raja of Krishnaghār in the name of a servant Ram Deb Nag. This Nag proved to be an oppressive Patnidar, and Bharat Chandra in a set of Sanskrit verses entitled the "Nagashtaka" or the eight couplets on Nag, described the oppression he and his co-villagers were subjected to. The Raja was so pleased with thi performance that he made over to Bharat Chandra 16 Bighas at Mulajor and 150 Bighas at Ghusti *rent free*; intending thus Bharat should remove to the latter place if he chose. Bharat too intended to remove, but his co-villagers would not allowt any such thing, and Bharat continued to live at Mulajor. It is stated that on receipt of the verses on Nag the Raja of Krishnaghār gave a severe "wiggling" to Ram Deb Nag for his oppres-
sive conduct, and so put an end to his tyranny.

Bharat died at the age of 48 in the year 1760 A. D.

Critics have formed very different estimates of Bharat Chandra's poetical powers. A considerable portion of our countrymen would place him in the highest rent of poets, and maintain that he has no rival among the poets of Bengal. We must emphatically differ fr~~o~~ this opinion. Not to speak of the superior powers of the poets of the present century,—of Madhusudon Dutt for instance ;—to entertain such an opinion of Bharat Chandra Rai's poetry is scarcely doing justice to the works of the great master from which

most of what Bharat Chandra has written are imitations,—we mean of course Makunda Ram Chakravarti. We confess,—though few perhaps will agree with us in this opinion, that Bharat Chandra's artificial and polished strains strike us as vapid when compared with the true pathos and simple and true pictures from nature with which Makunda Ram's works are replete. Makunda Ram draws from nature, Bharat Chandra tinges his pictures with his own gorgeous coloring. The former allows things to appear as they are and to speak for themselves ; the more polished Bharat Chandra can never reconcile himself to such inartistic proceeding, he would fain invest them with a beauty not their own, and instead of allowing them to speak for themselves, he would fain lend them the music of his own lyre. Bharat Chandra is therefore the more polished and skilful poet, Makunda Ram the truer painter, and there is a great deal in that. Open any page of Makunda Ram's works and mark the pictures he has drawn. Poor Fullorá, the hunter's wife, taking baskets of meat to the market to sell, cooking food for her husband and herself, content in poverty and in her husband's love ;—what a simple artless true picture ! What sweet pathos in the very simplicity of the picture ! Poor Khulloná oppressed by an intriguing fellow-wife ;—her lord an elderly, ease-loving, simple-minded husband ; the astute Bháru Dutt ;—every picture that you see is from life ; not a shade of coloring has been added from the poet's imagination to make them fascinating or romantic. Read Bharat Chandra from cover to cover, and what is there which you will compare to these simple truthful pictures ? The gorgeous coloring with which Vidyá has been painted has well nigh hidden every feature of her countenance as of her mind. Twenty different monstrous metaphors about her hair, her nose, her eyes, her lips, leave you entirely in the dark as to the real expression of her face ; you do not know if she has a mild good-humoured countenance, or if she has a bright slender face with sparkling eyes ; if she is a wasp-waisted beauty or if she has fine rounded limbs and a well developed figure. Similarly with regard to her mind. That she is susceptible of love,—love, that is, of a very sensual character you know ;

but through pages of rank and offensive descriptions you fail to discover her real character, *i. e.*, if she is strong-minded and capable of forming high resolutions, or mild and submissive,—if she is revengeful or generous, kind hearted or cruel. Love is the one passion described in the much admired *Vidya Sundar*, and yet how has that noble feeling been painted? It is a sensual carnal passion of the most offensive description that the writer has painted. For this the heroine forgets her duty to her parents and family, forgets all regard for her own reputation, and in spite of her so-called learning and acquirements yields herself up to an unknown adventurer who, for aught she know to the contrary, might be the greatest villain on earth. He visits her nightly, and we are presented with descriptions such as have perhaps never disgraced the literature of any other age or country. At last the young offender is detected by the girl's father, Raja Bir Sinha Rei, who orders his execution, and Sundar the hero is saved from this but too well-merited punishment by divine interference. The goddess Kali saves her votary. Such is the sum and substance of the story of *Vidya Sundar*. That this work should generally,—we might almost say universally, be considered to be the best work in the language, that the descriptions should be universally admired by our countrymen and learnt by rote, that Bharat Chandra should still be considered as the greatest poet of Bengal, and should be spoken of with rapture,—afford a curious index to the education and taste of our countrymen. It is because such is the general opinion that we have considered it our duty to remark somewhat strongly on the drawbacks of Bharat Chandra's poetry.

That Bharat Chandra has his beauties, however, none will deny, and we shall now turn to the palatable task of pointing them out. His three principal works *Annada Mangal*, *Vidya Sundar* and *Mansinha* form one continued story, and are in reality but one work. Like Mukunda Ram, Bharat Chandra intends to glorify the name and deeds of the goddess Umā, Kali or Sakti, and instead of celebrating the deeds of an imaginary hero he has taken up the story of the life of Bhabanand Mazumdar, the re-

nowned ancestor of his patron and benefactor, Raja Krishna Chandra Rai of Nuddea. The poet begins with an account of the birth of Uma, the great feast given by Daksha to which Siva was not invited, the self immolation of Umá in consequence ;—her second birth as daughter of the Himalayas, her marriage with Siva, and such like mythological stories with which every Hindu is familiar. The poet's rare power of a flowing graceful versification enables him to tell these stories with effect ; the reader goes on page after page with the same sense of pleasure ; while at times he is struck with passages in which the poet displays a keen sense of humour. Such for instance is the description of Siva's marriage, and such again is the account of his disputes with his young wife.

We shall not dwell in detail on these traditions and stories, nor narrate at length how the great prophet, poet and saint Vyasa quarrelled with Siva, and made an abortive attempt to build up a new Benares in rivalry to the town of Benares where Siva is worshipped by all. We pass over all these, and at last find Umá on her way to the house of Bhabanand Mazumdar. She has to cross a stream, and the account she gives of herself to the ferryman is justly regarded as a remarkable specimen of artistic poetry. The whole passage may be understood in two different ways,—and while the ferryman understood her to be the neglected wife of a Kulin Brahman who had many other wives,—she really gave a true account of herself. Our readers will perceive that this passage is only an imitation of a similar ingenious passage in Makundaram's work, but we confess the imitation is superior to the original both in grace and in art ;—for Bharat is infinitely superior to Makundaram in art and grace. Umá at last reaches the house of Bhabanand Mazumdar, and from that day the house rises in glory and importance. Pratap Aditya Rai, a refractory Zemindar of Jessore Issuripur (now an obscure village in the confines of Sundarbunds) had defied the power of Aurungzebe, and the renowned Man Sing was sent to quell the chief. That warrior found some difficulty in carrying his forces over the swamps and marshes of southern Bengal, and

Bhabanand rendered him signal assistance. At last a battle was fought of which we have a spirited though somewhat grotesque description ; and Pratap Aditya was killed. It was when Bhabanand was accompanying Man Sing in his marches that he narrated to the Rajput chief the story of *Vidya Sundar* ; so that that story, though the most important portion of the work, is not connected with the main story in any way.

We have already indicated in brief the plot of *Vidya Sundar*, and have pointed out what we consider its chief blemishes. It must be admitted however that the form has beauties peculiarly its own. Bharat Chandra's style is always rich, graceful, flowing,—but nowhere in his works,—nowhere perhaps in the entire range of Bengali literature do we find the language of poetry so rich, so graceful, so overpowering in its sweetness as in *Vidya Sundar*. The Bengali language is soft, and Bengali poetry is always melodious, but Bharat Chandra has shewn to what extremes the melody and harmony of versification can be carried. He is a complete master of the art of versification, and his appropriate phrases and rich descriptions have passed into a proverb. It would be difficult to over-estimate the polish he has given to the Bengali language.

His power of character-painting too is by no means contemptible, though in his anxiety to make his descriptions rich and artificial he has nearly forgotten to give us any indications of this power. His principal characters are, as we have remarked before, rendered perfect by over coloring ; and there is not one single distinctive feature that we can discern in the character of the hero Sundar or the heroin Vidya, except that a carnal, sensual love,—love as an appetite and not as a feeling,—was the all-devouring passion of their lives. But the minor characters are traced with a few touches, and it is in these that we discover some power of character-painting. The Malini or flower-woman who brings about a meeting between Vidya and Sundar is powerfully drawn ; though even here there is a little too much of Art, and too little of Nature. The pride and haughtiness of the queen,—Vidya's brother, and the terror inspired by the Kotwal or Head Policeman are well described.

The last thing that we shall mention about Bharat Chandra's poetry is the vividness of his descriptions. As his descriptions are not always of a healthy character, we regret that they are so vivid,—but still we must confess that they are so. He has the power of raising in the reader's mind the very feeling he describes,—though the feeling is often of a reprehensible character. His poetry has the character of Satan,—but it has also the power of Satan.

Such are the chief merits of Bharat Chandra as a poet. In all the higher qualifications of a poet,—in simplicity and truth in descriptions, in imagination, in sublimity and grandeur of conception and thought,—nay, even in true tenderness and pathos, such as we meet with in almost every other Bengali poet, Bharat is singularly and sadly wanting. In spite therefore of the fascination of his descriptions and the richness of his language, we are tempted on reading his books,—to explain with Hamlet “Words, words, words.”

We have judged Bharat Chandra perhaps harshly because we have judged him by the standard of criticism of the nineteenth century. Much that we object to as puerile or unhealthy was perhaps the theme of never-failing admiration in the Court of Nuddea. The invocation of Kali in the 59 letters of the Bengali alphabet, which we look upon as so much labor talent and ingenuity lost in torturing words into alliteration, was probably regarded as a jem of poetry by the Pandits of Krishna Chandra's court. The descriptions of the loves of Vidya and Sundar which we have so often condemned as noxious and unhealthy, were probably for that very reason learned by rote and admired beyond measure by the courtiers of a luxurious and immoral court. Poetry and literature reflect the times, and the poetry of the court of a luxurious and effete Zemindar during the last days of Mahomedan oppression could not be of a very healthy or a very sublime character. All this we can understand. What we do not and cannot understand is, that men in our days with English education and pretensions to powers of judgment should still repeat the obsoleto criticism of an age of ignorance, or should still speak in raptures of the poetical powers of Bharat Chandra Rai.

THE GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT.*

By the Editor.

WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT: THOU HAST
BEEN FAITHFUL OVER A FEW THINGS, I WILL MAKE THEE RULER
OVER MANY THINGS: ENTER THOU INTO THE JOY OF THY LORD.

Matthew XXV. 21.

In the parable of which these words form a part, our blessed Lord teaches His disciples this important lesson, that it is the duty of all believers —for of such only does our Lord speak here,—diligently to cultivate those powers, whether natural or acquired, whether of the body or of the mind and soul, with which God has endowed them, for the promotion of His glory and for the good of their fellow-men. We all of us have received gifts, or in the language of the parable, talents from the bountiful Author of all good; and there is none of us who has not received some gift or other. We all of us have received from our Maker bodily faculties, namely, the physical strength to do and to suffer. We all of us have received intellectual gifts, the power to reason, to remember, to contrive, to will, to judge. We all of us have received certain affections, desires and feelings both of a social and a moral character. It is our bounden duty to cultivate these powers, corporeal, intellectual, social and moral, with a view to promote the glory of God and the good of our species.

It is evident, however, from the whole tenour of Holy Writ that by the word "talents," in the parable before us, we are not merely to understand natural powers, whether bodily, intellectual, social or moral. It includes all those things which we can make good or bad use of. It includes health, wealth, position in society, time, influence, and all acquired abilities; all which, agreeably to the teaching of the parable before us, we are to use, to the uttermost of our power, for God's glory and man's welfare.

* A Sermon preached in the Free Church, Wellesley Square, Calcutta, on Sunday, the 26th of December 1875, with reference to the death of the Revd. Dr. Wilson, of Bombay.

But the word "talent" is used in the parable before us in a far more extended sense. It includes not only natural powers, whether of the body, of the mind, or of the soul ; it includes not only acquired abilities, but it includes all those spiritual gifts and graces with which all true Christians are, in a greater or lesser measure, endowed. All these powers, whether natural, or acquired; or spiritual, it is the bounded duty of believers to cultivate and to improve for the glory of the Triune Jehovah, for the good of the household of faith, and for the well-being of the world at large.

It is true all believers have not powers whether natural or acquired or spiritual in equal measures. In the language of the parable, some men are entrusted with five talents, others with two, and others still with one. Some men are endowed with high intellectual power, and others with ordinary abilities ; some have the physical strength of a giant, and others have a weak constitution ; some enjoy much of this world's good, and others have a bare competence ; some have wide reputation, and others have been "never heard of half a mile from home ;" some sit on the apex of the pyramid of society, and others occupy a low position, or rather no position ; some are rich in faith, and others have only a small measure of it : still there is no man, however obscure and humble, who has not received some gift or other "from the Father of lights with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning ;" and there is therefore no man but is accountable for the use he makes of what he has received.

A slight reflection is sufficient to convince us of the obligation of the duty of self-culture. Man is a progressive being. Unlike the brute creation which receive once for all at their birth all their faculties, whatever they are, in a state of maturity, not admitting of subsequent development, man receives at first only the germs of his faculties, and those faculties are susceptible of indefinite improvement. It appears plainly from this arrangement that it is the design of the beneficent Author of human nature that man should cultivate those powers with which he is endowed. This is true not only of physical, intellectual and moral powers,

but also of spiritual powers. There is a "rise and progress of religion" in the soul. A Christian is "born unto God." He is at first fed with the "sincere milk of the word," and then with the "strong meat" of the word. He grows in grace. He receives grace upon grace. He rises from one degree of perfection to another, till he becomes thoroughly perfect in Zion. He waits upon the Lord, and his strength is renewed, and he mounts up on eagle's wings. The Apostle Paul expresses the same idea in these beautiful words—"When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." Self-culture is necessary to the perfection of our nature, and is therefore obligatory upon all rational beings. Further, the present life is a state of trial and of discipline. We are entrusted with certain powers and faculties; and we are responsible to the moral Governor of the universe for the use we make of them. It is worthy of notice that the servant, in the parable, who had been entrusted with one talent, was punished, not for wasting that talent, not for making a bad use of it, not for prostituting it to vile purposes,—true believers being incapable of doing such things, but simply for making no use of it. He had digged a hole in the earth and hidden the talent; or, as we have it in the account which Luke gives us, he had laid it up in a napkin. He had, to borrow the language of another of our Lord's illustrations, put the light which God had given him under a bushel, whereas it was his plain duty to have put it on a candle-stick, in which case it would have given light to all that were in the house.

But the most powerful argument enforcing the duty of believers to cultivate all their powers for promoting God's glory is derived from the fact that believers have been ransomed from the captivity of sin and Satan by Christ. They are the Lord's freedmen. They have been purchased by the infinitely precious blood of Christ. They are not their own; they are the Lord's. Every thing they have,—their bodily faculties, their mental powers, their

desires, affections and feelings, should therefore all be dedicated to the service of that good and gracious Master who has delivered them from the bondage of sin and of everlasting death.

The grand motive, besides the love of God which is all in all, which our Lord in the parable places before his disciples to urge upon them the duty of making a proper use of their powers, is the approbation of their Lord and the hope of reward in the life to come. The unprofitable servant, the servant that had brought no gain to his Master, the servant that had buried in the earth the talent with which he had been entrusted, was cast into outer darkness where were weeping and gnashing of teeth ; whereas those servants, entrusted whether with five or with two talents, who had made a diligent use of them, were accosted with the grateful eulogy—" Well done, thou good and faithful servant ; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things : enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I have selected these words for my text as it is my purpose this morning to draw your attention briefly to the character of one of the missionary fathers of our Church in India, who has recently been taken away from us ; and certainly there is no missionary in India, of any Church or Society, who has more cultivated his talent and made a better use of them than did the late Dr. Wilson of Bombay ; and there is therefore no missionary in the whole of the mission field in India to whom could be more appropriately applied the commendatory language of the Divine Master—" Well done, thou good and faithful servant : thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things : enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Dr. Wilson's natural talents were great. He had an uncommonly quick intellect, and a singularly retentive memory. With the help of these gifts, coupled with an industry that never flagged, he mastered so many languages, especially Asiatic, that he was justly regarded as amongst the foremost of oriental scholars. He told me himself exactly sixteen years ago, that he had just then finished reading in the original Sanskrit the whole of the four Vedas, the fountain-head of all Hindu literature, philosophy

and religion—a feat accomplished by few oriental scholars out of Germany, and certainly by no Indian missionary whether living or dead. It was in consequence of his attainments in oriental literature that he was so early as 1838, only six years after his arrival in the country, elected President of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, of which learned body he was afterwards in 1842 on the eve of his departure for England, elected Honorary President. What use from a missionary point of view, he made of his extraordinary knowledge of the religion of the Hindus, is known to those who have read his admirable “Exposures of the Hindu Religion”—an abridgement of which treatises has been translated into several of the Indian languages and largely circulated by missionaries in many parts of the country.

But Dr. Wilson’s labours were not confined to the field of Sanskrit literature. He was one of that noble band of pioneers who explored the wilds of Zend literature, and made known to the general public the contents of the sacred books of the Parsis. Having come in contact in Bombay with the Parsi race, he thought it his duty as a missionary to master the religion of that people in the original Zend as it is contained in the Zendavesta. In his missionary labours amongst the Zoroastrians, he was with the blessing of God, so far successful that in 1839 two Parsi young-men, both of whom are now labouring as missionaries, *viz.* the Rev. Dhanjibhai Nowroji and the Rev. Hormazdji Pestonji, went to him for admission into the Church of Christ by the holy rite of baptism. The Sermon which he preached on the occasion of their baptism and which he afterwards published under the title of “The Doctrine of Jehovah, addressed to the Parsis,” contained such a systematic and clear statement of the religion of the Parsis, that it attracted the notice of Zend scholars in Germany. Four years afterwards he published his larger work—“The Parsi Religion,”—a work which arrested the attention of the Institute of France, and procured for its author the fellowship of the Royal Society of London.

Nor was Dr. Wilson unmindful of the spiritual interests of the large Muhammadan population by whom he was surrounded.

He studied the Koran in the original Arabic, and wrote a treatise, in Urdu and in Persian, entitled "Refutation of Muhammadism." But Dr. Wilson was not a mere oriental scholar; he studied not only the classical languages and the vernacular dialects of India, but with that versatility which characterized his genius, he studied also its natural history, its zoology, its botany, its mineralogy and its geology,—on all which subjects he displayed information so extensive as astonished men who had made those sciences their specialty.

The love of knowledge for its own sake has in all ages and in all countries been highly eulogized. But however commendable this abstract love of knowledge may be, Dr. Wilson, in his pursuit after knowledge, was animated by a higher and nobler motive, *i.e.*, the desire of promoting the glory of God and of winning souls to Christ. It was not as an *amateur*, but as a missionary that he cultivated oriental literature. He cultivated it, believing that his proficiency in it would greatly enhance his usefulness as a missionary, would make him thoroughly acquainted with the people among whom he was labouring, and would thus enable him effectually to reach their hearts for the presentation of divine truth. Dr. Wilson himself made a statement somewhat similar to this when replying to an address given him by the European and Native inhabitants of Bombay. "It never was," said he, "a primary object with me in this country to hunt for antiquities or curious objects in nature, but I never avoided turning aside to look at them when they came near my path, nor failed to attempt to find out their bearing on the obscure history of India or its natural productions." Yes, this was the secret of Dr. Wilson's literary activity. The study of Indian philology, of Indian antiquities, of Indian botany and geology, was not with him a primary but a secondary object—his primary object having been to preach to the people of India the unsearchable riches of Christ and to win souls to Him. But if in the course of his preaching tours "curious natural objects" or antiquities in the shape of caves and temples came across his path, he did not disdain to look at and investigate them, especially as

such investigations made him only the better fitted to accomplish that glorious work for which he had left his fatherland, and made India the land of his adoption. While speaking of Dr. Wilson, as a scholar and as an author, I may state that he wrote 25 distinctive works, one of which, the "Lands of the Bible" is in two volumes. He also largely contributed to the *Oriental Christian Spectator*, a monthly periodical edited by him for a great many years, which contributions have never been published separately. When we remember that his literary activity was only a secondary object with him, we must feel that, like the good and faithful servant in the parable, Dr. Wilson, had diligently cultivated those talents with which his divine Master had entrusted him.

In the education of Indian youth, Dr. Wilson took a prominent part. He established in Bombay an Institution similar, though on a somewhat smaller scale, to the noble College founded in this city by Dr. Duff, which continues to this day to impart to native youth a sound, healthy and Christian education. His labours in connection with the Bombay University were of the highest value. He had a considerable share in the work of organizing it, framing its rules and regulations, of fixing the standards of examinations, and of examining candidates for degrees; and of that university he was elected Vice-Chancellor, an honour which has not been conferred on any other Missionary in India.

Let no one suppose that, because Dr. Wilson was so great a scholar and author, he was at all remiss in the discharge of the duties peculiar to his high and holy office. He was as laborious in mission work as those who never investigate either antiquities or "curious objects of nature" that come near their path. Almost at the beginning of his missionary career he held long and protracted religious discussions with the hierophants of the Hindu religion in the Island of Bombay, discussions which roused the Hindu population from their lethargy, and the substance of which is embodied in his two "Exposures of the Hindu Religion." At a later period he held similar discussions with the Parsi Dasturs and Mobeds

which created a similar sensation in the whole of the Parsi community, and the substance of which is found in his work on the "Parsi Religion." In missionary itinerary no one could have been more diligent. He several times traversed the whole of the Bombay Presidency, and some times went beyond its limits, and delivered the gospel message in the stately palace of the prince as well as in the lowly cottage of the peasant; and such was the urbanity of his disposition and the gentleness of his nature that he invariably met, alike in the hall of the rich and the hut of the poor, with a reception seldom accorded by a heathen population, to a herald of the Cross. On this subject let me quote a passage from his reply to the address to which I have already alluded.

"My observations in India I always found extremely interesting. During the course of them I had rare opportunities afforded me of insight into human nature placed in most diversified circumstances, and in every stage of oriental civilization and barbarism. Frequently, on the same day, I would find myself conversing with the prince on the throne or royal cushion, with the priest at his temple, with the peasant in his field, and with the religious mendicant sitting on his bed of ashes. From the savage (as by some he is esteemed) in the forests of the Konkan, the Barya, the Narbada, the Tapti, and the mountain ranges of Maharashtra, Gujarat and Rajpootana, I have met with the greatest kindness, as well as from the sage and disputant of the great shrines of Indian pilgrimage. Seldom, from any desire to find access to the people and to gain their confidence, have I troubled myself to carry with me a tent when in daily stage, performing journeys even of many hundred miles in extent, but except on the rarest occasion, I have never been at a loss for accommodation either by day or by night." As a minister and missionary Dr. Wilson obtained the highest honour which his Church could confer on him, namely, the chair of the Moderator of the General Assembly. That chair he occupied with much dignity in the year 1870.

•In his relations with the converts, Dr. Wilson was most happy. He loved the Native Church which he himself had founded, and

continued to be its Pastor till the day of his death. The Native Christians looked upon him as their father,—telling him all their griefs and sorrows, and asking for sympathy which he most heartily gave, and if in his intercourse with them he had any failings, those failings leaned on virtue's side.

The same gentleness and charitableness of disposition characterized his intercourse with educated Natives and the whole of the Hindu, Muhammadan and Parsi population. The Hindu Editor of an Anglo-Mahrathi newspaper speaks thus of Dr. Wilson,— “The apostle of one of the most aggressive religions, he was patient and calm in his appreciation of the merits of the followers of other faiths. It was not in his nature to suspect evil. And this gave a peculiar charm to his universally benevolent character.” “Dr. Wilson,” continues the Hindu Editor, “knew when to say no. But that was only when a question of principle arose.” So highly respected and so greatly beloved was Dr. Wilson by the native population of Bombay, that he had no hesitation in declaring at a public meeting held in the Town Hall immediately after the close of the Mutiny of 1857, that “he was prepared to go at dead of night into any gully or street in Bombay, even in most troubled times, without the least fear of being hurt or injured.” And as to the respect in which he was held by his own countrymen, it is sufficient to say that, when he was living he was often consulted by the local Government in times of trouble and difficulty ; that, during his last illness, His Excellency the Viceroy paid him a visit in his own house enquiring after his health ; that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales sent him a message to the same effect through Sir Bartle Frere ; and that after his death his bier was followed to the grave by His Excellency the Governor of Bombay walking on foot from the Free Church to the cemetery, accompanied by the Chief Justice and Judges of the High Court, Secretaries to Government and the leading non-official European gentlemen of the city.

Many are the lessons which we might derive from a study of the life and character of the Rev. Dr. Wilson ; I have time to advert briefly to only a few of them.

One lesson we may learn is, that we should endeavour to the best of our ability and opportunity to cultivate those talents with which God has entrusted us, with a view to promote God's glory. Dr. Wilson did this in a pre-eminent degree. We have not Dr. Wilson's talents. He was entrusted with five; but some of us doubtless have two; and there is none of us who has not at least one. In whatever measure we have been endowed, in the same measure we should endeavour, with the blessing of God, to be profitable to our divine Master; and if we do so, we shall obtain full reward. It is worthy of notice that, in the parable before us, the servant that had two talents and traded with them and gained two more talents obtained equal commendation and reward with the servant that had five talents and that gained five more by trading with them. To both were addressed the commendatory words—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful in a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Here, surely, is encouragement for the Christian who is endowed with the humblest capacity. If we honestly and perseveringly make use of our faculties, such as they are, in the service of God, we shall be accosted with our divine Master's "Well done!" and we shall not lose our reward. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Another lesson we may learn from the life and character of Dr. Wilson is, that it is not inconsistent with the character of a Christian, or of a missionary either, to take interest in nature and in "curious natural productions." Dr. Wilson took interest in these things, and studied Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy and Geology; and no one can say that his influence as a missionary was in any degree marred on that account. I was lately reading a well-written article in a first class London Magazine, in which the writer institutes a comparison between the Christian poet Cowper and a celebrated French philosopher who was an unbeliever. In that article the writer expresses his wonder that so devout a Christian and so grim a Calvinist, as Cowper was, should

love nature so deeply and paint its scenes so truthfully. I think the able writer of that article was labouring under a great mistake. I humbly think that the devout Christian is, the deeper is his love of nature, for nature is but the workmanship of his heavenly Father. Cowper himself has expressed that idea in these beautiful lines :—

“ He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.

His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers, his t’ enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven our unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—“ My Father made them all.” ”

Yes, brethren, I love nature and every object of nature, and I love it because my Father in heaven has made it. And I have a better right to love and admire it than an unbeliever ; for I, as a Christian, am born of a nobler generation than that of which other men are partakers. I admire this beautiful earth, for it is God’s earth ; it is my Father’s earth ; it is my heritage ; it is my patrimony.

A third lesson we may learn from the study of the life and character of the late Dr. Wilson, is, that we should take interest in every thing human. Dr. Wilson took delight in the study of antiquities, of philology, of ethnology ; and his influence as a missionary, so far from being injured on that account, was greatly enhanced. A heathen poet has said—“ I am a man, and nothing that is human is estranged from me.” In the mouth of a Christian that sentiment has a significance far deeper than the philosophy of the heathen poet that uttered it ever dreamt of. We as Christians are to take interest in every thing human, because God “ hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth,” and because Christ has died for the human race in order to redeem them from the captivity

of sin and Satan, and translate them into the kingdom of glory above.

The last lesson which I shall mention as derivable from the study of the life and character of Dr. Wilson is, that we should diligently cultivate the graces of Christian meekness and Christian charity.. Dr. Wilson was a pattern of Christian meekness. It may be said of him as it was said of his divine Master—“ He did not strive nor cry ; neither did any man hear his voice in the streets. A bruised reed he did not break, and smoking flax he did not quench.” And he was a model too of that Christian charity which is the flower of all the graces, the mellow fruit of the divine Spirit—that charity which “ doth not behave itself unseemly,” which “ seeketh not her own,” which “ is not easily provoked,” which “ thinketh no evil,” which “ rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth,” which “ heareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.” It was the beautiful manifestation in his daily life and conversation of these two graces, evangelical meekness and evangelical charity, that won the admiration and regard of even the Hindu, the Muhammadan and the Parsi population of Bombay ; and it was this, too, that led many a Hindu and many a Parsi to follow his bier to the grave with tears in their eyes. Incumbent as is the cultivation of the graces of meekness and charity on Christians in all ages and in all countries, it is especially incumbent—I venture to say without giving offence to any one—upon European Christians in India, as they belong to a conquering race ; and more especially incumbent upon missionaries in India, as they are looked upon by the Native population as the apostles of the most aggressive of religions.

In conclusion, brethren, let us lay to heart these important lessons, and endeavour with the help of the Holy Spirit to reduce them to practice. Let us, “ giving all diligence, add to our faith, virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity.” And now “ The God of peace, that brought again from the

dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

ANNALS OF KASHMIR.

BY

J. C. DUTT.

(Continued from page 250.)

Lalitaditya was succeeded by Kuvalayapira born of queen Kamaladevi. His reign was for a short time darkened by his quarrel with his valiant brother. The quarrel for some time remained undecided owing to their dependants very often changing sides for money. At last the king overcame his younger brother and also the dependants who took money from both sides. Now, having maintained peace in the kingdom, and gaining strength, he was ambitious of making foreign conquests. But his ambition and his reign were soon put a stop to. It is said that at this time one of his ministers, either remembering the instructions of the late king, or through pride, disobeyed Kuvalayapira ; at which he was so angry that he could not at night sleep even for a moment, and thought not only of killing him but several of his partisans. But afterwards when his anger was assuaged, he wondered how it ever appeared to him fit to take so many lives. And he thus questioned to himself—" Who ever lives in peace after committing crimes for the sake of self ? What reasonable man wants to violate the path of virtue for his ungrateful person ? None takes notice of the changes time brings on one. The immortal beings laugh at us, for they found us yesterday laughing in childhood ; to-day they see our beards grown up, and our faces looking red like copper in anger ; and to-morrow they behold our countenance and hair disfigured like the head of an old goat." Thus thinking on the mutability of man,

and valuing peace, he left his kingdom, and went into the woods of Plakshaprasavana. At the time of his departure he wrote on his seat the following line—"Go to the woods, fix your mind in devotion, for the riches you see are perishable, and of short duration." This seer-king, it is said, could be seen by the good even in the days of the historian at Srihill and other places. When the son of his master thus left the kingdom, the minister Mitra-sharma with his wife drowned himself for grief in the waters of Vitasta. He reigned for one year and fifteen days.

Him succeeded his brother Vajraditya also called Vappiyaka or Lalitaditya, born of queen Chakramardika. The cruel temper of this king contrasted strangely with the gentle character of his brother. He robbed Parihasapura of many gifts with which his father had adorned it. This luxurious king had many females in his zenana. He sold many people to the Mlechhas, and introduced their evil habits. After reigning seven years this vicious king died of consumption.

His son Prithibyapira by queen Manjarika then came to the throne. He was a great persecutor of his subjects, reigned for four years and one month, and was dethroned by his step brother Sangramapira. These two kings, it is remarked, did not benefit the kingdom.

After the death of Sangramapira, Jayapira the youngest son of Vappiya or Lalitaditya, ascended the throne. This prince remembered the words, "Be like your grandfather," which the minister used to repeat to him according to the direction of king Lalitaditya I, and being ambitious of conquest, he collected an army and set out of his country. Arriving at the gate of Kashmir with his feudatory chiefs, he asked the old men there as to the numerical strength of the army with which his grandfather had set out. The old men smiled and said, "What is the use of asking that question? For that which was then accomplished cannot be repeated again. He had one lac and twenty five thousand litters of war with him, while you have only eighty thousand." But the king did not think the conquest difficult with the army he had collected, as he thought times had much changed since

the days of his grandfather. The old men recognized in him the spirit of his grandsire. When the king had gone far out of his country, his wife's brother rebelled, and ascended the throne of Kashmir. On the other hand, many soldiers not having much loyalty and longing for home, daily deserted his army and returned to their country. His pride was yet not humbled. Sending his feudatory kings who followed him, to their respective countries, he with a few followers went to Prayaga. There having ascertained the number of his horses, he presented one lac minus one to Brahmans with rich offerings. And there on the bank of the Ganges he erected a monument marked with his name, and an inscription to the effect that he who should be able to present full one lac of horses might pull down Jayapira's monument, and erect his own. The Ganges, says the historian, still laves with its waters the monument marked with the name of Jayapira. He then ordered his soldiers to return home, and separating himself from them, went out alone one night, and entered the city of Poundravardhana, the possession of Jayanta, the king of Gour.

One day the king went out in the evening to worship a river, and it was late when he returned, and found the whole household extremely anxious on his account. When he asked the cause of their anxiety, Kamala, a dancing girl, smiled and said,—“At night there comes a great lion which kills many lives; day by day it destroys man, elephant, horse; and you being late we were apprehensive of your safety.” The king smiled at her tale. That night passed, the king went out of the city next evening, and waited beneath a large banyan tree for the lion. From a distance he spied the animal as if it were the very smile of Yama moving about. He shouted in order to draw the attention of the beast, and at that noise, the lion yelled and approached—his mane shaking, his eyes burning, ears erected, and mouth open. The active king thrust his hand up to the elbow into the mouth of the lion, and cut inside his chest. The lion vomited blood and died. The king having washed his blood, slept as before in the house of Kamala. In the morning king Jayanta heard that the lion had been killed, and urged by curiosity, went out to

see it. There he beheld the huge carcase of the animal killed with one blow, and felt sure that he who had destroyed it was more than man. He was however surprised when a follower gave him a Keyura, an ornament worn on the upper arm, marked with the name of Sri Jayapira. The city became alarmed at the information. After assuaging the fears of the citizens, king Jayanta thus addressed them—"Why are you afraid o ye of little sense? It is rumoured that for certain reasons the powerful king Jayapira is travelling in the world alone under the false name of Kallata. I have no son," continued the king of Gour, "and am resolved to marry my daughter Kalyanadevi to him. He ought to be sought after, and if he be found without seeking, it will be as one who seeks for jewels and finds the island where are all precious stones. He must be in this city, and he who will be able to give any information about him, will be rewarded." The citizens, trusting in the word of their truthful king, made search after Jayapira, and at last informed Jayanta that the king of Kashmir was stopping in the house of Kamala. The king with his ministers and his ladies came to the place, and with due attention conveyed him to his palace. And then he married him to Kalyanadevi. The story smells so strongly of fiction, that it can hardly be credited. The kingdom of Gour, it appears, was then divided into five or six separate kingdoms; for it is said that Jayapira subdued the five kings of Gour, and made his father-in-law paramount over them. The army which he had left behind, under the command of Devi Sharmma, the son of Mittra Sharmma, the minister of his grand father, joined him: and at the request of his general he returned to his country with his wife and Kamala. On his way he defeated the king of Konouj and took throne.

When he entered Kashmir, his brother-in-law who had usurped his throne, came out against him. An obstinate battle was fought for several days at the village of Pushkaletra. During these days the dwellers of the villages and forests who could not brook Jajja the usurper, flocked to Jayapira who was beloved by his subjects. In the course of the battle, one Srideva, a villager and a Chandala by caste, sought for Jajja. They pointed

out to him Jajja riding on horseback in the thick of the battle but being extremely thirsty he was drinking water from a golden vessel. "Now Jajja is killed by me," cried out Srideva as he struck him with a stone tied to a string. It is said that when he set out for battle, he said to his mother that he was going to help the king, and asked for food. At which his mother laughed, but he resolved to kill Jajja. Jajja's army seeing him struck down to the ground with stone, and motionless, left him dying. Thus he reigned for three years in the kingdom which he gained by rebellion. He lived in anxiety, dreading the arrival of his powerful foe. The author takes this opportunity to moralize thus—"The riches of merchants last not if they appropriate what is entrusted to them, of prostitutes if they deceive their paramours, of kings if they get the kingdom by rebellion." After the death of Jajja, Jayapira reigned, and by his good works he delighted his subjects. His queen Kalyanadevi founded a town named Kalyanapura on the field of her husband's victory. The king founded a city named Mahlanapura, and set up an image of Keshava or Vishnu; and Kamala also raised a city named Kamala after her name.

The king made several improvements in the kingdom. He introduced such arts as were long forgotten in the country. He encouraged his subjects to cultivate learning, and inviting learned men from other countries, engaged them in collecting the fragments of Patanjali's commentary on the annotations of Katyayana on Panini's aphorisms. The king himself used to take lessons from Kshrrera, a Professor of Grammar. He never excused pride but valued the praise of the learned. The title of *pandita* was more valued in his reign than that of the king. He listened to whatever learned men said. Such was his assiduity to get together learned men, that it is said learned men became scarce in the courts of other kings. In Shukradanta's house of charity where boiled rice was distributed, one learned man named Thakriya was made the head. Another learned man named Udbhabhatta was made the president of his court on a daily pay of one lac of dinara. The poets of his court were Manoratha, Shankadatta, Chataka,

and Sandhimana ; and his ministers were Vamana and others. He, it is said, once ordered one of his messengers to get five Rakshasas from Ceylon. The messenger, who was none other than his minister for war and peace, in his way fell overboard and was swallowed by a Timi fish, but he is said to have torn the bowels of the fish, and to have reached the shore. Vibhishana, King of Ceylon, gave him five Rakshasas and sent him back to his country. The king bestowed much wealth on the messenger, and caused the Rakshasas to fill a deep tank and build a fort named Jayapura which, it is said, equalled heaven in beauty. He set up three large images of Buddha, a monastery, and an image of a goddess named Jayadevi in that town. He also set up images of Rama and his brothers, and of Vishnu reposing on a snake. Once the king dreamt that Vishnu asked him to cause a city like a Dwarka to be built surrounded by water, and he built a town surrounded by water, which the people even in the days of the historian called Abhantarajayapura. In this city, Jayadeva, who was at the head of the five departments mentioned before, built a monastery ; and Acha, the son-in-law of Pramada, the king of Mathura and subject of the king of Kashmir, set up an image of Mahadeva named Acheshvra.

The king again set out for conquest. He had a large army with him, and if we are to believe the historian, his elephants appeared as a continuation of hills as far as the sea, and his army stretched from the Himalaya to the Eastern Hills. At night Summuniraja and others with the Chandalas kept watch over the army. The king adopted the name of Vinayaditya and founded a city in the east named Vinayadityapura.

Though kings are great and brave, and persevering, yet sudden dangers render their fortunes doubtful,—with this remark the author goes on to narrate a series of wild adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Once in the disguise of a hermit the king entered the fort of Bhimsena, king of the east. He was however recognized by Sidha, brother of Jajja, and understanding that the king had come as a spy, he gave information to Bhimsena who captured and confined him. Here fate, says the author, overcame

the efforts of man. Jayapira however did not lose presence of mind in this great danger, and began to plan his escape. It so happened that, at this juncture, a disease caused by spiders, broke out among the people of Bhimsena. The disease was contagious, and fatal in its effect, and persons attacked with it were deserted by their fellows. Jayapira heard of this, and caused his men secretly to bring something that increased bile, he ate it and had an attack of fever ; and applying the juice of Vajra (a species of Euphorbia) he produced eruptions on his body. Now the guards reported to Bhimsena that the king of Kashmir had an attack of what they thought to be the prevailing disease ; and Bhimsena apprehending danger therefrom sent out Jayapira. Thus effecting his escape, he captured the fort.

Now Aramuri, the learned and wily king of Nepala, wished to engage himself in war with Jayapira. When the king of Kashmir went to Nepala, Aramuri collected an army, and without submitting retired to a great distance before the army of Kashmir. Jayapira not caring to fight with other kings pursued Aramuri through various countries like a falcon that follows a pigeon, sometimes gaining and sometimes losing sight of his enemy's army. Having conquered the countries around, he encamped with his soldiers by the side of a river that flows into the sea within a short distance. Thence he continued his march towards the eastern sea (Bay of Bengal) for two or three days, his banners flying in the breeze which came from the sea. After which he got sight of the Nepalese army encamped on the southern bank of the river. The anger of Jayapira was roused to see the army of the enemy, and to hear their notes of war. And finding that the water in the river was only knee deep, and not knowing the nature of the place, he descended into the river ; when he had gone half the way, the ebb tide came in, and immensely increased the bulk of the water, the place being near the sea. His army consisting of men, horses, elephants, were borne down by the current. The king's ornaments and clothes were swept away, and he was carried away by the stream a great distance ; but he kept himself above water by swimming. The cries and

shrieks of the army, mixed with the roar of the waters, went up to heaven. The king was picked up by the enemies by means of a leathern bag, and thus to their great joy he was captured. The king of Nepala confined him in a high stone-built house on the banks of the Kala Gandika (Gunduck), and appointed guards to watch over him. The king of Kashmir was at another time in danger, and not knowing what to do, was filled with grief. The confinement was so strict that neither the moon nor the sun could see him. But he somehow saw that the river was nigh, and he planned his escape. Even in the days of the historian, the kind-hearted panditas remembered the lines which the king then composed regarding his condition. Devasharma, the proud minister of Kashmir, was grieved to think of the humiliation of the king, and determining to rescue his master at the sacrifice of his life, he sent a sweet-tongued messenger to Aramuri, and tempted him by promising through his messenger to give up to the king of Nepala the wealth together with the kingdom of Jayapira. And when messengers from Nepala came to him, and arrangements were made, he with the Kashmirian army entered Nepala. Having reached the Kalagandika, he left his army on its banks, and crossed the river with but few followers. He was introduced into the Nepala court by the feudatory kings, and was well received by the king who caused him to sit down in his presence. But as he was weary, the king soon dismissed him that day. Devasharma came to his lodgings and there he passed the remainder of the time. On the next day, he and the king after drinking retired to privacy to settle their affairs. The minister told the king of Nepala that the accumulated wealth of Jayapira was with the army, the fact being known to the king of Kashmir alone, and to some of his faithful officers. "I wish to hear from the king of Kashmir," continued the minister, "where he has kept these treasures, by holding out to him the hope of his being set free if he would give them up. I have not therefore brought the army here, for if they to whom the riches are entrusted be with the army, then it will be impossible to get the treasures. But if the soldiers be brought here one by one

and seized, they may give out the secret." Thus deceiving the king of Nepala, he with the king's permission went to Jayapira. He was grieved to see the king, and clearing the room of all others, asked his master if he still keeps up his spirit. "You may succeed," said he, "if you but take courage." "When I am thus unarmed," replied his master, "what can I do though I possess spirit." "If your spirit has not been lost," rejoined the minister, "the danger can be overstepped. You can leap from this window, and cross over to the other side; the army that is there is yours." "Without a leather bag," said the king, "the river cannot be crossed by jumping from this place, and if a leather bag be thrown from this height, it will burst, so your plan is useless; and after being thus humiliated I do not wish to die without first chastising the foe." "Wait for two dandas" (a danda is equal to 24 minutes,) said the minister, "and you will see the plan I propose, depend on it, I will again return alone." And when the time fixed was over he found his minister lying dead on the ground, with a piece of cloth tied round his neck; and in it were written the following sentence—"I am but dead to-day, my body is stuffed with air, and will be your leather bag which will not break, ride on me and cross the river. I have tied a cloth round my thighs within which thrust your legs up to your thighs." The sentence was written in the blood of his body, which he had taken out with his nails. At first the king wondered and was grieved at the sight, but then he availed himself of the opportunity, and plunging into the stream, reached the opposite bank. There being master of his army, he within a short time destroyed the king of Nepala, and overran his country, it is said, before his guards knew of his escape. The king in spite of his victories thought every thing lost because of the death of his minister who was his protector. In his conquests he forgot his humiliation, but he could not forget his minister.

Unfortunatly for his subjects, the king left the path, of his grandsire, and walked in that of his father. The Kayasthas advised him that it was useless to undergo the fatigues of foreign conquest when he could accumulate wealth in his own country.

The king took their advice, and began to oppress his subjects. Thenceforth he spent the revenues of Kashmir according to his pleasure, and as advised by the Kayasthas. The devices with which he conquered other kings, he now employed to enslave his own. The councils which were formerly employed for the comfort of the good, he now employed in the oppression of the people: He murdered many persons; and except those who flattered him no one spoke well of him even in dream. In this way the king reigned for three years with such cruelty that he plundered even the cultivator's share of the harvest. His gain overturned his senses, he considered the Kayasthas his friends, though they gave him but a small share of the plunder, appropriating to themselves the rest. Even the Brahmans, who always have great patience, began to oppose the king. Some of them fled from the country as the king began to kill many of them, but at last they combined together, and the king could not destroy them, though he continued to plunder them. The king's character was greatly changed, and he was ill spoken of in poetry by the panditas. It is said that the cruel king once ordered that he should be informed that ninety nine Brahmans were killed in one day. And when he was sitting on the bank of the Chandrabhaga after having forcibly taken possession of Tulamula, he was informed that ninety-nine Brahmans perished in the waters of Chandrabhaga. From that time he ceased to take possession of the lands granted to Brahmans, but he continued to take possession of those inhabited by men of other castes.

He was succeeded by his son Lalitapira. This was a very sensual king, and did not attend to royal duties. The ill-gotten wealth of his father he spent on dancers, stage-actors &c. Bad men gained access to the palace and taught him evil. The king cast aside his crown and royal ornaments, and lived in the zenana.

After him Chippatejayapira, otherwise called Vrihaspati, the infant son of Lalitapira, was made king. He was born of Lalitapira's concubine named Jayadevi, the daughter of Kalpapala an inhabitant of Akuva. This daughter of Kalpapala was taken

by Lalitapira on account of her beauty. The maternal uncles of the present king named Padma, Utpalaka, Kalyana, Mamma and Dharma, now ruled the kingdom during the king's infancy. They were all young. The eldest held the five principal posts, and the others held other posts. The orders of Jayadevi, mother of the king, were obeyed by her brothers. She set up a god named Jayeshvra. The king spent but a small sum, but his uncles appropriated the whole. The wealth which their sister gained by her beauty, her fortunate brothers now spent. But as their nephew grew up, they apprehended their destruction. And these wicked men after consulting together killed their nephew by magic, in order that they might rule the kingdom. The king died after reigning twelve years. After his death his uncles, puffed up pride, could not brook that any one of them would reign. They wished to set up a puppet king, but they could not agree in their choice, and so they quarrelled. Tribhuvanapira, son of king Vappia, though the eldest, was not crowned, because all did not agree. And this Tribhubanapira's son named Ajitapira was now raised to the throne by Utpala in opposition to others of his colleagues. But the king could not please all the five brothers equally, for when he spoke to one of them others would be displeased. The five brothers who appropriated the revenues of the realm, set up many houses of gods in the city. They with their sons ruled the kingdom. Utpala set up a god named Utpalasvami and built a city named Utpalapura. Padma set up a god named Padmasvami and a city named Padmapura. The wife of Padma named Gunnadevi built two temples, one within the city, and the other at Vijayeshvra. Dharma set up a god named Dharmasvami, and Kalyanavarma set up Kalyanasvami, an image of Vishnu. Mamma set up a god Mammasvami,—on which occasion he gave away as gifts eighty-five thousand cows with calves, and five thousand dinaras with each cow and calf. Who can estimate his wealth, much less the accumulated wealth of all the brothers? The houses of the gods built by them were far larger than other temples which stood beside them. From the Kashmirian era 89, when their nephew died, till now they reigned during a period of thirty-six

years without opposition. After this a battle was fought between Mamma and Utpalaka, and it was so obstinately fought that the Vitasta, it is said, was choked with dead bodies. The poet Chanukya described this battle in his work named Bhuvanabhyudaya. Yashovarmanma the son of Mamma defeated his opponents. The victorious party then dethroned Ajitapira and crowned Anangapira son of Sangrammapira. Unable to bear the ascendancy of Mamma, Sukhavarmma, son of Utpala, began to aspire to the kingdom. After three years Utpala died, and Sukhavarmma raised Utpalapira, son of Ajitapira, to the throne.

Ratna the minister for peace and war, who amassed much wealth, set up a temple for the god Ratnasvami. Nara and other proprietors of the village Vimalashva lived at the latter place as princes. The line of Karkota became almost extinct, and the family of Utpala began to thrive. When Sukhavarmma, through his prowess, was on the point of becoming king, he was murdered by his envious friend Shushkasura, and the minister then thought Avantivarmma son of Sukhavarmma to be fit for the throne ; and in order to prevent any disturbances, he in the Kashmirian era 31 deposed the reigning king Utpalapira and raised Avantivarmma to the throne. This man obtained the kingdom with ease, for which his father and grandfather had tried so hard.

SENSATIONALISM.

The Newtonian axiom that " action is equal and contrary to re-action " is no less true in the mental constitution of man, than in the physical world. The tenacity with which a certain system of philosophy is held in one age, seems to be in direct proportion to that with which the opposite system was maintained in a former age. There is in the human mind a strange tendency to run into extremes. The universal prevalence, during the middle ages of Europe, of a false system of philosophy, generally called the doctrine of the *universals*, prevented the thick mental gloom which

overshadowed the nations from being broken in upon by the genial rays of discovery and invention. This doctrine taught men to neglect altogether the observation of the phenomena of the external world, and to exogitiate all knowledge out of their intellect. Disregarding all kinds of observation, the philosophers of the dark ages, like so many spiders, spun ingenious systems of philosophy out of the substance of their own brains.

To rid Europe of so great an evil did the immortal Bacon sound the trumpet of philosophic reform. In the opening sentence of his great work—the *Norum Organon Scientiarum*, he taught that “man, the servant (minister) and interpreter of nature does and understands just as much as he has observed practically or intellectually of the course of nature: beyond this neither his knowledge nor his power extends.” All Europe heard with mute attention this magic voice. Numbers rallied round his standard, animated with the noble ambition of making extensive conquests in the dark domains of nature and philosophy.

Locke fought under the banner of Bacon, but in his enthusiasm overstepped the limits which his sagacious commander would have dictated to him. Far from the lofty and airy summits of idealism he, by forced marches, descended into the depths of *empiricism* or philosophic *sensualism*, whence he never came up. Or leaving all figure, the tendency of philosophy from the days of Bacon has been *sensuous*. In the spirit of the sensuous system, Locke discarded the theory of all inmate ideas in every sense of the phrase, and with it in a great measure, all inherent capacities and susceptibilities, and as the question, “how came the human mind to be furnished with ideas” began then to be asked, he broached a theory in which he attempted to prove that all our ideas have a two-fold source, *viz.*, *sensation* and *reflection*: The examination of this theory is the subject of this Essay.

At the outset we will allow Mr. Locke, to state his theory of the origin of our ideas, in his own words.—

“ Let us then suppose the human mind to be, as we say, white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas; how comes it to be furnished? Whence comes it by that vast store which the

busy and boundless fancy of man has painted on it, with an almost endless variety? Whence has it all the materials of reason and knowledge? To this I answer in one word, *experience*; in that all our knowledge is *founded*; and from that it ultimately *derives* itself. Our observation employed either about external, sensible objects, or about the internal operations of our minds, perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with all the materials of thinking. These two are the *fountains* of knowledge, from whence all the ideas we have, or *can* naturally have, do spring." Of the nature of these two "fountains of knowledge," as he calls them, Locke speaks in the following terms:—"Our senses, conversant about particular sensible objects, do convey into the mind several distinct perceptions of things according to those various ways wherein those objects do affect them; and thus we come by those ideas we have, of yellow, white, cold, soft, hard, bitter, sweet, and all those which we call sensible qualities &c. This great source of most of the ideas we have, I call *sensation*." "The other fountain," procoeds Locke, "from which experience furnisheth the understanding with ideas, is the perception of the operations of our own mind within us, as it is employed about the ideas it has got; which operations, when the soul comes to reflect on, and consider, do furnish the understanding with another set of ideas; which could not be had from things without; and such are perception, thinking, doubting, believing, reasoning, knowing, willing, and all the different actings of our minds. I call this *reflection*." It is evident then that, according to Locke, *sensation* and *reflection* are the *only* two fountains of knowledge.

"The understanding seems to me," says he, "not to have the least glimmering of *any* ideas which it doth not receive from one of these two." And not only so, but "even the most abstruse ideas, how remote soever they may seem to be from sense or from any operations of our own minds are yet only such as the understanding frames to itself, by repeating and joining together ideas, that it had, either from objects of sense, or from its own operations about them; so that even those large

and abstract ideas are derived from sensation and reflection, being no other than what the mind, by the ordinary use of its own faculties, employed about ideas, received from objects of sense, or from the operations it observes itself about them, may, and does, attain unto. This I shall endeavour to show in the ideas we have, of space, time, and infinity, and some few others that seem the most remote from those originals."

Having stated Locke's theory of the origin of ideas in his own words, we proceed to make a few observations before considering his analyses of the abstract ideas of space, time, infinity &c. which he himself proposes.

In the *first* place, we question the truth of the assumption that the human mind is like "white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas." We think that in exploding the doctrine of innate ideas, Locke has destroyed along with it the doctrine of innate capacities, powers and susceptibilities. His language is too general, vague, and inaccurate. The mind is not a white paper. It is white paper saturated with invisible inks, and ready to receive characters of all sorts. Were the mind a perfect blank, void of all characters and capacities to receive them, without any ideas, it would have been physically impossible for it to have gained any knowledge. The acquisition of knowledge is not of the nature of a *creation*; it is merely giving opportunity to the innate capacities and principles to develop themselves.

In the *second* place, we utterly deny that "in *Experience* all our knowledge is founded;" and that "from experience all our knowledge derives itself." This is the motto of Locke's School. In the school of Locke this is the point of departure. Believing in this as in an unquestioned and unquestionable truth, the empirical philosophers of the Lockian school lay out vast ingenuity, immense subtlety and much acuteness to bend every thing to it. All the ideas in the human mind are made, willingly or unwillingly, to render homage to this assumption. "In *experience* all our knowledge is founded; and from that it ultimately derives itself." Who is this Experience that so proudly arrogates to herself the origin of all human knowledge?

She is the mistress of Locke's school. Are her pretensions well founded? We shall see.

Not only are there inherent and innate capacities and susceptibilities in the human mind, but there are convictions, notions, which arise from the necessity of the human constitution. These are called *first truths*, *necessary truths*, *a priori judgments*, *pure intuitions*, products of the pure Reason.

They are prior to all experience. All mathematical axioms are of this nature. "Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another," "the whole is greater than its part," "whatever is, is, and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time;"—all these are emanations of the pure reason. They precede all reasoning.

We are aware that Mr. Locke, when combatting the theory of innate ideas, attempts to shew that all such axioms are not intuitive in the highest sense of the term. But we set nothing by his arguments on this point; they do not appear satisfactory to us. Do we need the assistance of experience to make us sure of the truth contained in the propositions, "whatever is, is, and that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time?" No. The consciousness of all men establishes beyond the possibility of a doubt that such truths are anterior to all experience, and are therefore fitly termed *a priori judgments*.

In the next place, not only are these intuitions or pure intuitions or *poemata* prior to all experience, but it is *impossible*—*metu*: *physically* and from the nature and necessity of things impossible, that they could have derived themselves from experience.

Let us take any of these truths, e. g. "Whatever is, is, and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time." What are the properties—the characteristics of this truth? It is *universal*, *immediate*, *irresistible*, *primary*, *eternal*, and *necessary*. Can any one deny all these properties to the above axiom? If not, can *all* these properties be deduced from experience? Take the attribute of necessity. Does experience impart this notion of necessity to the mind? Experience from the very nature of the thing is not necessary. It is *conditionate*, and therefore cannot

possibly give birth to an *unconditionate* element, *riz.*, *necessity*. But in the third place, not only is experience not the fountain of all knowledge, but it is the *occasion*—the *condition* of all our knowledge.

Here lies after all the vice of Locke's system. The fundamental fallacy of confounding the condition of a thing with its essence or cause, pervades a large portion of the invaluable work of Mr Locke. The schoolmen used to express this fallacy by an elegant Latin phrase, *riz.*, “*cum hoc ergo propter hoc*,” *with this, therefore on account of this*.

This is the rock—the conspicuous but dangerous rock, on which Locke has shattered his noble vessel of metaphysics into ten thousand pieces. We shall soon see that he repeatedly falls upon it.

In his theories of the origination of the ideas of space, time, infinity &c, he is repeatedly guilty of the sophism of taking the *condition*—the *occasion* of a thing, for the *thing itself*. The fallacy is too common to require much to be said upon it. To make water rise into a tube a certain height, it is necessary that the tube should be exhausted of all air; this is the *condition* but not the *cause* of the rise of the water; the proper cause being the repulsive force of the watery particles themselves. In order to make a guinea and a feather descend the same distance at the same time, it is necessary to place them under the receiver of an air-pump. The exhaustion of atmospheric air is the *condition*, but gravitation is the real *cause* of the above phenomena. To illustrate the subject by an instance from a higher department; that a man be saved it is necessary that he should have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; this is the *condition* of salvation. But is this the *cause*? Nay. The all-sufficient atonement of our blessed Lord is the only *procuring cause* of our salvation. It would be easy to multiply instances showing the difference of cause and condition; but these few that we have given, will suffice to exhibit its nature.

Now, it seems Mr. Locke did not clearly understand this distinction, or if he did, he remembered that he has a system to

uphold. For in advocating that experience is the source of all knowledge he has frequently reasoned "*cum hoc ergo propter hoc.*"

Experience is not the *cause* but the *condition*, the occasion of the origin of human knowledge. The *necessary* truths—the *a priori judgments*—the *constituent forms of the understanding*, must ever be ranked as the *substrata* of experience. Without these experience is impossible. Hence the truth of the proposition with which Kant opens his immortal work on the Critique of Pure Reason, *viz.*, "that although knowledge *begins* with experience, it does not derive itself *from* experience."

Further, the objects of experience must be conceived to obtain either in space or in time; hence the truth of the Kantian formula that space and time are the *necessary conditions*—the *primary constituent forms of the understanding* or rather of the sensitive faculty. Or adopting the improvement of M. Cousin on the Kantian formula, space and time are the *logical conditions* of all experience, and experience the *chronological condition* of all knowledge.

From the few remarks we have made, it is abundantly manifest, that Locke's theory respecting the origin of human knowledge is essentially *defective* and *ridiculous*. It is not only *defective* in that it does not account for all the ideas in the human mind, but it is essentially *absurd*, inasmuch as it confounds the condition of a thing with its cause. And therefore, so far as the exposure of the theory is concerned we could altogether stop at this stage of our enquiry. But since Mr. Locke undertakes to prove that the abstract conceptions of time, space, infinity, cause &c., can be resolved into either of the fountains of knowledge, *sensation* or *reflection*, we stop to examine the validity of the resolution. We will not exactly follow the order Mr. Locke has adopted in his valuable work on the "Human Understanding."

Space and cause being the most important, we will begin with the former and end with the latter.

SPACE.

Space, viewed ontologically has been the occasion of the origination of a thousand conflicting theories in the science of

Metaphysics. Whether it is a merely *subjective* notion—an abstraction of the mind, having nothing corresponding to it in the universe, or whether it has an *objective*, an *extrinsic* reality; whether in its nature and essence it is *spiritual* or *material*; and whether it is a *substance* or an *attribute*, are questions with which philosophers have puzzled themselves, and which probably will remain undecided to the end of time.

These questions lie in the very innermost recesses of the sanctuary of philosophy. But whatever answers may be given to these ontological questions, it is plain, that the discussion on hand has nothing to do with them. We are viewing at present space *psychologically*.

Waiving the question concerning its constituting nature and essence, we trace its origination in the human mind. Here the problem is—Given the idea of space, to account for its origin in the human mind. There are two and *only* two sources of all our ideas, sensation and reflection. Into which of them is the idea of space to be reduced? Into reflection? No. Into sensation? Mr. Locke answers, “Those hast said.” There are but *five* senses, *viz.*, sight, touch, hearing, tasting, and smelling. Into which one of them, or two of them, or any number of them, is it then to be reduced?

Mr. Locke answers in B. II. Chap. XIII. Sec. 2; “*We get the idea of space both by our sight and touch.*” But what, according to Mr. Locke, is the object of sight and touch? What knowledge do we get from touch according to him? “The idea of solidity,” says he, “we receive by our *touch*; and it arises from the resistance, which we find in body, to the entrance of any other body into the place it possesses, till it has left it.”

By touch then we acquire the knowledge of a solid—a body; and by the same touch also we acquire the knowledge of space; therefore it is manifest that *space is of the nature of body*; for two ideas coming from the same source must, we suppose, of necessity, be of the *same nature*. This is the legitimate conclusion of Mr. Locke’s theory of the origin of the idea of space. And indeed he evidently confounded space with body, when he thought that, to ask whether the world existed in space, was the same

thing as to ask whether the world existed at all. But is this account of the matter correct? Is Mr. Locke's notion of space the same with the notion of it entertained by all men? Is space the same as body? We shall see. Here is a book. Where does it exist? on the table. Where is the table? In the room. Where is the room? In the house. Where is the house? In the city of Calcutta. Where is the city of Calcutta? In the country of Hindustan. Where is the country of Hindustan? In Asia. Where is Asia? In the world. Where is the world? It must be situated somewhere. It is in *space*. Where is space? In itself, for itself is the seat of bodies. It is impossible to go any further. Space is, therefore, the *locus* of bodies. Destroy space and you destroy the potentiality, that is, the possibility of the existence of body. Space is the *container*, and body the *contained*.

Wherefore to confound space with body is virtually to confound the container with the thing contained, the tube with the matter contained in it, the body with the soul, the shelf with the books on it, the atmosphere with its clouds, the earth with all things contained in it.

In order more clearly to shew the difference between space and body, we shall ascertain some of their characteristic qualities.

In the first place, space is infinite, body is limited. Go wherever we might, it would be impossible to conceive the non-existence of space. Body from its very nature has limits. But it is impossible to conceive space to have limits. We may traverse this world,—traverse the solar system, and ten thousand other systems with their revolving planets, we might thus in imagination exhaust the created universe and walk on the very outskirts of creation; yet beyond this space must be supposed to extend. We might people space with millions of millions of possible worlds and systems, yet there would be space beyond all this. Space is thus boundless, illimitable, and infinite. In the second place, the idea of space is necessary, the idea of body is relative and contingent. Space is absolute and necessary, for you cannot yet quit of the idea of it. We can suppose the destruction of a body, of a system, of millions of possible systems. But it is

impossible to suppose the non-existence of space. It clings to us and will not leave us. We might try all our might to get quit of this idea, but it is impossible to do so. When you have supposed this world destroyed, a system destroyed, millions of possible systems destroyed, you have not destroyed space. The idea of space absolutely adheres to you wherever you are and whithersoever you go. Suppose for a moment that a body exists, and you suppose the existence of space also.

In the next place, space is immaterial, invisible, and incorporeal, body is material, visible, and corporeal. Every body has extension, figure, &c.; it has a sensible or corporeal representation; which space has not. In this sense may space be called subjective and body objective. Further, the idea of space is immediate and irresistible, the idea of body not so.

Thus ideas possessing such contrary and opposite qualities or characteristic properties cannot be the same idea. And, indeed Locke himself, when not under the influence of his system does acknowledge in many passages that an essential difference exists between space and body. But the confounding of space with body is, as we have seen, a legitimate consequence of his theory. It is not wonderful, that this part of his invaluable essay should abound in contradictions. Favourite theories so warp and bias the judgments of the subtlest and acutest of men, that it is impossible for them to weigh deliberately the force of arguments.

But granting for the sake of argument that he did not confound space with body (although we proved that in the spirit of his system he ought to have done, and indeed in point of fact has done so) yet how can it be made to appear, that the idea of space is derived from sensation. We have seen that necessity, absoluteness, &c. are predicated of space. Now, it is impossible that all those ideas are derived from sensation or reflection. Could the idea of "necessity," for instance, be derived from sensation and reflection? Every one knows that the celebrated Mr. Hume came logically from the theory of Locke to conclude that there is no such thing as necessity.

Locke derives the idea of space from that of body. Locke was a great Metaphysician,—he had an intellect of the very first order.¹ There must therefore be some plausibility in the theory; or else he would not advocate it. Is there a sense then in which it may be said that the idea of body precedes that of space? There is, and let us see what it is.

There are two grand classes of relations. The first class of relations are those which one idea bears to another in the *order of nature*. These relations are absolute and abstract. They can never be altered. From their very nature they are eternal, immutable, necessary. These relations may be called ontological, metaphysical, or logical relations. But there is another class of relations quite different from these;—the relations which one idea bears to another in the order of *our knowledge of them*.

All our knowledge is relative; the knowledge of the highest archangel is relative; the knowledge or rather the *science** of God above is absolute. The process of human or rather created knowledge must be synthetic. The science of God is alone analytic in the truest sense of the term. The omniscient One knows relations in the order of nature. We know in a different manner.

There are then relations in the order of nature, and relations in the order of acquisition; these M. Cousin elegantly terms *logical* and *chronological*. What is then the logical relation between space and body; and what the chronological?

First then, given space and body, query, rationally, logically in the order of nature which presupposes the other? Does space presuppose body? Can we not suppose the existence of space without the previous supposition of the existence of body? Unquestionably we can. But it is not possible to conceive body without presupposing space. The moment a body is conceived, that moment space must be supposed to exist before. We may as well conceive an event not to take place in time or duration, as conceive a body

* We are aware that we are using the word "science" in a subjective sense, in which sense we have never seen it used except in the compound words "omniscience, and prescience." But we see no reason why such an elegant turn may not be given to the simple word "science" itself.

not to exist in space. Hence it appears that, rationally, in the order of nature, space is the logical condition, the metaphysical antecedent of body.

But in the next place, given space and body, query, historically, chronologically in the order of acquisition of the knowledge of the ideas of space and body, which presupposes the other? Unquestionably space presupposes body. As far as our knowledge of the idea is conceived, it is impossible to have the idea of space without having previously the idea of body. Were body non-existent, space *to us* would also be non-existent. If no body existed in the universe of God, we hesitate not to say, it would have been impossible to get the idea of space. Thus again it is manifest that, historically, in the order of acquisition, body is the chronological condition of space. Taking the two views at once it appears, that space is the logical condition of body, and body the chronological condition of space. Now, Mr. Locke by not distinguishing these two sorts of origin, has fallen into a grievous mistake in his theory of the origin of human knowledge. Thus he, in deducing the idea of space from the idea of body, is both right and wrong—logically Locke is wrong; chronologically he is right.

M. Cousin in his admirable lectures on the sensualism of Locke has illustrated this distinction with his peculiar clearness and animated eloquence. But this distinction, we believe, has not originated with that distinguished philosopher. It was obscurely hinted at by Leibnitz, distinctly pointed out by Cudworth in his immortal work on the "Intellectual System," caught hold of and applied to Locke's system by Reid and Stewart, and elaborated upon by Kant. From the preceding criticisms, we think, it is abundantly manifest, as it is finely expressed in the beginning of the Critique of Pure Reason, "that although space begins with body, yet it does not derive itself from body." We now proceed to discuss on

TIME.

St. Augustine, when questioned, what is time, replied, "the more I enquire into it, the less do I understand it." This,

we presume, is the proper answer, when time is viewed ontologically, that is, with a view to its nature and constituting essence. But ours is a psychological concern. In the present discussion we have nothing to do with the abstract question, what is time, in its nature, being, and essence ; but we have to do with the question, how is the idea of time originated in the human mind. Before we answer this question, we shall see how Locke answers it.

"It is evident," says he, "to any one who will but observe what passes in his own mind that there is a train of ideas which constantly succeed one another in his mind, as long as he is awake. Reflection on these appearances of several ideas, one after another, in our minds, is that which furnisheth us with the idea of succession ; and the distance between any parts of that succession, or between the appearance of any two ideas in our minds, is that which we call duration" or time. Thus Mr. Locke derives the idea of time from the idea of succession, which is derived from "reflection on the train of ideas which we find to appear, one after another, in our own minds." Previously to showing the fallacy involved in the above passage, we would turn our attention for a moment to the attributes of time, and ascertain whether the idea of it could derive itself from experience as Mr. Locke makes it.

What then are the attributes of time? Can we suppose the non-existence of time? Can we destroy it in thought? can we conceive a time (or what shall we call it?) when time did not exist? Impossible. The very question is itself self-contradictory. Time then is necessary, so necessary that to question its existence involves a contradiction.

It is illimitable or infinite. It is purely rational, abstract, and opposed to sensible, it is absolute. It possesses all the attributes of space. Can these qualities be the product of experience? Can experience, can sensation or reflection, impart to us a necessary idea, an absolute, abstract, and purely rational idea? We know not. Hence the impossibility of deriving the idea of time from the idea of succession which, last is the product of experience, is clearly manifest.

Let us more particularly examine Locke's theory of the origin of the idea of time. He derives it, as we have seen, from reflection on the train of ideas in the mind, that is, from succession. The remarks we have already made when considering space and body, are in substance applicable to time and succession. Time is to succession what space is to body. We can conceive time to exist without any event taking place in it. For undoubtedly there was a time when there existed nothing but God, unless we say, that a creature can be eternal, which is self-contradictory. And in the mind of God, with reverence be it spoken, there can possibly be no succession in the strictest sense of the term ; for the past, the present, and the future, are all present before the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. Hence the significance of the peculiar designation which the Schoolmen gave to God,—the "*Eternal Now.*" But on the other hand, we cannot conceive succession without time. Time is necessarily and essentially involved in succession, succession must take place in time, for an event can only take place in time. Time is, therefore, so to speak, the *locus* of succession. Destroy time, and you annihilate the possibility of succession. Metaphysically, rationally, analytically, in the order of nature, time is the *logical condition* of succession.

SUN-RISE IN A VILLAGE.

Immured in city, how with raptures now
'Midst village scenes I hail thee, rising sun !
I see from up the plains thy crimson brow.
Thy race of glory now but just begun,
Through th' ethereal realms of heavens to run.
Of what jewels rare, or of what coral made
Thy blushing face ? With what perfection done !
And now where behold thy bright beams pervade
The waking world, and sky, with streaks of light and shade.
The pensive world that weeps the morning dew,
Now brightens at thy lovely dawning light.

The sable clouds assume the blushing hue—
 And sweet flowerets open at thy sight.
 The merry birds with rapture and delight
 Now hail thee with their simple tuneful lay ;
 And madly mingle with thy rays so bright,
 Glad at the sight of the approaching day,
 And fly to thee, nor aught of earth their course can stay.
 With wonder here on thee, O Sun ! I gaze
 Now just above the level of the plain ;
 And now o'er huts I see thy glory blaze ;
 And next suspendent on the trees remain.
 And further still thy car doth rise, in vain,
 The row of lofty palm trees now doth rear
 Their giant arms thy glit'ring orb to gain.
 And now thou risest still, no more the glare
 Of thy strong light my weak and mortal eyes can bear.
 What wonder then our simple sires of old,
 Beholding such a grand majestic scene,
 The glori'us clouds of light that thee enfold,
 Would feel their little hearts subdued within,
 And bow to thee upon the village green.
 Poor guileless men ! 'Midst natures beauties born,
 To worship nature's beauties e'er had been
 The very early lessons they did learn
 When scarce the just and right from wrong they could discern,

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Course of English Reading consisting of Selections from Modern English Authors for the use of Candidates for the Entrance Examinations of the Indian Universities, illustrated and annotated by the Rev. K. S. Macdonald, M. A., Free Church College. Calcutta Tract and School Book Society, 23, Chowringhee Road, Calcutta. 1876. Part I. Price 12 annas.

The Rev. K. S. Macdonald deserves the thanks of the youth of India for the admirable Course of English reading which he has compiled for them. In the selection of the pieces the Editor

has shown excellent judgment; the pieces are neither too difficult nor too easy for those for whom the compilation is designed. The notes and comments are as they ought to be; while they will help the student materially, they will not supersede personal effort and thinking. The pictorial illustrations are a great attraction to the book. And last not least, the book is wonderfully cheap. We recommend the adoption of this useful compilation in all the schools of the country, both private and Government.

The Arian Witness: Or the Testimony of Arian Scriptures in corroboration of Biblical History and the Rudiments of Christian Doctrine; including Dissertations on the Original Home and early adventures of Indo-Arians. By the Rev. K. M. Banerjea, Member of the Board of Examiners (late College of Fort William,) Honorary Examining Chaplain of the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, Honorary Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of London. Calcutta : Thacker and Spink. 1875.

The nature of this valuable book is sufficiently indicated by its title. Differing from all other oriental scholars, Mr. Banerjea maintains that "the original home of the Ariyan family was in Media, the chief city having been Hara." In support of this opinion the learned author brings forward the testimonies of the Rig Veda, the Zendavesta and the Assyrian Inscriptions. In some future number of the Magazine we hope to examine whether this opinion is well-grounded or not. The theological portion of the book is to us the most interesting. The testimonies of the old Hindu books in confirmation of Biblical history and doctrines, which the author produces, are very striking. We hope in future numbers to notice these confirmations at some length. At present we merely recommend to our readers a thoughtful study of this remarkable work.

Sambandha Nirnaya, Or Social History of the Principal Hindu castes in Bengal. By Lal Mohan Vidyanidhi, Head Master of Normal School, Krishnaghur. Calcutta : New School Book Press.

This is a very interesting book. It contains a great deal of information regarding Hindu society and the castes which compose it. So far as we are able to judge, the information is correct.



THE
BENGAL MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1876

THE REV. JOHN WILSON, D. D., F. R. S.*

By the Editor.

I purpose to recount to you this night the story of the life of a wise and good man, of one who was an earnest worker, and who "made his life sublime" by spending it in the service of his God and of his fellow-men; and if every life, however obscure, has its lesson, the story of the life of so great a scholar and so disinterested a philanthropist, as the late Dr. Wilson of Bombay, must be fraught with instruction.

John Wilson was born at Lauder, in Berwickshire in Scotland, on the 11th of December 1804. Like most of the Scottish clergy, he sprung from the people. He received his early education in his native town, under the superintendence of one of the most successful schoolmasters in the south of Scotland, Mr. Patterson, who had charge of the education of the children of that burgh for more than half a century, and who had the singular felicity of sending into the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, in all its branches, no less than thirteen ministers from among his pupils. That John Wilson owed a great deal to Patterson there can be no doubt. He obtained from him not only his elementary education and an insight into the Latin and Greek languages, but he caught from him that ardent and enthusiastic love of knowledge which animated John Wilson throughout his long life.

* A Discourse read at the Bethune Society on Thursday the 24th of February, 1876.

From the school of his native town John Wilson went to the University of Edinburgh. Professor Playfair, the celebrated mathematician and physicist, who had adorned the mathematical chair of the University for twenty years, and the chair of Natural Philosophy for fourteen years, had recently died ; but the latter chair had been just filled by perhaps a still more eminent man, Sir John Leslie, the author of several works on Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and the inventor of the differential thermometer. Possessed of a quick and active intellect, of a powerful memory, and of unflinching perseverance, and stimulated by a quenchless thirst after knowledge, John Wilson greatly distinguished himself in the University ; and as he had taste for Natural Philosophy, he stood amongst the first in Sir John Leslie's class. That taste for physical investigations, which he imbibed from Sir John Leslie, he retained during the whole of his life ; so that in after years, when he undertook preaching tours in the Bombay Presidency, he went not only to evangelize, but also to botanize, to mineralize and to geologize ; and on one occasion, when he returned from a preaching tour in Gujarat, he brought with him, to the astonishment of his friends, several huge boxes containing stones and pebbles which he had gathered on the shores of the Gulf of Cambay.

As John Wilson was designed for the ministry of the Church of Scotland—and the dearest wish of every Scotch peasant like that of Dominie Sampson's mother, is “to see his bairn wag his head in a pulpit”—he, after passing through the usual curriculum in the Art's classes entered the Divinity Hall of the University, where he went through a four years' course in theology. John Wilson's parents were poor ; he had therefore to encounter no little difficulty, of a pecuniary nature, in prosecuting his studies in the University. But the Scotch are a hardy and noble race, and the youth of Scotland are so animated with the love of knowledge that they undergo great hardship for the sake of receiving a University education ; and the result is, that you cannot “go into any Scottish family in the country, a shepherd's, or a gardener's, or a village shoe-maker's, but the chances are that some member of the family

has had a University education." Lockhart, the biographer of Sir Walter Scott, tells us that while Sir Walter as a student attended Dugald Stewart's Lectures on Moral Philosophy, "he often sat beside "a modest and diligent youth." That "modest and diligent youth's" father was "a venerable *Bluegown*, a beggar of Edie Ochiltree order, who used to stand, propped on his stick, with his hat in his hand, at one of the out-skirts of the city," or in other words, the father of Sir Walter Scott's fellow-student in the University actually begged in the streets that he might give his son the benefit of a University education. Similar facts are mentioned by the late Dr. Guthrie in his *Autobiography*; and even at this moment the spectacle is not rare of a Scottish youth coming down from the country parts to Edinburgh or Glasgow or St. Andrews or Aberdeen, with a sack of oatmeal on his back, hiring cheap quarters in the town, attending Lectures at the University, and returning home for a fresh sack of oatmeal when the contents of the first one have gone down the throat, accompanied with nothing stronger than water, unless it be with an occasional dash of whiskey. Many Scottish noble youths live on oatmeal and water, and attend Professor Fraser's Lectures on Logic and Metaphysics or Professor Jebb's Lectures on the Irregular Greek Verbs; they act on the Miltonian principle of "spare diet and hard study." Whether John Wilson carried on his back a sack of oatmeal from Lauder to Edinburgh I have not heard; but this I have heard that in order to maintain himself at the University he had recourse to private teaching.

It was while John Wilson was carrying on his studies at the Edinburgh University that he came in contact with a remarkable man who exerted a great influence on him. That man was the Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, the minister of St. George's, one of the greatest preachers of the day, the leader of the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland, a man of sincere and deep piety, of popular manners, and of commanding eloquence. Whatever might have been the causes which led John Wilson to take interest in foreign missions—and he showed that interest while he was a theological student—there can be no doubt that his inter-

course with Dr. Andrew Thomson was the chief cause. Dr. Andrew Thomson and Dr. Thomas Chalmers represented in those days the piety and missionary zeal of the Church of Scotland, and it is interesting to observe that, while Andrew Thomson gave to Western India a John Wilson, Thomas Chalmers gave to Eastern India an Alexander Duff. John Wilson, along with others, established a Missionary Society in connection with the Divinity Hall of the University, at one of the meetings of which he delivered an address which was published, and his interest in missions becoming more and more lively, he gave to the world, before he left the Divinity Hall, a life of John Eliot, the celebrated "Apostle of the Indians" of North America, of whom Richard Baxter said—"There was no man on earth whom I honoured above him."

It would appear that John Wilson's mind was of an essentially literary cast. Before leaving the Divinity Hall of the University, he had published a pamphlet and a book; shortly after he left the University he engaged in a warm newspaper discussion in connection with what was called the "Apocryphal Controversy," a controversy which arose from the British and Foreign Bible Society publishing along with the Bible those writings which are called the Apocrypha or the uncanonical Scriptures. In after-life he always wrote books which are about twenty-six in number, and a few hours before his death he expressed a desire to live that he might finish some works which he had begun. His was an intensely active and eminently productive mind.

But Mr. Wilson did not merely write on missions; he devoted his life to mission work. The Church of Scotland in its corporate capacity had in those days no missions of its own; but in 1796 a few pious persons had established a Society called the Scottish Missionary Society, which had already begun operations in India and other parts of the world. As Mr. Wilson was anxious to come out to India as a missionary, he offered his services to the Scottish Missionary Society. His application was accepted. He was ordained as a minister by the Presbytery of Lander on 24th June 1828. On the 12th August of that year he

was married to Miss. Margaret Bayne, daughter of the Rev. Kenneth Bayne of Greenock, who was a highly educated and pious woman,—delighting in the study of mathematics and astronomy ; and on the 30th of August 1828, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson left Scotland for India. After a tedious voyage round the Cape of upwards of five months, Mr. Wilson with his accomplished wife reached Bombay on the 13th of February 1829, and was received into the house of one of the missionaries of the Society, the Rev. John Stevenson, who afterwards distinguished himself as a Sanskritist, and as the translator into English of the Sama Veda. The Society in those days occupied as their stations, Bankot and Harnai in the Southern Konkan ; Mr. and Mrs. Wilson accordingly proceeded thither and applied themselves diligently to the study of the Mahrathi language. As Mr. Wilson's linguistic powers were great, in a few months he was able to converse freely with, and to preach, to the people in their mother tongue. The Scottish Missionary Society, however, soon gave up their stations in the Southern Konkan, and elected Bombay and Puna as the scenes of their missionary operations. In consequence of this change, Mr. Wilson removed to Bombay on the 26th of November 1829, where he continued to labour till the day of his death.

Bombay, which is now the second city in Queen Victoria's dominions, its population being next only to that of London, was forty-six years ago a very large city. It had a population of nearly a quarter of a million souls, and that population represented a variety of creeds and nationalities as is witnessed in no other city in India, perhaps in no other city in the whole world. There were in it Mahrattas and Jainas, Bhattias and Buddhists, Muhammadans and Parsis, together with Europeans, Indo-Europeans, Native Christians, Africans, Arabs, Persians, Jews, Beni-Israel, Afghans, Chinese. Mr. Wilson had a just sense of the importance of Bombay as a central spot for carrying on missionary operations. Before settling in it he had written of it to the Directors of his Society in the following terms :—“With regard to Bombay, in particular, I may freely say, that when I consider its immense population—the different bodies of which that popu-

lation is composed—its intercourse with all parts of the surrounding country, and with different infidel nations—the diminution of the prejudice of caste by the easy intercourse which the people have had with Europeans—the facilities with which considerable congregations can be procured, Bibles and tracts circulated, and education conducted, and other circumstances which are before the view of my mind—I do not know a spot where I could with more willingness, desire to spend and to be spent for the name of Christ."

On being settled in Bombay, Mr. Wilson surveyed the field and chalked out his plan of operations; and then began that manifold activity—evangelistic, philological, educational, literary—which characterised the career of that distinguished scholar and philanthropist. He wisely determined from the beginning to master the vernacular languages and dialects spoken by the diversified population of Bombay; for he felt that as a missionary he could not have real access to the people unless he could familiarly converse with them in their mother tongue. He found half the Hindu population of the island-city speaking the Mahrathi language; in that language he had already made such progress as to enable him to preach and converse in it: the other half he found speaking Gujarati, very different from Mahrathi, though both are derived from the Sanskrit. He accordingly mastered the Gujarati. But nearly one fourth of the entire population of Bombay were Mahammadans who could be approached only through the Urdu or Hindustani. That language therefore he was under the necessity of learning. There was however, another very interesting and very influential body of people in the island, the Parsis, who spoke neither Hindustani nor Mahrathi, nor pure Gujarati, but a *patois* the basis of which was Gujarati but largely interlarded with Persian words. Mr. Wilson, therefore, studied Persian, as he had already learnt Gujarati.

As a well educated man Dr. Wilson had learnt, before leaving Scotland, in addition to his mother tongue, Latin, Greek and French; and as a clergyman he had studied Hebrew. If he had been an ordinary missionary he would have been satisfied with

having mastered only one vernacular language, either Mahrathi or Gujarati or Urdu, as he could in that case have held communication with millions of people. But Mr. Wilson had mastered all those three languages with the addition of Persian, and yet he was not satisfied. He was not satisfied with being acquainted with Mahrathi and Gujarati ; he cherished the just ambition of making personal acquaintance with the venerable mother of those languages, namely, the Sanskrit. Neither was he satisfied with having learnt Urdu and modern Persian ; he desired to study the copious Arabic from which the Persian and the Urdu are derived. He accordingly diligently studied the oriental classics, Sanskrit and Arabic. But there was another and a more powerful reason why he studied Sanskrit and Arabic. As a missionary he thought it his duty not only to master the vernacular languages of the people among whom he laboured, in order that he might freely communicate his ideas to them, but to study those grand old languages in which were embalmed their literature, their philosophy and their religion. An acquaintance with Sanskrit and Arabic would, not only make him intimately acquainted with the history, literature, philosophy and religion of the Indo-Aryan and Indo-Semitic races among whom he was living, and for whose spiritual benefit he had left his native hills of Scotland, but it would place him as a missionary on a high vantage ground. He justly considered that if, in his disputation with learned Pandits and Maalavis, he could quote the *ipsissima verba* of Brahmá and of Mahammad, as they are contained in the Vedas and the Koran, he would command the respect of all intelligent Hindus and Muhammadans, and would thus obtain a hearing for those great truths which he had come to proclaim. It was for this reason chiefly, and not merely for the abstract love of philology, that he betook himself to the study of Sanskrit and Arabic. Indeed, Mr. Wilson never forgot for a moment that he was a missionary. Whether he studied or spoke or wrote, he studied and spoke and wrote as a missionary. All his studies, speeches and writings, had reference to the great object for the furtherance of which he had determined to lay his bones in India.

But there was another language which Mr. Wilson thought it his duty to learn. He had learnt the sacred language of the Brahmins; he had learnt the sacred language of the Muhammadans; and he next directed his attention to the sacred language of the Parsis who, though fewer in number than either the Hindus or the Mussulmans, were a very influential people in the Bombay Presidency. But learning Zend, which is the sacred language of the Parsis, was then by no means an easy task. It had neither grammar nor dictionary. There were very few Dusturs, that is Parsi priests, that understood it, though they daily repeated prayers in it; in India no European knew it; and in Europe one adventurous Frenchman had discovered it some time before, another Frenchman was studying it critically at that very time when Mr. Wilson was turning his attention to it, and one German had taken up the subject but had given it up in despair. The adventurous Frenchman was the celebrated Anquetil du Perron who, accidentally seeing a facsimile of some pages written in Zend characters, was fired with the ambition of becoming the first Zend scholar in Europe, and determined to set sail for Bombay with a view to study the language and buy manuscripts. But as means were not forth-coming, in 1754 the chivalrous philologer hired himself out as a sailor on board a ship of the French Indian Company, reached Bombay, obtained the assistance of the French authorities, bribed one of the most learned Parsi priests at Surat, and thus learnt Zend, and bought valuable manuscripts, with which treasures he returned to Europe after six years' stay in Bombay, and deposited them in the Imperial Library at Paris where they may be still seen. Anquetil made a translation of the Zendavesta into French, which translation was pronounced by Sir William Jones, who did not know Zend, to be an imposition palmed by Parsi priests upon the too credulous Frenchman, but which has since been found to be on the whole a correct one. The other Frenchman to whom I allude was the still more celebrated Eugene Burnouf, Professor of Sanskrit in the College de France, who first published in Europe the Vedas, collected by Anquetil, and wrote a com-

mentary on the Yasna. The German who gave up the study of Zend in despair was Justus Olshausen, Professor of Oriental languages in the University of Kiel, who commenced an edition of the Vendidad in 1829, and discontinued it for want of support. I need scarcely add that at present in Zend scholarship, as indeed in all scholarship, Germans have obtained the palm,—the two greatest living Zend scholars being Frederic Spiegel, Professor of Oriental languages in the University of Erlangen in Bavaria, and Martin Haug who was for many years Professor of Sanskrit in the College at Poonah. I mention these circumstances to show that to the Rev. Dr. John Wilson, missionary of the Free Church of Scotland in Bombay, belongs the honour of having been the first native of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland that studied the Zend and read in the original the scriptures ascribed to Zoroaster. Dr Wilson had read the Zendavesta in the original; he had read the Koran in the original; and he himself told me sixteen years ago when I met him at Surat that he had just then finished reading, in the original, the whole of the Vedas as they are at present known.

But Dr. Wilson was not an unproductive student, nor was he a mere philologist. In 1830 he started a monthly Magazine called the *Oriental Christian Spectator*, a perfect treasure-house of all sorts of information regarding India, which he edited for thirty years, and to which his partner in life, Mrs. Wilson, contributed admirably written articles, chiefly reviews of theological works published in Britain. In that Magazine in the following year, while reviewing Eliseus's History of Wartan, he made some remarks on Zoroastrianism, which created a sensation amongst the followers of that faith in Bombay, and brought on a controversy; and he afterwards published two Lectures on the Vendidad Sade, which is a part of the Parsi Scriptures. In 1839, on the occasion of the baptism of two Parsi young men, one of whom visited this Society the year before last and spoke at one of its meetings, Dr. Wilson preached a Sermon, which he afterwards published with the title, *The Doctrine of Jehovah addressed to the Parsis*, with an elaborate introduction, and which attracted notice even in Europe.

In 1842 he delivered a series of Lectures to the Parsis of Bombay on their faith; and these Lectures were published together in a large volume entitled *The Parsi Religion*. This book is necessarily hortatory and polemical in its character, as it consists of Lectures delivered to the Parsis; nevertheless it is a great work, considering that it was written by an Englishman thirty-four years ago, during which thirty-four years our knowledge of the religion of Zerdusht has been considerably advanced by the labours of German scholars. The only other great work on the religion of the Parsis which had before appeared in Europe was the celebrated *Veterum Persarum Magorum Religionis Historia* by Thomas Hyde, Arabic Professor of Oxford, published in the year 1700; but that elaborate treatise is defective as its learned author was ignorant of the Zend language. Of Dr. Wilson's work, Dr. Haug, no mean authority in matters relating to Zend literature, speaks thus:—“The first work, written in English, which shows an acquaintance with the original Zend texts, is the Rev. Dr. Wilson's book on the Parsi religion, published at Bombay in 1873.” The merits of the work were so great that it was taken notice of by the Institute of France, received commendation in the Report of the Asiatic Society of Paris, and obtained for its author the rare honour of Fellow of the Royal Society of London.

In the Hindus, who constitute the bulk of the population of Bombay, and in their religion, Dr. Wilson took, to say the least, as lively an interest as in the Parsis and in their religion—indeed, he spent more years of his life in the study of the language and literature of the Brahmans than in the study of the language and literature of the Dasturs. As early as 1832, he entered into controversy with two learned Pandits, one of Bombay, and the other of Satara; the result of the discussions was the publication of two *Expositions of the Hindu Religion*, written both in Mahrathi and in English. An abridgement of these exposures has been translated into several languages of India, and many hundreds of thousands of copies must have been distributed by missionaries in all parts of the country. He also published in Gujarati a *Letter to the Jainas* of Palitana, and in Mahrathi a small treatise on the Na-

ture of God and the Character of True Worshippers. His India, Three Thousand Years Ago, which was published in 1858, is an admirable résumé of all the important information contained in the Rig Veda regarding the earliest state of society among the Hindus; and the very last work he carried through the press, was his *Religious Excavations of Western India, Buddhist, Bramanical Jaina*, which was originally a lecture delivered at Bombay, and afterwards published in the *Calcutta Review*, and which he re-cast shortly before his death, chiefly with a view to meet the requirements of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and his suite in their Indian visit. But these works, however valuable, are poor exponents of Dr. Wilson's unrivalled knowledge of Hindu literature, Hindu philosophy, Hindu religion and Hindu society. He was engaged for many years in writing a work on "Caste," which he nearly completed before his death,—a work which those of his intimate friends who have read it pronounce it to be his *magnum opus*. The work is in two volumes. It is in print, though it has not been published. From the accounts of those who have had the privilege of reading it in private, I have no doubt that it will be when published a worthy monument of Dr. Wilson's scholarship.

Nor did Dr. Wilson entirely neglect the Mahammadan population of Bombay, though his literary labours for their benefit were inconsiderable compared with those for the benefit of Parsees and Hindus. He entered into controversy with a learned Maulavi, Haji Muhammad Hashim, and published a small treatise entitled *Refutation of Muhammadanism*, which he wrote both in Hindustani and in Persian. He wrote two other tracts in Hindustani—*The Way of Salvation* and *The Purity and Integrity of the Scriptures*.

In 1835, Dr. Wilson had to mourn over the loss of his accomplished wife, who had been to him a "helpmeet" in more than the usual sense of that word. She assisted him, as we have seen, in conducting the *Oriental Christian Spectator* by her literary contributions, which were greatly admired; and I may be pardoned for saying that her style of composition seems to me to have been

more elegant and graceful than that of Dr. Wilson himself. She translated the *Vendidad Sade* from the French of Anquetil du Perron. She wrote in Mahrathi, of which language she was mistress, several historical tracts which were afterwards published together in a volume. But this was not all. She set up a girls' school in which she herself taught, and which contained at one time 200 girls; and occasionally when her husband was prevented by indisposition or other causes from going to the General Assembly's Institution in Bombay, she took Dr. Wilson's classes, and lectured to the students on philosophy and theology. Dr. Wilson wrote a Memoir of his excellent wife, a work which has gone through many editions. By her Dr. Wilson had two sons, one of whom, Mr. Andrew Wilson, has devoted himself to journalism and literature, and is the author of two works—*The Ever-Victorious Army*, and *The Abode of Snow*; and the other, Mr. John Wilson, who had studied medicine, is an invalid.

In the same year, shortly after the death of Mrs. Wilson, Dr. Wilson and his colleagues, who had originally come out as agents of the Scottish Missionary Society, were received as missionaries of the Church of Scotland which, in its corporate capacity, had embarked in the cause of missions, and sent out in 1829 the Rev. Dr. Duff as its first missionary to India. In consequence of this arrangement, Dr. Wilson opened a large school in Bombay, called the General Assembly's Institution, on the model of the one established by Dr. Duff in this city, which became a most important educational establishment after the arrival in Bombay in 1838 of the Rev. Dr. Murray Mitchell, a gentleman wellknown to this Society.

Early in 1843, Dr. Wilson, after fourteen years' incessant labour, sailed for Europe, and on his way travelled through Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Idumea and other countries. One would suppose that he would take rest now that he had gone back to his native hills. But Dr. Wilson was not so constituted. His ever active mind must needs engage in some literary undertaking. During his recent travels in Palestine and the countries that lay adjacent, he had collected vast stores of information; these mate-

rials he worked upon during the four years of his missionary furlough, and the result was an elaborate work, in two thick volumes, entitled *Lands of the Bible*, a book as good as any ever written on Palestine, and better than most, inasmuch as it contains valuable information, not easily accessible, regarding the eastern Churches and some of the Eastern Christian races. During his stay in Scotland he married Miss Isabella Dennistoun, who proved as great a help to him and to the Mission as the first Mrs. Wilson had been; and some months after, he returned to India towards the end of 1847.

Scarcely had Dr. Wilson been one year in India when there issued from the Edinburgh press another work from his prolific pen entitled *Evangelization of India*. Amongst other things this book contains a striking sermon on "The British Sovereignty in India," and an address on "Woman in India"; but the chief interest of the volume lies in the valuable information which it gives of "the forest and mountain tribes of Western India"—the Waralis, the Katkaris, the Nayakadias, the Durias, the Chандrias, the Dubalas, the Kols, the Bhils, the Ramoshis, the Bedars, the Thakurs, the Dheds and the Mangs,—tribes whose names, with one or two exceptions, have not reached us on this side of India. But Dr. Wilson had come in contact with these barbarous tribes, in the course of his missionary peregrinations, and noticed their peculiarities, their manners and customs.

From the great number of books which Dr. Wilson wrote one might suppose that he devoted his life to authorship. This was far from the case. There was no missionary in India who excelled him in personal labours. Dr. Wilson taught for some hours every day in that College, similar to the Calcutta Free Church College, of which he was the founder. He was the pastor of the Native Church at Bombay, which consisted of the converts whom he and his colleagues had gathered from Hinduism, Mahamadanism and Parsism; of that Church he discharged all the other pastoral duties besides preaching on Sundays. He delivered Lectures to Hindu, Mahamadan and Parsi young men. But he was not content with preaching in Bombay only; he many

times traversed the whole of the Bombay Presidency, and sometimes went beyond its limits, preaching in every town and considerable village, to the prince or Raja on the throne, to the peasant in his lowly hut, to the priest in the temple, to the religious recluse sitting on his "hill of ashes," to all classes, races and nationalities in their own vernacular tongues,—seldom troubling himself with tents, but almost invariably finding shelter and accommodation, such as it was, in the houses of the people. He gave most material help in the translation of the Bible into the various languages of the Bombay Presidency ; and to the Bombay Tract Society, of which he was not only member, but several times Secretary and President, he did great service, writing for it tracts in Mahrathi, Hindustani, Persian and other languages.

But Dr. Wilson was not a mere missionary ; he was a scholar and an antiquarian. Of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, which was founded by Sir James Mackintosh, he was for many years the life and soul ; he was not only a member of it from the beginning of his settlement in Bombay, but he became its President, and was elected subsequently its Honorary President—an honour conferred on very few men. It is superfluous to remark that he enriched the transactions of the Society with valuable dissertations and memoirs.

— Nor was Dr. Wilson a mere scholar ; he not only enriched his own mind by the acquisition of knowledge, but he was most diligent in imparting the blessings of education to the people of India. Besides conducting the large institution to which I have already alluded, he took an active and prominent part in the University of Bombay which was established in the year of the Mutiny. He was one of its original Fellows. He took a leading part in drawing up its bye-laws and regulations, in arranging the studies of the examinees, and in conducting the examinations. He became a member of the Syndicate almost from the beginning, was President of the Faculty of Arts for several years, and was elected Vice-Chancellor in 1867.

In addition to all this, Dr. Wilson's time was greatly en-

croached upon by the large numbers of people that came to him for information and advice. Master of every possible sort of information regarding India,—its languages, its races, its literature, its history, its politics, its sociology, its religion, its botany, its zoology, its geology; possessed of a cool and dispassionate judgment, of great prudence, and of deep practical sagacity; affable in manners, genial in temperament, meek in disposition, and animated with universal love to his species, Dr. Wilson was sought for counsel, information and advice by every one, from the Governor of Bombay to the veriest Dhed or Mang—members of those barbarous tribes whom he describes in one of his books. His house was free to all, to the European, to the Asiatic of all races, and also to the African—for Bombay abounds with Africans more than any other city in India, and Dr. Wilson himself trained and educated under his roof two Abyssinian youths of high birth, Gabru and Maricha Warke, who afterwards rendered most important services during the late war to Lord Napier of Magdala, besides many other African youth sent to him for education by the great African missionary, Dr. Livingstone. History will never tell the valuable services which Dr. Wilson rendered to the cause of good government in Western India; but it is a simple fact that his advice was sought by every successive Governor of the Presidency, on all important and critical occasions, from the days of Sir John Malcolm to those of Sir Philip Wodehouse; while in the dark days of the Mutiny of 1857, Lord Elphinstone, the then Governor of the province, it is well known, oftener took counsel from Dr. Wilson who, though a missionary, was a statesman of no mean order, than from his official advisers.

There was scarcely a single year in the career of Dr. Wilson in which he did not put forth some literary achievement. In 1855 he published a goodly volume with the title, *History of the Suppression of Infanticide in Western India*, which contains, in addition to a clear account of the efforts made by the Bombay Government from the beginning to suppress infanticide, valuable notices of the provinces in which and the tribes among whom

that hateful practice prevailed. In 1856 he published an able Lecture on *The Six Schools of Indian Philosophy*. After the Mutiny he began his great work on *Indian Caste: What it is, What it does, and what should be done with it*, in the composition and revision of which work he was engaged till the day of his death, though during this period he continued to send forth to the world other books and pamphlets of a less massive nature. In 1867 he was sorely afflicted by the death of his second wife who was the model of every womanly virtue.

When in 1868 Dr. Wilson completed the fortieth year of his missionary life, the event was commemorated by the inhabitants of Bombay, European and Native, Hindu, Mahammadan, Zoroastrian and Christian, at a great meeting held in the Town Hall. The chair was occupied by Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, the Governor, at whose right hand sat Sir Richard Couch, the Chief Justice, and on the left Dr. Wilson. The chief object of the meeting was to present an Address and a purse to Dr. Wilson, as a small token of the high admiration and regard which the Bombay community entertained for him on account of his distinguished services to the country. The sum of Rs. 21,000 had been raised; of that sum Dr. Wilson, however, consented only to draw the interest during his life, the capital being, by his own suggestion, devoted to the endowment of a chair of Comparative Philology in the Bombay University to which he had rendered such splendid services. At that meeting Sir Seymour Fitzgerald read a letter from Sir Bartle Frere, from which I shall read an extract as it represents the feeling entertained for the character of Dr. Wilson by all the highest officials of the Bombay Presidency. "I have known," says Sir Bartle, "I have known Dr. Wilson almost from the day when I landed in India, and there is no man now living for whom I can more truly say that my regard for him has grown with every year that has passed, as time brought fresh proof of the great value of the spirit in which services were rendered. To you in Bombay, though you have not known him so long as I have, it would be quite superfluous to say any thing regarding the extraordinary variety and value of the services which Dr.

Wilson has rendered to India. His direct services to the cause of religion, education and literature, are more less well known to every one of those who will be present at your meeting in February, but I know of few men who have done so much indirect good service to the cause of civilization and good government in Western India as Dr. Wilson. His whole life has been one striking example of what a self-denying Christian ought to be, and he has done more than any man I know, to show the educated and thinking portion of the native community, that the highest form of Christianity is perfectly compatible with love for their country and their people and with patriotic devotion to that great empire to which the destinies of India have been entrusted."

Early in 1870 Dr. Wilson was called home to take the chair of the Moderator of the General Assembly, which is the highest honor which the Church can confer on any of its ministers,—the General Assembly being what Lord Jeffrey calls an "ecclesiastical Parliament." The duties of that high office, which is tenable only for one year, he discharged with such dignity, intelligence and urbanity, as to draw all hearts to him. He would not be persuaded to spend the evening of his days in his own native land, having resolved to lay his bones in that country for the good of the inhabitants of which he had spent his life. A few years before this, he had written to a retiring missionary in the following terms:—"Most sorry am I to hear of the prospect of ~~your~~ soon leaving India, to which I am certain, you cannot bid adieu without much regret. I often think with gratitude of the privilege which I enjoy of being permitted to continue so long on the mission field in this great country from the dust of which I wish to rise on the resurrection morn." In this spirit he returned to India in 1871. The rest I need not enlarge upon. All India has heard how the infirmities of age crept upon him; how he became seriously ill, and was confined to his house,—the "Cliff" on Malabar Hill; how he was visited there by His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General of India; how his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales sent Sir Bartle Frere to him enquiring after his health; how he breathed his last on the 1st

of December 1875; and how his remains were followed by the Governor of the Presidency, and other high officials of state, by representatives of the Hindu, Mahammadan and Parsi communities, who all did honor to the deceased by walking on foot from the Church to the cemetery. This pomp of procession, however, could not confer real glory on a man like Dr. Wilson. He was "a burning and a shining light," and "his record is on high." He was one of those of whom it is said—

"WRITE, BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD FROM HENCEFORTH : YEA, SAITH THE SPIRIT, THAT THEY MAY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS ; AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM "

REV. XIV. 13.

CAHRITY.

Charity is the greatest of all the virtues. This charity imperatively requires that we interpret the motives of our neighbours with extreme caution, inasmuch as they elude close scrutiny, and defy the recognized formulæ for analyses or syntheses. It will be readily conceded by the most consummate general in the camp of the crusaders against "Supernatural Religion," that uninspired intelligence has failed to manipulate the laws which govern our passions and emotions, or to offer a practical solution of the problem that connects them with their ostensible symbolizations. Enquiry into the matter has only served "the purpose of pointing the moral of human weakness by showing how man misled himself, and the greatest intellects the world had known wandered in darkness of their own creation, pursuing phantoms, and thereby only illustrating human folly." The metaphysician has done wonders in his own way. He has transferred divine functions to insentient atoms; he has conferred patriarchal honors on microscopic animalcules; he has banished matter from the creation; and he has, by logic quite unique, *cogitated* himself into the full bloom of existence! In

none of their Vandal aggression on common sense, however, has he reached a sublimer climax of absurdity than in his insane speculations about mental operations, placed by supreme wisdom, far above the grasp of his dwarfish comprehension. The moment our hero attempts to cross the Rubicon, he sinks beneath contempt, and sadly compromises the dignity assigned to him by divine providence. Here Samson gropes, gropes in unutterable darkness. His thews and sinews avail him nought. He is as helpless as a new-born-baby. Like a ship-wrecked mariner, his compass of reason lost, he struggles in a boundless sea of conjecture, wasting the small stock of strength yet left him, in fruitless pursuits of delusive landmark that carry him further and further from the shore, till collapse he gravitates, pebble-like, to the bottom, there to await the dread sentence of his maker, whom in the vanity of his wishes, he would fain nullify and render obsolete by pretending to unriddle the unknown and the unknowable.

The only feasible clues to the motives of man are his looks, deeds, and words—all alike inefficient exponents of human thought. Had each and every tick of the various wheels and cog-wheels of the mind been indexed on the dial of the face, the earth we inhabit would have been a paradise, instead of being, as now, a notorious haunt of pick-pockets and cut-throats. The dread of exposure would have deterred the villain from harbouring designs fatal to the peace of society. Every passer-by would have cruelly construed those designs so legibly placarded on the side wall of the impregnable tabernacle. It would have not only sounded the bugle of alarm for the destined victim, but would have raised a tornado of execration for the would-be victimiser. Blind suspicion, unable to distinguish genuine piety from the miserable shams and counterfeits that daily scandalize true philanthropy, would have been at once swept off from the face of the globe. Social intercourse would have ceased to illustrate complicated gaming matches in which the parties congregated—seek, by clever movements and counter-movements, to over-reach one another, the most audacious dissembler carrying the

day, loaded with applause, and landed to the highest heaven. And smile, that sole prerogative of rationality, would not have degenerated into that faithless facsimile in vogue, kidnaping discretion and obliterating all distinctions between friends and foes in this harassing masquerado of life. "Put on thy blandest smiles," says the proverb, "if thou seekest success in plunging thy knife into the throat of thy neighbour." The efficacy of the humane maxim none will venture to gainsay!

Nor are deeds more reliable than looks. In fact an act good, bad or indifferent, to be of any value whatever, must be the upshot, not of this or that individual motive, but of a multitude of motives operating more or less strongly upon the mind, and having for their common interest the accomplishment of the object in view, either by directly supporting the measure in question, or by indirectly counteracting the various influences that militate against success. The statesman would ill deserve his salt if he were to concentrate all his manuers in the elaboration of a scheme for the suppression of petty larcenies, and to leave rampant felony stalking in the streets. Lyurgus doubtless congratulated himself on the triumphant suppression of effeminacy from the realm; but the people, for generations, had scanty reasons to consider themselves obliged to him for the legacy of barefaced burglaries, the natural consequence of his blind legislation. Perfection was never intended for man in any department. Our so-called prosperity is but a synonym for a choice of lesser evil. The rulers of extensive territories should carefully bear in mind, that, in all cases, it is their bounden duty to secure for their subjects the maximum good possible, and that certainly cannot be effected by lending the stamp of authority to every *quasi* reform, inaugurated by narrow minded monomaniacs, incompetent to grapple with the subject in its whole entirety, and to view it from a standpoint different from their own. Luckily for mankind the projects of these shallow politicians, are, in spite of high pressure, often doomed to total disappointment; a contingency unknown to people of more enlarged views. These, like professors in the healing art, are never without some consolation. If fame

fail them in one instance, they are, at any rate, great gainers in experience, to enable them to combat with success that particular phase of the disease on future occasions. It is not necessary that the practitioner should beforehand publish to the circle of his patients that that experience he is prepared to accept as his sole remuneration. Nor indeed is it necessary that he himself should be cognizant of these collateral motives ; but it exists, and not only exists, but co-operates in the decision to take the desperate case in hand. "In journeying to some distant scene, at the call of business or of friendship, the landscape may be beautiful, and may delight us, therefore, in every stage of our journey, the very exercise itself may be pleasing. Without the journey, it is evident, that we could not have *enjoyed* this beauty of the scene, and this pleasure of the exercise ; but we do not journey on account of those delights. At the same call, we should have traversed the same road, though the landscape had been dreary and desolate on every side, and though fatigue had converted the exercise itself into uneasiness." It would be a mistake therefore to attribute the journey either to the beauty of the scene or to the pleasure of the exercise. Precisely in the same way, would we err in attributing this or that particular action to this or that particular motive. Thirty pieces of silver may, no doubt, be considered as the motive of Judas' betrayal ; but what motive could there be for the denial of Peter ?

Language, which is so often made a political capital of, to establish our superiority over other fellow creatures, is, after all, the blindest of all blind guides as regards the motives of men ; whatever might have been the case in earlier times, it is quite evident, that the only legitimate use of language, in those days of virulent diplomacy, is to conceal thought, and not to communicate it. The safest course in all transactions between man and man is, perhaps, to assume the truth of the converse, or rather the reverse of the proposition enunciated. Antiquated formularies of by-gone years will no more satisfy the requirements of the present age, than will the etiquette of the garden of Eden serve as a model for that in the garden of Belgachia. In the infancy of society man's

wants were few, and therefore easily supplied ; but fresh wants, daily created by progressive civilization, render it necessary that we should "hocus-pocus others for the supply in question. This brotherly office must be prefaced by showering cart-loads of rubbish in their optical organs, and by happy transpositions of "yea yea" and "nay nay," in the puzzling equations of life. While surges of gall mountain high lash the breast, we must deluge the world with milk and honey despatches to allure confiding kinsmen to our murderous boards, and, with potations deep, pave their fall. This ambiguity of language finds a powerful ally in the eternal transition of our vocabulary. Like the fitful autumnal sky, the whole atmosphere of literature is now calm and serene, now, surcharged with exhalations, fatal alike to taste and morality alike. Expressions, deemed quite decent one day, are vulgar the day after. One would rather revert to baby pantomimes again, or being himself in the solitude of Robinson Crusoe, than hold intercourse with his neighbour by means of the bomb-shells of philology. Speaking or writing politely has become as difficult as rope-dancing. Even an adept cannot promise himself perfect immunity from slips into the vulgarisms of writers now out of date. Shakespear and Milton were doubtless at one time recommended as standard authors ; but none, except the most depraved, can at present peruse their effusions without disgust. The days of these inveterate sinners have been fairly numbered. Our youths have ceased to gloat over narratives of course gallantries, as master strokes of genius. Curious quadrupeds with pluralities of spinal columns, they justly condemn these as monstrous conceptions, and they hesitatingly allot to the inventor of "imparadised" couples, the most conspicuous residence in the paradise of fools. That mind must be rotten to the core which can derive any pleasure from gross obscurities, revolting to the feelings of the most savage tribe on record. It will puzzle the highest divination to decide whether the writers or the readers of such abomination are to be most execrated, the noble brothers being, to all appearance, so nearly on par as regards their aptitude to obliterate all recognised marks of rationality. No amount of

expurgation will, it is hoped, replace in our family libraries, publications every line in which breathes contamination, engendering greeds of diverse descriptions that finish the fall, begun by the greed of apples in Eden. Censure cannot be too severe for those who, either inadvertently or deliberately, place within the reach of their words, such combustible materials as are, seen sooner or later, to break out in awful explosions, the exact consequences of which it is impossible at the first stage of indulgence definitely to calculate.

Yet we must fulfill our mission. The sacred mission of ameliorating, in as far as in us lies, the social, intellectual, and moral, conditions of our fellow-men. In order to be able to do this with any appreciable degree of success, we must be understood by them ; and, to be understood, we must use a language with which they are familiar. Human nature revolts against admonitions conveyed in unknown dialects. To be instructed is humiliating enough ; to suppose to be instructed in an unintelligible jargon, is beyond endurance. It is worse than useless preaching elaborate sermons, full of blunt platitudes, that touch not the hearts of scoffing mobs gathered together in steeple edifices. Successfully to reclaim a lost sheep for the fold, we must clearly point out, in his own way, wherein he goes astray. It is painful, indeed very very painful, to resuscitate a lingo better erased, for good, from the tablets of human memory ; but what skillful surgeon was ever dissuaded from a necessary amputation by the clamour of unprofessional grumbleris ? He regrets, none regrets more, the necessity of inflicting pain ; but he sees, and none sees better, the utter worthlessness of the balsams suggested. Blind sympathy never removed carbuncles. False sentimentality never cured the erysipelas of the inner man. Desperate maladies require desperate cures. Fast sinks the patient. His pulse is low ; his tongue is parched ; his breathing is hard ; his voice is inaudible ; his limbs are stiff ; his skin is icy cold. Is this the season for quibbling about *simili similibus curantur*, or for saturating the patient with strong stimulants, in spite of the senseless sneers of puritans, and would be puritans, here, there, or elsewhere ? which benevolence bleeds to contemplate the

tremendous crash foreshadowed by frailties bequeathed and borrowed,—while a people, once in the very van, of civilization, is verging on ruin, on account of a fearful combination of untoward circumstances, surely we have no time for hair-splitting distinctions about the propriety of the means we employ to arrest the progress of the threatened catastrophe. A refined taste is, doubtless, the badge of gentility; but we must be prepared to sacrifice all mere taste considerations, when the salvation of sixty five millions of souls is at stake. Capricious departures from established rules are *per se* indefensible; but there are occasions when we must “boldly deviate” and “snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.”

“ If, when the rules not far enough extend
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end).
 Some lucky license answer to the full
 The intent proposed, that license is a rule.”

CHHAKESSUR.

THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE HINDUS OF BENGAL.

By a Hindu.

The subject we propose to consider in this paper is one of the highest importance to the public in general, and to the people of Bengal and their present rulers in particular. It is the national character of the Hindus of Bengal. There is hardly any subject of general interest more worthy of the serious attention and careful consideration of a liberally educated and intelligent man than the formation and development of the national character of his countrymen; and every such man is under an obligation to watch over the progress of the national character, or, in other words, of the national mind, to exert himself as much as lies in his power to promote its improvement, and at times to examine and see if it is advancing in the way

in which it should advance, and attaining gradually higher and higher degrees of culture and refinement. The greatest and most important problem in the life of nations, as of individuals, is the proper cultivation and right application of the various faculties and powers with which the human mind is endowed, and it is on the manner in which, and the extent to which, they solve this grand problem that their prosperity or adversity entirely depends. The great diversity in the conditions of the different nations in the world is owing to the different ways in which their national characters have been formed, that is, in which their national minds have been cultivated; and the wretched state of the savage peoples, such as the hill-tribes of India, whose life is little removed from that of wild beasts, and the prosperous condition of the civilised nations, such as the more polished peoples of Europe, are only indications that in the one case the national mind has received little or no culture, and that in the other it has received very high culture. Such then being the importance of the national character of a people, the subject we have selected to write upon must be admitted to have at all times an undeniable claim to the attention of all educated natives of Bengal generally, and of the educated Hindus of it especially; and the consideration and discussion of this subject is of especial interest at the present time when many of the mighty influences and potent agencies, set in operation by the existing government of the country to remodel the character of its inhabitants, have been at work for nearly half a century, and have already produced results by which, as by tangible criteria, we may judge whether these influences and agencies have worked so beneficially that we should maintain and strengthen them, and give them a wider scope than they have hitherto had, or whether they have acted so injuriously that we should stop their action, and substitute others for them.

As we design this paper not only to be read by grown up men who have finished their education, and whose characters have already been formed, but also by the young men who are still under instruction in the higher classes of our Colleges and Schools, and whose characters are still in course of

formation, it may not be out of place here to explain at the outset what we mean by the phrase National Character. 'The word nation, in its widest acceptation, means a collection of individuals descended from the same stock, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, and living under the same government. Race, language, religion, and government or institutions, are thus the elements of nationality; and all people among whom there is a sameness of every one of these four form one nation in the fullest sense of the word. But all these four elements are not essential, and there are nations the members of which have only two of these elements in common with one another. The Germans, for instance, are considered as one nation because of their common descent and common language, though politically they are distinct communities, being subject to different forms of government. On the otherhand, there are peoples such as those of England and the United States, who though descended from the same stock, speaking the same language, and professing the same religion, are yet distinct nations, only because they do not live under the same political institutions. Character is the sum of the qualities which distinguish one person or thing from another; and when applied to a nation it is the sum of the qualities that distinguish that nation from other nations. Now, a nation is, as we have said before, a body of individuals, and its character is therefore the sum of the qualities predominant in the individuals composing it, that is, in the generality of these individuals. Those peculiarities and idiosyncrasies that mark particular individuals in a nation do not enter into the composition of the character of that nation. It is only the characteristics which are common to most, if not all, the individual members of it, that form its character. We have thus endeavoured to explain what we mean by national character, which, from what we have said above, will, we hope, be understood by our younger readers to be the aggregate of the distinctive qualities of a nation, which are common to its members, but yet are not all the qualities by which those members are individually distinguished.

We now proceed to the consideration of the subject which we have chosen for discussion in this paper,—the national character of the Hindus of Bengal. The existing Brahman community of Bengal, for the most part, are the descendants of the five Brahmins who came from Kanauj, and settled in Bengal on the invitation of one of its rulers, Adisur. We say “for the most part” advisedly, for interspersed among these descendants of the Kanauj Brahmins are a considerable number of the descendants of those degenerated Brahmins whom these Kanaujeas superseded, and who from the circumstance of their having at the time of their supersession numbered seven hundred in the aggregate were called *Saptasatis*, a name which still clings to their posterity, having out-lived its original numerical signification, though retaining still its primitive significance. The other Hindus of Bengal are the descendants of the five servants who came with the Brahmins from Kanauj, or of the Kshatryas, Vasyas, and Sudras, who had formed the bulk of the Hindu population of the country before the advent of the Kanauj servants. We thus see that the great body of the Hindus of Bengal, or, at any rate, of the superior classes of them,—the Brahmins, Vaidyas, and Kayasthas,—are descended from the emigrants from Kanauj, and through them from the Aryas who, according to the theory recently broached as to the origin of this people on the strength of conclusions arrived at by students of comparative philology, are supposed to have come at a very remote period of antiquity from beyond the Indus, and settled at first in the part of Northern India called *Aryavarta* in the Hindu Shastras, and to have subsequently spread over Southern India. The main features of the national character of these Hindus were, we should conclude, the same as those of their ancestors. Such being the case, a view of their character can hardly be correct unless taken after some idea has been formed of the character of those ancestors.

The character of the Hindus has in all ages been distinct from that of every other nation of the globe, not only in the sense in which the characters of different peoples differ from one another, but in another and a wider and deeper sense. There have been,

and still are, points of dissimilarity between the character of the Hindus and that of every other nation, which are not found to exist between the character of any two of the other nations. The most striking of these points is the social exclusiveness which isolates the Hindus from every other people. This social exclusiveness, or, in other words, unwillingness to mix with people of other nations in social matters, must have originated in a consciousness of superiority over the other nations, and must have been maintained also by such a consciousness. The question that here naturally suggests itself is,—Were ever the Hindus so much superior to the other nations of the world or to their neighbouring nations, that the sense of their superiority could lead them to separate themselves permanently from these nations in all matters of social intercourse? The chief sources of information on questions of this kind in respect of any nation are the written histories of that nation, and the biographies of individual members of it. As regards the Hindus, there is almost a total absence of both these sources. The historical accounts that we have are very meagre, and even these do not go so far back as to embrace the ages in which the Hindu nationality came into existence, and the distinctive features of its character were developed; and as to biographies, we have none. The researches of modern philologists, and the labours of those of the oriental scholars of Europe of the present day who have made the study and exposition of the Vedas the chief occupation of their literary life, have brought to light facts on which attempts are being made to found a theory as to the origin of the Hindu nation, and the mode of the development of its character; but the conclusions drawn from these facts are at best mere conjectures as yet, and must be received with caution. The theory we allude to is, that the three superior classes of the Hindus,—the Brahmans, Kshatryas and Vasyas,—are the descendants of a people who originally came from the banks of the Oxus in Central Asia, either as invaders or as fugitives, and settled in India, having conquered the children of the soil, and reduced them to slavery; and that the Sudras,—servile class,—are the descendants of these slaves. Assuming such to have been the origin

of the Hindu nation, which, however, is far from flattering to the pride of the modern orthodox Hindus who trace their ancestry to *Brahma*, and is hardly admitted by them, we must conclude that those emigrants from Central Asia must have been, in character and pursuits, very different from what the Hindus of the present day are. They must have possessed great physical strength, courage and martial prowess,— qualities in which the modern Hindus are so sadly wanting. Their position as conquerors, we may also conclude, must have called forth those moral qualities which generally distinguish dominant races from those over whom they rule, such as frankness, veracity, honesty, *sprit de corps* &c. When their power was so firmly established, and the mutual animosity that must have existed long between them and the conquered *autochthons* had been so much softened that it was no longer necessary for them to live like an army of occupation, the general security from foreign attacks afforded in those days by the natural barriers that surround the country on almost all sides, the extreme fertility of the soil, the endless variety of the natural productions, mineral, vegetable and animal, and the inexhaustible resources of the country, enabled them, we have no doubt, to turn to the arts of peace, and afforded them leisure to engage in the culture of their minds, and in the cultivation of letters and science. And they turned these physical and moral advantages of their situation to very good account. Early appreciating the advantages of Division of Labour they distributed themselves into the classes which still exist under the name of castes; and devoted themselves to their several professions,— letters and theology, arms, and tillage, mechanical arts and commerce, in which they soon attained great excellence. While their brethren in Central Asia and elsewhere, and most, if not all, of the other nations of the world were still wandering marauders, sunk in their pristine barbarism and ignorance, these Aryan settlers in Hindustan achieved triumphs in literature and science, and carried many of the useful and ornamental arts to a degree of perfection which challenges admiration even in the present day, and rose to a point of civilization of which their descendants of

the present age may justly be proud. A very agreeable and satisfactory confirmation of this view is obtained from the testimony of what a great writer has very happily called "fossil histories." Indeed many of the words which constitute the speech of any people are really fossil histories, having imbedded in them, as it were, facts connected with the life and manners of the people,—facts which their historians very often pass over as unworthy of notice, but which none the less for that are very valuable as throwing light on interesting points in their social and domestic economy. In regard to the Hindus a very striking instance of this kind occurs to us, but we must come round to it through the English tongue instead of going directly to it through the Sanskrit. The instance we mean is that of the word *barbarous*. We know that the Romans used to call a foreigner *barbarus*, having evidently borrowed the word from the Greeks by Latinising the corresponding Greek word *barbaros*. The Greeks must have in their turn taken the word from the Aryan Hindus, for the word *barbaros* is nothing but the Grecised form of the Sanskrit term बर्बरः, (*barbarah*), which means an ignorant man. As this word बर्बरः is only another form of the word बर्बरम्, it is clear that the Greeks merely transliterated it into *barbaros*, and that the Romans transliterated the Greek word into *barbarus*, and that the secondary sense of *foreigner* in which both these peoples used the word must have been given it by the Aryan Hindus before its adoption by them. We may thus conclude that, having reached a high pitch of civilization and enlightenment while the other nations of the world were still sunk in ignorance, these Hindus contemptuously called all foreigners बर्बरः or बर्बरम्, just in the same way as at one time the Italians called the nations north of the Alps Ultramontanes, and as at a later period the French and Germans applied the word to the Italians; only the word बर्बरः implied a far deeper degree of contempt than the word ultramontane. We see then that the great singularity of the Hindus,—their social exclusiveness, their isolation in fact from the other nations of the world,—arose from their superiority over these nations, and that its con-

tinuance at the present day is owing to a belief, on their part, of the continuance of that superiority in spite of the undeniable fact that most of these nations have now, so to speak, turned the tables on them, as far at least as civilization and enlightenment and physical improvement are concerned.

The next point of dissimilarity between the character of the Hindus and that of every other nation that we propose to consider, is the division of the former into castes. This division we call a point of dissimilarity, not because it exists only among the Hindus and is not to be found among other nations, but because it is of a peculiarly exclusive nature among the Hindus. There are caste distinctions founded on one basis or another in every nation, but the distinctions in the other nations are not so broad, so deep-rooted, or so jealously guarded as those among the Hindus. The different classes of this people are almost as exclusive of one another as the whole people is of other peoples, so that these classes are to one another, on a smaller scale, what the entire nation is to other nations on a larger. The division into castes among the Hindus, considered merely as a social institution without reference to its religious character, may be supposed to have originated, as we have hinted above, from their early appreciation of the advantages of division of labour, and to have been one of the chief causes of their early civilization. By confining the different castes to particular professions it compelled each to concentrate its attention to the profession assigned to it, and to exert all its energy for the attainment of excellence in that profession. While in consequence of this concentration and exertion all the castes arrived at high points of perfection in their respective callings, the Brahmans attained the foremost rank by achieving a far greater degree of perfection in their profession than the other castes did in theirs. Surrounded by objects which naturally disposed them to contemplation, and living in a temperature whose enervating heat made them averse to active bodily labour, the Brahmans devoted themselves to their literary and philosophical pursuits under circumstances peculiarly favourable to success, and in process of time carried almost every branch of

knowledge to which they had turned their attention to a high point of perfection. Their knowledge and the rigidly moral and austere life they led soon enabled them to acquire an ascendancy over the other castes, which the lapse of so many centuries has not destroyed. Their ascendancy, though so much decried now, was at one time very beneficial to the nation. It was the ascendancy of knowledge and wisdom over ignorance and folly, of intellect over brute force. In respect of the influence which it exercised over the other classes of the community, it was very much the same as the ascendancy of the Church of Rome over Christendom during the middle ages in Europe. The most despotic king, the proudest noble, and the mightiest warrior, as well as the humblest poor, bowed in terror before the Brahman, and were restrained in their conduct by the dread of his imprecations, in the same way as the most tyrannical sovereign in the middle ages, and the most powerful feudal baron, bowed before the Pope, and were restrained in their conduct by the dread of his excommunicating bulls.

As a natural consequence of their social exclusiveness, the Hindus early began to have a predilection for whatever was their own, and an aversion to whatever was foreign. To this predelection may be traced the extreme attachment to the fireside; and to this aversion may be traced the extreme reluctance to travel abroad, which has marked the Hindu character in all ages.

The early Hindus were a very religious and pious people. Though the adoration of the elements and of the luminaries of the heavens formed the chief part of the system of worship originally adopted by them, they worshipped them as only manifestations of the Deity, as to whose nature and attributes they had early come into possession of a light which did not break in upon the intellect of Europe until after the lapse of ages. The exceedingly great intensity of the devotional feeling in these early Hindus and their readiness, in consequence of that intensity, to postpone every worldly pursuit and enjoyment to what they considered their religious obligations, are clearly shewn by the rules which enjoined their retirement at a certain age into

seclusion for purposes of religious observances and contemplation, and by the self-denying life which they in general, and the sacerdotal order among them in particular, had to live previously to their retirement. These rules and such life may seem absurd and unmeaning, but they are nevertheless true exponents of the people's pious feelings, and of their sense of their obligation to their Creator. Strong domestic affection, natural piety, kindness to strangers, and mercy to vanquished foes, were also conspicuous traits in the national character of the early Hindus.

Such then were the main characteristics of the progenitors of the present Hindus of Bengal. A people whose characteristics were of such a high order, who rose to the high position among nations which we have endeavoured to indicate above, by sheer dint of self-exertions unaided either by the precepts or the example of any of their predecessors, or contemporaries, and who could with perfect propriety point to every thing noble and admirable about them with feelings akin to those of a successful competitor for high honours who has achieved his success by his own genuine performances, and not to those of one who shines with borrowed light, must have been, we need hardly add, a really great and glorious people. Indeed, we can hardly conceive a more glorious object, a more sublime spectacle, than a nation who could build cities and towns, while the other nations on the surface of the globe lived in miserable hovels, or in caves, from want of knowledge of the art of house-building ; who could manufacture cotton and silk fabrics, while their fellow creatures in the other parts of the globe went naked, or covered their shame with the skins of wild beasts, from ignorance of the art of weaving ; who could display in the preparation of their dishes culinary skill of a high order, while their contemporaries in other countries were ignorant of all but the rudest modes of dressing human food ; who could work skilfully in metals and fashion elegant jewellery, while the other nations hardly knew much more about the more valuable metals than that they existed, and could make no better use of the less valuable ones than to form rude utensils and weapons of them ; who could

form and highly refine a language, write elaborate works on its Grammar, and compose hymns and prayers, while their brethren in the other parts of the world could hardly think it possible to represent the elementary sounds in their speech by visible characters; who could discuss abstruse questions in theology and metaphysics, when the rest of mankind were hardly able to form ideas and notions beyond those suggested by the requirements of their daily life; who could make a code of civil law on just and humane principles, when the rest of the species had not yet risen to the earliest stage of social life at which legislation becomes a necessity; who could lay down rules of moral conduct, which anticipated by many centuries the ethics of Christianity while the other moral agents on the earth had hardly any notions of morality; and who, above all, could form a clear conception as to the nature and attributes of the Supreme Being, while the other peoples on the surface of the earth were hardly able to form any notion of their Maker. We have seen above that among the chief causes that helped the early Hindus to this exalted position were the uncommonly great and varied physical advantages of the country in which they had established themselves, a country which, possessing as it does, a climate whose temperature ranges between freezing cold and boiling heat, and abounding, as it does, in natural productions, whose variety is as great as that of those of almost all the other countries put together, may justly be called an epitome of the whole world. But uncommonly great and varied physical advantages are as dangerous to the independence and prosperity of a country as uncommonly exquisite charms of personal beauty are to the virtue and happiness of a woman. Such advantages offer temptation to unrighteous neighbours too strong for them to resist, and at the sametime they exert an enfeebling influence on those who are lawfully entitled to their enjoyment. This has repeatedly been but too sadly illustrated in the case of India. From very early times she has been subject to foreign invasions, which though they have not always ended in the conquest and permanent occupation of her soil by the invaders, have invariably been very detrimental

and demoralising to her people. Freedom of thought and action is essential to the improvement and prosperity of a people. "Naturalists," says Goldsmith, "assure us that all animals are sagacious, in proportion as they are removed from the tyranny of others. In nature liberty, the elephant is a citizen, and the beaver an architect; but whenever the tyrant man intrudes upon their community, their spirit is broken, they seem anxious only for safety, and their intellects suffer an equal diminution with their prosperity. The parallel will hold with regard to mankind." Freedom gives a vigour and tone to the intellectual and moral faculties of a man, who is in the enjoyment of it, and a buoyancy to his spirits, which are unknown to a slave; and the freeman's consciousness that whatever he does, he does either of his own accord or at the bidding of a body politic of which he himself is an integral part, or of a man who is descended from the same stock, speaks the same language, lives under the same institutions and laws, worships the same God in the same manner with him and has a perfect community of interest with him; that the fruits of his industry are to be enjoyed by himself or by others of his nationality; and that he has not to ape foreign manners and vices, to weep without any grief that he feels, or laugh without any joy that he experiences in order to please the rulers of his country; the freeman's consciousness of all this gives a cheerfulness to his labours and a sweetness to his enjoyments beyond the power of conception of him who is subject to a foreign sway. A nation composed of such free-men is in a condition eminently favourable to the attainment of civilisation and prosperity. A man, on the other hand, who is compelled to obey a foreign master, loses by reason of such compulsion many of the finer sensibilities of his nature, and is soon degraded and demoralised. In place of the manly and independent spirit which marks the character of a freeman, he betrays a servile and timid disposition; and his position exposing him to many evils and dangers from which those who enjoy the blessings of political liberty are free, or against which they have readier and more effectual means of guarding themselves,

he soon finds himself under the necessity of having recourse to cunning and artifice for self-defence. The history of Italy under the galling yoke of Austria, and that of Greece under the debasing despotism of Turkey, afford abundant proofs of the truth of these assertions. A nation composed of such individuals soon loses its aptitude for the up-hill work of advancing to higher and higher points of civilisation and refinement, is outstripped by other nations, and in a few generations dwindles into an abject body of human beings, weak in body and in mind. And such a nation the Hindus have become. Of course we do not mean to say that the Hindus of Bengal had preserved their national character quite unchanged up to the period of their subjugation—that the physical causes to whose action they had been exposed since their settlement in this country, had not affected their bodily and mental constitutions. What we mean to say is, however much their national character might have been modified by these physical causes, the changes effected in it by the moral causes which have been acting on them since their reduction under an alien power, and solely because of such reduction, have been far deeper and far more for the worse than the wear and tear of their life before such reduction.

(To be continued.)

SENSATIONALISM.

(Continued from page 319.)

But when we view time and succession in the order of the acquisition of these ideas, a different arrangement takes place. Were there no succession, *for us* there would be no time. Were succession non-existent, to us time would also be non-existent.

Succession is the measure of time. It is the occasion on which the already existing idea of time in the depths of the mind

developes itself. But for succession the idea of time would have slumbered everlastingily in the dark dormitories of the mind. Thus historically, synthetically, in the order of acquisition; succession is the chronological condition of time.

Taking both views at once ; in the order of nature, time is the logical condition of succession, and in the order of acquisition, succession is the chronological condition of time.

Now, Locke overlooking this vitally important distinction, has here again committed a serious error. The assertion that the idea of time derives itself from the idea of succession, is so far from being true, that its reverse is most absolutely true, *viz.*, that the idea of succession derives itself from the idea of time.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this, that the idea of succession is the *occasion* and not the *source*, as Mr. Locke supposed, of the idea of time. How the idea of succession rises first in point of fact in the mind will be shown in the sequel of this Essay.

INFINITE.

That such an idea exists in the human mind is unquestionable. We have the ideas of space and time ; and we get the idea of the infinite by abstracting it from either of them.

Mr. Locke gives the account of the origination of this idea in the following words :—

“ Every one that has any idea of any stated lengths of space, as a foot, finds that he can repeat the idea, and joining it to the former make the idea of two feet ; and by the addition of a third, three feet ; and so on without even coming to an end of his addition, whether of the same idea of a part, or if he pleases of doubling it, or any other idea he has of any length, as a mile or diameter of the earth, or of the *orbis magnus* ; for whichsoever of these he takes, and how often soever he doubles, or any otherwise multiplies it, he finds, that after he has continued this doubling in his thoughts, and enlarged his idea as much as he pleases, he has no more reason to stop nor is one got nearer of such addition than he was at first setting out ; the power of enlarging his idea of space by further additions remaining still the same, he

hence takes the idea of infinite space. This I think, is the way whereby the mind gets the idea of infinite space."

Here, we think, Locke entangles himself in the horns of a logical dilemma. Either he takes for granted the idea whose origination he wishes to account for, or we do not get the idea of the infinite by the process he describes. His theory in the above passage satisfactorily gives us the idea of the *indefinite*, which idea, however, is quite different from the idea of the infinite. No addition or multiplication of the idea of the finite can give us the idea of the infinite, if the idea of the infinite did not already exist in the mind. An infinite addition of the finite would, indeed, give us by experience the infinite. But this, in the first place, would presuppose in us the idea of the infinite itself; for how can we add the finite an infinite number of times, if the idea of the infinite does not exist already in the mind. To deduce, therefore, the infinite from the finite, is more than to extract the rays of the sun from cucumbers: it is to work an impossibility. Further, by reducing the infinite into number or the finite, the infinite is destroyed, just as by reducing space and time into body and succession, space and time are annihilated.

Moreover, as space and time are the logical conditions of body and succession, and body and succession the chronological conditions of space and time, so is infinite the logical condition of the finite, and finite the chronological condition of the infinite. Relatively to us, that is, in the order of acquisition, we get the idea of the finite, and then ascend to the infinite; but in the very act of getting the idea of the finite, the infinite is presupposed logically. Deny the potential existence of the idea of the infinite, and you preclude the possibility of acquiring the idea of the finite; just as by denying the potentiality of the ideas of space and time, you preclude the possibility of acquiring the ideas of body and succession. This is the logical order. On the other hand, deny the idea of the finite, and you prevent the potential idea of the infinite from manifesting itself. The finite is, then, not the *source*, but the *occasion* of the origination, or rather development of the potential idea, of the infinite.

Without lengthening the discussion, we may at once say, that the remarks we have made when considering the ideas of space and time, are applicable to the idea of the infinite.

Once more, and we are done with the infinite. In several places of Locke's chapter in the infinite, he says, that the idea of the infinite is "*not positive*." To this assertion, Mr. Cousin objects, in the spirit of his idealistic-sensualism, in the following terms; "Here we have the accusation so often since repeated against the conceptions of reason, that they are not positive. But first observe that there can no more be idea of succession without the idea of time, than of time without the previous idea of succession, and no more idea of body without the idea of space than of space without the previous idea of body, that is to say, there can no more be the idea of the finite without the idea of the infinite, than of the infinite without the previous idea of the finite. From whence it follows in strictness, that these ideas suppose each other, and if any one pleases to say, reciprocally limit each other; and consequently the idea of the infinite is no more the negative of that of the finite, than the idea of the finite is the negative of that of the infinite. They are both negative on the same ground, or they are both positive; for they are two simultaneous affirmations, and every affirmation gives a positive idea."

There is a fallacy in this reasoning which we cannot better expose than in the following words of Sir William Hamilton in his able and masterly critique on the philosophy of M. Cousin: "Correlatives certainly suggest each other, but correlatives may, or may not, be equally real and positive. Contradicities necessarily imply each other, for the knowledge of contraries is one. But the reality of one contradictory, so far from guaranteeing the reality of the other, is nothing else than its negation. Thus every positive notion (the knowledge of a thing by what it is) suggests a negative notion (the knowledge of a thing by what it is not); and the highest positive notion, the notion of the conceivable, is not without its corresponding negative in the notion of the inconceivable. But though

these mutually suggest each other, the positive alone is real ; the negative is only an abstraction of the other, and in the highest generalization is an abstraction of thought itself. It therefore behoved M. Cousin, instead of assuming the co-reality of his two elements on the fact of their correlation, to have suspected, on this very ground, that the reality of the one was inconsistent with the reality of the other. In fact upon examination it will be found that his two primitive ideas are nothing more than contradictory relatives. These, consequently, of their very nature, imply each other ; but they imply each other only as affirmation and negation of the same."

PERSONAL IDENTITY AND SUBSTANCE.

The consideration of personal identity and substance will not detain us long.

First of personal identity. Locke made personal identity to be derived from, and to consist in, *consciousness* or *perfect memory*. As far back as we are conscious or remember, so far, and no further, are we the same persons.

Dr. Reid points out very ingeniously the absurdities of this theory. "One consequence of it is, that a man may be, and at the sametime not be, the person that did a particular action. Suppose a brave officer to have been flogged when a boy at school, for robbing an archard to have taken the standard from the enemy in his first campaign, and to have been made a general in advanced life. Suppose also, which must be admitted to be possible, that when he took the standard, he was conscious of his having been flogged at school ; and that when made a general, he was conscious of his taking the standard, but had absolutely lost the consciousness of his flogging. These things being supposed, it follows from Mr. Locke's doctrine, that he who was flogged at school is the same person who took the standard ; and that he who took the standard is the same person who was made a general. Whence it follows, if there be any truth in logic, that the general is the same person with him who was flogged at school. But the general's consciousness does not extend so

far back as his flogging, therefore, according to Mr. Locke's doctrine, he is not the same person who was flogged. Therefore the general is, and at the same time is not, the same person with him who was flogged at school."

The real fallacy in Locke's theory is the confounding of the condition of personal identity with its essence; consciousness or memory is the condition not the constituting essence of our personal identity. Without consciousness and memory it would be impossible to know our identity; but our identity itself is independent of our consciousness and memory. In fact our consciousness presupposes our identity. Consciousness or memory is not the source but the *occasion* of the origination of the idea of personal identity. The celebrated Cartesian formula, "I think therefore I am," is liable to this objection. In this formula thought is constituted the essence of existence, whereas it is only the occasion on which we are acquainted with the fact of our existence. The converse proposition, "I think because I am," is a truer and more universal proposition. But, we believe, the Cartesian formula would contain a great truth were it expressed thus; "I think therefore (I have the evidence that) I am."

Next as to substance; Mr. Locke here also commits the same mistake. Substance, according to him, is a mere congeries of accidents. The universal belief of mankind disproves this assertion. We all believe that under the qualities, attributes, accidents, there is a substratum which we call substance. It is true that accidents originally in the order of the acquisition of the idea of substance, give us that idea, but the substance itself is quite different from the accidents. The accidents are only an occasion by which we acquire the idea of substance. The substance is the logical condition of attributes, the attributes the chronological condition of substance.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Sapna-Prayana. By Dvijendra Nath Thakur. Calcutta : Valmiki Press. Sakabda 1797.

This is a metaphysical poem, not unlike the *Prabodha Chandrodaya Nataka*. The poet falls asleep and finds himself in the land of dreams, the various phenomena of which he describes. The passions, the feelings, and the affections, all pass in review ; and the poet catches their peculiarities. There is in the book a great deal of fine thought and fine feeling ; and those thoughts and feelings are expressed in choice and harmonious language. Although from the nature of the subject, the book can never become popular, it is a poem of a high class. The descriptions of hell and heaven are very graphic.

Puruvikrama Nataka. Calcutta : Valmiki Press. Sakabda 1797.

The following is an abstract of the fable of this drama. When Alexander the Great invaded India, there was in it a princess of peerless beauty of the name of Ailavilá of Kalluparvata. This princess who had been for many years the cynosure of the eyes of a thousand sons of kings, offered to give her hand to the prince who should succeed in overcoming in battle and in driving away from the holy land of Bhārat the great hero of Aemathia. Porus, one of the two kings of the Panjab, who had formerly sought the hand of Ailavilá in vain, was now fired with her proposal, and made preparations for at once defending his country and gaining the affections of the most beautiful woman in the world. But Porus had a rival in the person of Taxilus, the other king of the Panjab, who had a sister of the name of Ambálíká who had once been a captive in Alexander's camp and had been smitten with his charms. This woman persuaded her brother to make a secret treaty with the Macedonian conqueror, the terms

of which were that Alexander should marry Ambálíká on condition that Taxilus should in battle turn traitor and desert Porus ; and she also fed her brother with the hope of gaining for him the hand of Ailavilá. The battle began. Ailavilá, with a view to animate the two kings by her presence, first entered the camp of Taxilus, where she was detained by the artifices of Ambálíká. In the mean time, Porus, who was performing prodigies of valour, was disheartened at not seeing Ailavilá in the battle-field, as had been previously arranged. But some thing worse happened. A letter was put into his hands, purporting to have been written by Ailavilá to Taxilus in which she deliberately prefers the latter to Porus. This letter, which had been sent to him by the intriguing Ambálíká, completely unmanned Porus. He lost the battle and was taken prisoner. While he was being conveyed to the presence of Alexander, Taxilus met him and taunted him on his supposed invincible prowess. Enraged at the insult offered him by the cowardly traitor, Porus killed Taxilus on the spot. The magnanimous Alexander praised Porus for his devotion to his country, restored him to his dominions, and left India without marrying Ambálíká. Porus reproached Ailavilá on account of her unfaithfulness ; but, innocent as she was, she was greatly hurt at the undeserved reproof, and was going to stab herself when Ambálíká appeared on the spot and cleared up the mystery. The upshot was that Porus was married to Ailavilá.

The story is well told ; the descriptions are lively ; some of the characters are well drawn ; and the language is simple and idiomatic. The only fault of the book is, that it is far too long.

Bharater-Sukha-Sasi-Yavan-Kavale: By Navin Chandra Vidyaratna Professor of Sanskrit in the Metropolitan College, Calcutta : Kavya Prakasa Press. B. E. 1282.

This is another drama, the plot of which may be thus briefly described. Jaya Chandra, King of Kányakubja (that is, Kanouj) performed a religious ceremony, called Rajsuya, at which the neighbouring kings were expected to be present. Prithu, king

of Hastinapur (Delhi), did not enter appearance. Jaya Chandra, therefore, became very angry with him, and caused his effigy to be placed over the gate of the palace of Kanouj as a mark of disrespect. Anangamanjari, the daughter of the king of Kanouj, became so charmed with the effigy of the king of Delhi, placed over the gate of her father's palace, that she fell in love with it, and determined to marry him. But she had been already betrothed to Pushpaketu, the prince of Avanti. The day of marriage approached. Preparations on a grand scale were made. At the eleventh hour the princes declared her ove for the king of Hastina. The marriage was postponed. Prithu, on hearing of the affection of the princess for him, laid siege to Kanouj, and captured Jaya Chandra. Peace was then concluded on the condition that Jaya Chandra should give his daughter Anangamanjari in marriage to Prithu. The marriage took place soon after. Pushpaketu, the disappointed lover, however, vowed revenge. He made many attempts to carry away Ananga by force, but he failed. At last he joined Muhammad Ghori, who was then invading India, and seized Delhi. Prithu and Ananga were made prisoners and kept in adjoining rooms. Pushpaketu brought out Prithu, tortured him in the presence of Ananga, and killed him; and in exultant tones asked Ananga—“Whose art thou, now?” Ananga replied to the question by thrusting into his bosom a dagger which she had concealed under her clothes, and he died immediately. Ananga then plunged the same dagger into her womb—and she was then big with child—and falling upon the dead body of her royal husband, breathed her last. Muhammad of Ghor then quietly took possession of Delhi—hence the title of the drama, “*The moon of India's felicity in the grasp of the Mahammaran.*

There is no lack of incidents in this play; it is full of stirring action from beginning to end, all through the seven Acts and twenty-seven scenes. This circumstance will, no doubt, make it popular. But we doubt whether the writer shows much dramatic power in the portraiture of character and the delineation of passion—which are the two highest powers of a

dramatic genius. As it is, the book, we are bound to confess, has considerable merit.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Whatever may be the reasons of Lord Northbrook's resignation of his high and exalted office, there is hardly any Native of India but must regret His Excellency's determination to retire before the natural termination of the vice-regal term. His Lordship has always taken a lively interest in the people, in reducing the burden of taxation, in promoting education, and in other ways contributing to their welfare. If his administration has not been brilliant, it is simply because there has been no war to call forth vigour and energy; but "peace hath its victories no less renowned than war;" and we doubt if any thing in the conduct of a campaign could be more brilliant than the magnificent energy put forth by Lord Northbrook in staving off the horrors of famine. The blessings of those that were ready to perish are upon his head, and when His Lordship retires, he will do so amid the benedictions of a whole nation. The best wish we can express for the Viceroy-elect is, that he may tread in the footsteps of Northbrook the Good.

Some of the London papers, are declaiming against the appointment of Lord Lytton as Viceroy and Governor-General of India. They say he is a poet, a literary man, a diplomatist, and therefore he is no statesman. We think this is going a little too fast. A man may be a poet, and yet he may have in him the makings of a great statesman. There is nothing inconsistent between poetry or literature and statesmanship. The foolish prejudice, that if a man is celebrated for elegant accomplishments

he can have no law or statesmanship, has been long ago lashed by Pope in the well-known lines—

“The Temple late two brother serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law ;
With equal talents, these congenial souls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls ;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray, as a wit.”

The Rev. Mr. Hughes, Church Missionary at Peshawar, in reply to certain statements made about him in a Lahore paper writes thus :—“The English missionary comes out to India with higher motives than the acquisition of lands or property, or even of earthly reputation. He is prepared to leave house and friends (wife and children sometimes) for Christ's sake. *But he cannot separate himself from the conquering race; he is an Englishman, and he must live and die as an Englishman; and it is mere affectation for him to profess porerty, or to assume the habits of a loafer.*” This is as precious a piece of rampant Anglo-Saxonism as we have ever met with. Mr. Hughes can, for the sake of Christ, forsake every thing—house, friends, wife, children; only two things he cannot forsake for Christ's sake, namely, association with the conquering race, and his Englishism! Christ says—“Take up thy cross, and follow me.” Mr. Hughes answers—“Two little rags, if you please, besides the cross, namely, the fact of my being of a conquering race, and my Englishism.” The Apostle Paul would almost wish himself “accursed” if thereby the Jewish race could be spiritually benefited; Mr. Hughes would rather see the two hundred millions of the people of India go to perdition than separate himself from “the conquering race” and cease to be an “Englishman.” We had no idea that such a live specimen of a muscular Christian could be found amongst Indian missionaries.

His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal in his Minute dated the 21st January, proposes to give help to Dr. Mahendra Lal Sircar's Science Association in the following manner :—"I propose, therefore, to take up an eligible building, with its premises, situated at the junction of College Street and Bow Bazaar and to make it over unfinished to the Association for occupation free of all charge for a term of years, which would be settled separately in consultation with the Committee, for the purposes as above set forth, on condition that at least Rs. 70,000 be actually obtained by donations, of which at least Rs. 50,000 must be invested by the Committee in Government securities, and that a monthly subscription of at least Rs. 100 per mensem be promised for two years. In this way the Association would be spared the cost of obtaining suitable accommodation in the city of Calcutta, which is always a matter of difficulty, and would be able to devote its private resources to developing systematic instruction."

It is a singular fact that within the last five months no less than five officers of the Education Department have died. In October last Baboo Peary Churn Sircar, Assistant Professor in the Presidency College, died ; he was followed by Mr. W. G. Willson of the same College ; last month the mail brought tidings of the death in Rome of Mr. W. S. Atkinson, Director of Public Instruction in Bengal ; Mr. Chambers, a young man sent out by the Secretary of State for the Education Department, died, in the same month, almost immediately after his arrival in the country, before joining his appointment ; and the last mail brought news of the death of Mr. S. Lobb, Principal of the Kishnaghur College.

We are glad to find from a Minute of Sir Richard Temple's that an Art Gallery has been established in connection with

the School of Art at Baitakhana in Calcutta. Some pictures have been presented to the institution by His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor General; others have been purchased by the Government of Bengal; and others still have been promised by some Rajahs and rich Zemindars. One great object of the institution, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor remarks, "would be to set before the native youth a vivid and comprehensive representative of all that is most instructive and attractive in the extraordinarily varied features of India, chiefly as regards natural scenery, architectural remains, national costume, and ethnological features." We have no doubt this institution will exercise a highly beneficial influence in refining the taste and skill of Bengali artists, and in developing the aesthetical faculties of the rising generation.

All Calcutta was recently scandalized by the performance in one of the Native theatres of a defamatory farce called "Gajannanda." We are glad His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General has put a stop to this corruption of the public morals by issuing an Ordinance prohibiting such performances under pains and penalties. It is provided that any person who takes part in such a performance, or assists in conducting it, or is present at it as a spectator, or allows any building belonging to him to be used for it, "shall be punishable on conviction before a Magistrate with imprisonment for a term which may extend to three months, or with fine, or with both."



THE
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LETTERS OF THE LATE MR. LOBB
ON INDIAN EDUCATION.

By the Editor.

Although the religious views of the late Mr. Samuel Lobb, Principal of the Kishnaghur College, and those of our own, were wide as the poles asunder, we always admired him for his fine talents and the varied excellencies of his character. He was as great in literature as he was in mathematics; while it must be admitted by every one who has read his writings that he was a master of English composition. As to his character, he was a thoroughly honest and sincere man. To use a common word, there was no humbug in him. You could see the man through at a glance. And he was as brave as he was honest. He dared utter what he thought. By what mental processes he came to believe in Positivism we know not, but any one that knew him must have felt that that faith, or rather no-faith, was contrary to the profound sincerity of his nature, and to that sense of reverential awe which was deeply seated in his moral constitution. Constitutionally, he was more of an enthusiastic believer than a cold sceptic. Within his slender and spare frame there glowed a fire and an enthusiasm, which recalled to one's mind the Puritan of the English Commonwealth, or the confessor and martyr of the early Christian Church; and had Mr. Lobb been blessed with the rich dower of evangelical faith he would have gone forth as a missionary to the ends of the earth. Perceiving Mr. Lobb's great gifts, we cultivated his acquaintance according to the opportunities we had, and sometimes corresponded with him. We regret

we have destroyed those letters which he addressed us during the France-Prussian War, in which he dwelt with much eloquence and feeling on the indignities to which France, the Holy Land of the Positivist, was subjected by the Germans. In those letters he poured out his soul in a strain not dissimilar to that of an old Hebrew prophet, an Isaiah or a Jeremiah. Fortunately we have with us the last four letters he addressed us shortly before his final departure from India; and as three of these treat upon an interesting subject, namely, the teaching of English literature in the Colleges of Bengal, we do not doubt but that many of our readers will be pleased to read them.

Some two years ago the writer of this article read a paper at the Bethune Society "On the Defects of the Method of teaching English Literature in the Colleges of Bengal," which was afterwards published in this Magazine. As we highly valued Mr Lobb's opinions on all literary subjects, we sent him a copy of that number of the Magazine which contained the paper. This gave rise to a correspondence between Mr. Lobb and us; and we publish below the letters which he wrote to us.

FIRST LETTER.

KISHNAGHUR,

22nd March 1874.

MY DEAR SIR,

I conclude that I am indebted to you for a copy of the March number of the Bengal Magazine. Many thanks for it. I have read your lecture on the teaching of English with much interest. With many of your remarks I cordially agree, but I feel doubtful whether the Socratic method which you propose could be adopted with effect, considering the limited time at our disposal, the quantity to be got through, and the nature of the Examination requirements. It would only, I think, be a waste of time to allow some puzzle-headed student to blunder through an explanation or paraphrase, perfectly innocent of idiom or sense, and so not only to

waste the time of the class but to pervert the brains of the students by making upon them false impressions. I think a teacher should never allow the ears of his class to be offended by bad English, and that they must be if the students themselves are allowed to paraphrase. Moreover, the student who paraphrases, and paraphrases ungracefully, is himself liable to contract a bad habit—unless he prepares his work with extreme care at home.

I am afraid not much can be done in the way of composition until we can get some time for written exercises. But as things now are, students will not tolerate anything that is not likely to be directly profitable in the Examination Hall. It is of no use to tell them that such exercises will be indirectly valuable. If there is any spare time they prefer to have it spent in going again over the old ground, or in getting the teacher to give them answers to old questions in the Examination Papers or to questions which have been asked by the teachers in other Colleges.

Have you ever thought much on the absence of all spontaneous modes of acquiring English among the pupils, and how great a drawback that absence is? But more might be done in this way I think than is done. There are Churches and Law-Courts, and Theatres (in Calcutta at least), and business men who know idiomatic English. If the students now could be induced to avail themselves of these aids they might gain a little improvement, if not very much. I know myself that I owe my knowledge of French to having attended a French Huguenot Chapel near my home in London, and the training that I gained in this way was worth more than I gained from all the books. I had no other master, and though at first the language seemed pure gibberish, it was wonderful how by degrees the sounds and the sense assumed form and order. I moreover determined when I began to learn French that I would never listen to an Englishman speaking it, so that my ear and brain might not be poisoned. Don't you think some rule of this kind would be serviceable here? Is not a good deal of the bad style owing to the students hearing English badly spoken, and reading

it badly written in the books and pamphlets to which you allude, though they do not seem to have spoilt the purity of your own style.

I hope your paper may do good. It ought. I quite agree with you about the mode of choosing Examiners.

Your's Sincerely,

S. LOBB.

P. S. Your letter came with a number of others, and I did not open it till after I had read your article and written this. This explains my not acknowledging it in the body of my letter.

SECOND LETTER.

KISHNAGHUR,
23rd March 1874.

MY DEAR SIR,

I just take up my pen to add a few lines to my note of yesterday. Do you not think that the superiority of the old men may have been due partly to the fact that the classes were then not so large, and the teacher was accordingly able to pay more attention to the students individually? It has become now almost impossible to give any individual attention to the students. One is forced to give general directions and to content oneself with them, although painfully aware that very few in the class will ever dream of abandoning their old muddle-headed slatternly way of doing things. If one could give a written exercise in English occasionally, and could look over carefully each paper with its author by one's side, it would be a great advantage. But one would have to give at least half an hour to each exercise, and how can this now be done?

I certainly think that the schools are chargeable with a great part of the inefficiency in English. But I must candidly confess that I do not see how this defect is to be remedied. My only wonder is that we obtain the results we do, when I know the

calibre of the majority of our schoolmasters. That there are good men among them I do not deny, but the leaven is not sufficient to leaven the whole lump, and the fact is that such a thing as a bad master, with a Department of Public Instruction, ought to be unknown; for look at the harm which a single inefficient master can work. Things I fancy might be better, but you will never get the best of our graduates to take to education in its lower branches unless the profession is better remunerated and there are fair chances of promotion. But certainly the two first classes in all our Government schools ought to be in the hands of thoroughly competent men. Do you think that they are now?

Do you think there is much private reading done by the students? I have frequently recommended this, but I feel very doubtful whether my recommendation is acted upon. My plan is, that each student should read a *few* good books for his own amusement, and should read them over and over again, so that the style of the writer may sink into his mind. It is better to read *one* good book 12 times, than 12 ordinary books once. And when a student reads in this way he should on no account be allowed to read trash. He ought religiously to eschew all the productions written by his own countrymen in English until his mind is well set, until the right impressions on his brain have become so permanent that no amount of false style will be able to efface them.

If I may judge of the Socratic method by myself I should say that any one whose mind at all resembles my own would get absolutely nothing out of it. I am not one of those fortunate individuals, who come into the world with all sorts of grand innate truths stamped upon the soul, so that I have only to shut my eyes and by deep reflection evolve them from my own inner consciousness. When I was at school and College I never could answer a word before the class. It made me unutterably nervous. But I could always listen with delight to a favourite teacher, and assimilate the wisdom that fell from his lips, treasuring it in my own inner soul, and perhaps being able to reproduce it tolerably well on paper in an examination hall. But no Socrates

would ever have evolved a single spark out of my own unaided intellect. There may be others in the world like me.

Yours Sincerely,

S. LOBB.

I feel certain that in every class I have ever had there have been full 5 or 6 students to whom if I could have given proper individual attention they should have been made to write English beautifully. But our best men are now sacrificed to the worst, and that is on account of the prodigious numbers which the Calcutta University forces upon us. It is that University that has done the harm.

THIRD LETTER.

KISHNAGHUR,
1st April 1874.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am in rather a bewildered state of mind just now, as I have been suddenly prostrated with an attack of illness from which I am not likely soon if ever to recover. I wish to remain here if I can till the end of the term, and have proposed a plan to the class which will enable me to do so and which they seem willing to accept. I shall thus gain a little time to make my arrangements, and shall have the vacation clear for selling off and packing up. I must then take leave, but having once done so it is most unlikely that I shall ever return to the work of Education. The task is one which is beyond my present strength. I had rather that you kept this to yourself for a while, although it must soon be generally known.

You will thus see that I am not much in a mood for writing in the papers. But even if I had been, I could not have consented, as I am under a kind of pledge not to employ my pen in this way again. I had carried the thing rather too far at

one time. I should hardly think that any one whose opinion or good will you valued would take offence at the remarks which you made on the College Professors. I don't agree with all that you said, but I did not notice this matter in my letters as it did not seem to me to affect much the real evil of which you complained. I certainly don't think that the evil would be remedied by introducing as teachers men who had devoted themselves exclusively to English literature. There are indeed very few such men, and the few there are that are worth any thing would probably not care to come out here at any price. Such men, if second-rate, would be mere literary prigs, and all I can say is, I would infinitely sooner depend upon my own unaided power than be taught by such men. The old men that you mention such as Capt. Richardson and others, were, I expect, exceptional men, men gifted with a profound sympathy for their fellow-men, (and this after all is the one great requisite), and having a naturally delicate appreciation of style, an appreciation which must to a great extent be inborn, and where not existing in germ is never to be acquired by cultivation. I know there is a great talk now a days about teaching English in schools systematically, but it is mere talk, and all the plans proposed for this end are of the most puerile description. The place for learning one's native language is the home, and from the lips of a loving and well-educated mother. But any how it must be learnt at home, and if the child's æsthetic powers are not cultivated in his family they will never be properly cultivated in school. This is why it is so absurd to teach Bengalee in our Collegiate Schools, and the knowledge of English will never be worth much until the fathers can speak it fairly well and can give their children the benefit of their knowledge from infancy. We expect too much to be done in schools with reference to subjects which ought to be acquired spontaneously.

I can assure you that those Chaucer-mongers whom you speak of have no more delicate appreciation of English than our ordinary classical scholars, in fact not so much. For a real enthusiastic appreciation of either prose or poetry give me a

well-educated man or woman of the past generation. They are a flabby lot now a days, with a mighty deal of superficial varnish but without the least depth. I don't say our Professorial staff is by any means perfect, but if you want to ruin it utterly then hand it over to those gentlemen who make a speciality of English literature.

I flatter myself I know what is a good English style, but I have never read a word of what you call old English Literature, and before I came to this country I hadn't read any prose older than the Spectator, unless it was Bacon's Novum Organum (which as you are aware is a translation). And yet I can feel my heart moved by a noble passage in Shakespeare or Milton quite as well as any of these pettifogging philologists—if indeed their hearts are ever moved by any thing except the interpretation of obsolete words. However don't let me underrate the value of their labours. They have a value I know, but I doubt if such labours are calculated to confer upon men that gift of inspiration which is so necessary for the true teacher of men. It was this gift I expect which men like Capt. Richardson had, and we of the present day have it not. We are too sceptical, too fond of analyzing, too distrustful in the work of our own hands. The early men came to the work with a real enthusiasm, with a firm belief that they were destined to take the stronghold of Hinduism by storm and to regenerate the land by their own strong efforts. But we have now become disillusioned of all this, and having no faith we are consequently weak. I know what enthusiasm can do, (a well regulated reasoned enthusiasm of course,) and I know how little can be done without it. This supreme gift it is which is lacking to us men of the present generation.

I must congratulate you much on the prize which you have won. If fairer days should ever shine upon me, perhaps I may have the pleasure of reading it in its English dress.

I know that young Bengal is very angry with me, but the fact is, I put the case rather less strongly than it ought to have been put. Of all the young men that I have had to deal with

I have not known one who has not committed mistakes in writing English which I consider perfectly unpardonable, and I am quite convinced that if they could write English as well as many of them have written it they could with a little care and discipline have avoided these mistakes, and acquired a style of very fair purity. I have never expected too much, but I know full well that with a better system there might be very considerable improvement. What am I to think of young Bengal when one of its élite writes and asks me to contribute to some periodical, assuring me that I can at a moment's notice write upon anything or every thing. That I can assure you is from one of the very best though I shall not mention the name. But what improvement can you expect when such notions as this are entertained of a writer's duty?

Pray make my kind regards to Mrs. Day whom I had the pleasure, I believe, of meeting more than once in olden days in Calcutta, and with best wishes to yourself, believe me,

Your's very Sinly.

S. LOBB.

Please take off about 50 per cent. from any expressions that may seem to you too strong. I can't weigh my words very carefully in a letter.

The subjoined letter, though it does not treat of Indian education, is published here because it is the last Mr. Lobb wrote us, because it shows that inborn sense of politeness which characterized him, because it contains his views on the subject of Anglo-Indian marriages, and because it discloses the state of his mind immediately before he left India. We only trust that when he returned to the early scenes of his childhood in England, his mind reverted to, and drew consolation from, those grand, old truths which he in his younger days heard preached in the Huguenot Chapel near his home in London.

FOURTH LETTER.

KISHNAGHUR,

21st April 1874.

MY DEAR MR. DAY,

In looking over my old letters I came across yours which you have recently written to me. It struck me in comparing them that I could not have responded properly to the mode of address adopted in your first. I must apologise for this, but it was really done quite inadvertently, and I wrote my first letter in fact before I had seen yours which I did not read till after I had been through the Lecture. It was so long ago since our last correspondence came to an end that I had forgotten how we titled each other, and so adopted the 'Sir' almost mechanically. But I must plead guilty to a breach of manners in doing so after reading your first letter, and as we are in the same Department I ought the more readily to have reciprocated your kindly mode of address. But I hope you will see that I acted as I did through pure inadvertence.

Pray thank Mrs. Day very much for her kind sympathy, and tell her that in the abstract I prefer her advice to that of St. Paul, but under the circumstances of the case I am forced to adopt the course of the great Apostle, and must fain console myself with his assurance that he who "is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord : But he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife." I decidedly think if I were married I should be in this latter category, and as I could hardly please my wife in my present forlorn and miserable state, perhaps it is as well that I am not married. What will Mrs. Day say to this logic? But really there are great drawbacks to a happy married life among Englishmen in this country, and I often congratulate myself that I have not constituted that anomalous unstable kind of institution—an Anglo-Indian home.

It is rather lonely since my sister left, but such loneliness is one of the enforced evils of Indian life even among married men. The people here are all very kind to me, and at rest is

what I principally require, the loneliness is not so distressing as it otherwise might be. I am quite uncertain as to my future movements. My life at present is not worth a very long purchase, and I think it extremely doubtful whether I shall ever see my native England again. It seems sad perhaps, but we who come out here and dissolve the ties of home cannot expect to have it all our own way.

With kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Day, believe me,

Yours Sincerely,

S. LOBB.

SENSATIONALISM.

(Concluded from page 375.)

CAUSE.

As the subject of causation is a vitally important one, we intend to treat of it at some length. The relation of cause and effect is the foundation on which the grand superstructure of Natural Philosophy, and indeed of all science, is built.

At the outset, let us see what account Mr. Locke gives of the origination of the idea of causation in our minds.

"In the notice that our senses take of the constant vicissitudes of things, we cannot but observe, that several particular both qualities and substances begin to exist; and that they receive this their existence from the due application and operations of some other being. From this observation we get our ideas of cause and effect. That which produces any simple or complex idea we denote by the general name cause, and that which is produced effect. Thus finding, that in that substance which we call wax, fluidity, which is a simple idea, that was not in it before, is constantly produced by the application of a certain degree of heat, we call the simple idea of heat in relation to fluidity in wax, the cause of it; and fluidity the effect. So also

finding that the substance wood, which is a certain collection of simple ideas so called, by the application of fire, is turned into another substance, called ashes, i. e., another complex idea, consisting of a collection of simple ideas, quite different from that complex idea which we call wood, we consider fire, in relation to ashes, cause, and the ashes as effect. So that whatever is considered by us to conduce or operate to the producing any particular simple idea or complex idea, whether substance or mode, which did not before exist, hath thereby in our minds the relation of a cause, and so is denominated by us."

From this passage it is evident, that Mr. Locke derives the idea of causation from sensation; and it remains to be seen whether this account is correct or not. The celebrated Mr. Hume struck out several new and original ideas on this interesting subject. Notwithstanding the scepticism and infidelity of that philosopher, it is unquestionable, that he was a metaphysician of the very first order. His acuteness and subtlety are manifested in every page of his otherwise remarkable works. Admitting the theory of Locke that experience is the originator of all knowledge, and profoundly reasoning upon it, he came to the conclusion, that the idea of causation and consequently the principle of causality, is a mere figment of the imagination—the legitimate offspring "of imagination impregnated by custom." However wrong and unphilosophical this conclusion is, his reasonings on the subject are very valuable. His investigations on this difficult subject may well be reckoned as fresh accessions to the domain of metaphysical science. Amongst other things he has proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that neither sensation nor reflection is the source of the origin of the idea of the principle of causality.

Let us not be misunderstood. Our enquiry now is, whether sensation or reflection *originates* in us the idea of the principle of causality, and not whether it *developes* it. The *origination* of a new idea is one thing, and the *developement* of a previously existing idea quite another. Following the path pointed out by Mr. Hume in his "Essay on the Human Understanding," let us first

interrogate *sensation*, and see whether it originates in us the principle in question.

Let us instance some cases of sensible causation. "Fire burns wood; water melts sugar; a magnet attracts iron. Now in these cases of causation what do our senses perceive? They perceive the fire, the wood and the fact that the application of the fire is followed by the consumption of the wood; they perceive the water, the sugar, and the fact that the one dissolves the other; they perceive the magnet, the iron, and the fact that the one placed at a certain distance from the other attracts that other. This is all the information our outward senses give from these several cases of causation. Now, besides the perception of the substances themselves, what more do we perceive? Simply the fact that the one succeeds the other. Besides the perception of the fire and wood, water and sugar, and magnet and iron, does not the whole of our knowledge, so far as sensation is concerned, amount to this, that a movement of the first is followed by a certain movement of the second, a certain movement of the third by a certain other movement of the fourth, &c. And what is this but the fact that one thing follows another? And what is this but *succession*? Here is a series of billiard balls. What do our outward senses perceive? Nothing but that the impulse of one ball is attended with motion in the second, *i. e.*, the fact that the one follows the other, which is just *succession*.

Let us in the next place enquire whether reflection is the *originator* in us of the idea of the principle of causality.

First of voluntary actions. I will to rise, and I rise; I will to stand, and I stand; I will to stretch out my hand, and the hand is stretched out. Now, here it may be said, we are conscious of internal power, energy, the will. By the simple command of our will we can move our limbs. The active energy is a matter of consciousness to us, and therefore by reflection (for consciousness is a branch of reflection, according to Locke) we get the principle of causality.

Now, any one that uses this argument plainly shows, that he does not understand what we are about. We are wishing to

account for the origination of the idea of the principle of causality in the human mind. The consciousness of the energy^{*} that produces the action, and the action itself, are one thing, and the relation—the connecting tie that binds them quite another. We may be conscious of the energy, we may perceive the movement effected, or the action performed, but may not have an idea of the connection between them. Neither are we here speaking, be it remembered, of the developement of the idea of causation, on the supposition of the potential existence of the principle of causality.

If this were the subject of investigation at present, we should see, as will be illustrated in the sequel of the essay, that these voluntary actions are the occasion of the development of the principle of causality. Admit for a moment the pre-existence of the principle of causality, these voluntary actions would draw it forth. What then do we perceive in these actions? Only the fact that the volition to move the arm is followed by the actual movement of the arm, &c; that is, only *succession*. Besides the felt consciousness of the effort, and the perception of the movement, if we perceived the necessary connection, the tie that binds the antecedent volition to the consequent motion of the arm; we should in that case thoroughly comprehend the wonderful connexion that exists between the body and the soul; should comprehend why it is that the influence of our volition reaches to some of our members, as the hands and the tongue, and not to others, as the heart and the liver; and should unravel the mysterious fact that a man, suddenly struck with palsy, cannot possibly move his hands, notwithstanding all his endeavours to do it.

It may be further said that, although the observation of physical sequences, or that of a physical effect flowing from our volition, is not the origin of the idea of the principle of causality, yet we are conscious of a power by which we can raise a new idea, contemplate it on all sides, and at last dismiss it by the effort of the will. Here we are conscious of the fact and nothing more, that one idea suggests another, that our minds are so constituted that we can call up an idea, fix our mind on the

contemplation of it, and then dismiss it. In this, and indeed in every other case, all our knowledge is *objective* or *matter-of-fact* knowledge. The object of our consciousness is only the existence of the idea, and not the hidden and mysterious process by which that idea is called up into the mind. The relation of causality can never be the object of consciousness.

Did we know the causality, we should be able to shew how the one produces the other, how the will being given and the resulting idea given, the magic process that causes the idea, takes place. But who can say that he has this knowledge, that he can exactly delineate the process that intervenes between the exertion of the will and the production of the idea? Besides, there is a limit to the authority of the mind over itself. It has not the same command over the passions and affections that it has over the intellectual ideas. If we were conscious of the causative principle we should be able to shew, how the mind has more authority in the one case than in the other. Finally, the command of the will over our ideas, varies at different times in different circumstances. I have more command over my ideas when in health, than when sick. Did we know, or were conscious of the principle of causality, we should be able to explain this.

In these two cases then, a physical effect flowing from a state of the mind, and a mental effect flowing from a certain other mental state, all our knowledge amounts to the perception of the external action, the consciousness of the mental states themselves, and the fact of their succession. In the case of the voluntary actions we may be conscious of a certain *effort*, and in the case of the mental sequences we may be conscious of eager *desire*. But this *desire* and that *effort* are not causation.

We have thus interrogated sensation and reflection, and what is their united verdict? Mr. Hume has summed it up for us in the following words:—" We have sought in vain for an idea of power or necessary connexion, in all the sources from which we could suppose it to be derived, [according to Locke's sensationalism, that is.] It appears, that, in single instances of the operation of bodies, we never can, by our utmost scrutiny, discover

any thing but one event following another; without being able to comprehend any force or power, by which the cause operates, or any connection between it and its supposed effect. The same difficulty occurs in contemplating the operations of the mind on body; where we observe the motion of the latter to follow upon the volition of the former; but are not able to observe or conceive the tye, which binds together the motion and volition, or the energy by which the mind produces this effect. The authority of the will over its own faculties and ideas, is not a whit more comprehensible. So that upon the whole, there appears not throughout all our nature, any one instance of connection which is conceivable by us [taking for granted, of course, that experience is the only *source* of all knowledge.] All events seem entirely loose and separate. One event follows another; but we can never observe any tye between them. They seem *conjoined*, but never *connected*."

So far as our views on the subject under consideration are concerned, we think that the soundest metaphysician or the most orthodox divine can take to himself the above language. We say so far as our views on the subject are concerned, for we are aware that some metaphysicians hold the above passage highly objectionable. For our part we see neither the reasonableness nor the utility of holding it objectionable. We give praise to whom praise is due. The cause of truth can never be served by rejecting altogether the sentiments of infidel philosophers on speculative points. We hold that Hume has rendered unquestionable benefit to the progress of metaphysics by proving satisfactorily that sensation and reflection can never originate the idea of causation; and those who deny him that praise are, we think, unfair and uncandid. But this, however, does not detract one iota from the inherent viciousness of Mr. Hume's theory on the subject. Indeed, the very next sentence after the above passage shows exactly wherein lay the vice of the theory. "And," says he, "*as we can have no idea of any thing, which never appeared to our outward sense or inward sentiment, the necessary conclusion seems to be that we have no idea of connexion or power at all, and*"

that these words are absolutely without any meaning, when employed either in philosophical reasonings, or common life." Mr. Hume's error is shewn in the words which we have italicized, in taking it for granted that "we can have no idea of any thing, which never appeared to our outward sense or inward sentiment," that is, in assuming the truth of the theory of Locke. His theory is the legitimate offspring of that of Locke. Admit for a moment that sensation and reflection are the only two sources of ideas, and all the scepticism of Hume must follow as a logical consequence. Locke's theory was a stumbling-block to Hume. His adoption of the empiricism of Locke, and driving it to its legitimate consequences, ruined his reputation as a metaphysician. Like a proud vessel, Mr. Hume by the force of his native genius, amazing subtlety and acuteness, launched into the boundless ocean of philosophical enquiry, but being guided by the pale, and dim light of Locke's empiricism, suffered ship-wreck on the sand-banks of a cold and heartless scepticism. But if in his adventurous voyage athwart the dark ocean of metaphysical enquiry he had received one ray of sober idealism, he unquestionably would have reached the destined haven. Hume then, it appears, suffered shipwreck for want of light; for as yet in his days the Pharos of sober and chastened idealism had not been lighted up. But some will say, that the language we are now using is the language of hyperbole, inasmuch as it renders more credit than is due to Hume. But *they* have no right to blame us who maintain, that his scepticism is the result of insincerity and hypocrisy; that he very well knew that Locke's theory was defective and hollow at bottom; that in order to cloak his infidelity with the mask of sacredness and respect for religion, he quoted the authority of Locke; and that when he threw a bomb-shell into the enemy's camp, he retired to his own closet and laughed heartily, for he very well knew that the bomb-shell was all hollow within. For, to say all this of Hume, is, to our apprehension, rendering a greater homage to his genius, however insincere and pernicious it was, than we have done. It is giving him an infinite superiority over his

contemporaries, and in fact investing him with a halo of unapproachable glory. Bating his insincerity and hypocrisy on the all-important subject of religion, we have no reason to think that he was insincere *philosophically*. The glory that would redound to his name, if he discovered the defectiveness of Locke's theory; the honour of creating a new era in the history of metaphysical science; and the prospect of enshrining his name in the memories of the remotest generation, operated more powerfully on his sensitive and naturally vain mind than the transient and unsubstantial self-complaisance with which he viewed his enemies frightened by a bugbear of his own creation.

Let no one imagine that in vindicating the character of Hume as a metaphysician, we advocate either his wild, extravagant, and impious conceits on the subject of religion, or his partial and false conclusions in philosophy. Not to speak of his atheistical extravagancies, his theory on the important subject of causation is essentially erroneous. The whole of his theory and its proof may be reduced to the following syllogism:— That which appears neither to our outward sense, nor to our inward sentiment, must be a chimera. The principle of causality appears neither to our outward sense nor to our inward sentiment; therefore the principle of causality is a chimera. So far as we can see, there is no error in the reasoning process properly so called. The error lies in the assumption of the major premiss; that is, in taking for granted the theory of Locke on the source of human knowledge.

Deny this, and the theory falls to the ground. But we have largely wandered from the particular point to which our attention was directed. We have, we think, proved satisfactorily, that *single instances* either of purely physical sequences, or physico-mental sequences, or purely mental sequences, can never originate in us the principle of causality. But it may be, and has been said, that, "when we see that one particular species of events *has always, in all instances*, been conjoined with another, we make no longer any scruple of foretelling one upon the appearance of the other. We then call the one object *cause*, the other the *effect*. We

suppose that there is some connection between them ; some power in the one, by which it infallibly produces the other, and operates with the greatest certainty and strongest necessity." To this it may be answered, that so far as the point at issue is concerned, there is no difference between the observation of one single instance once, and that of several instances many times ; and that in the latter case all that we observe is *constant conjunction, not necessary connection.*

This is the Gordian knot of the question, *viz.*, how the mind without any very sure warrant or foundation converts constant conjunction into necessary connection. Constant conjunction is quite different from necessary connection. The one is generically and essentially distinct from the other. Constant conjunction multiplied infinity-fold can never make necessary connection. I put my hand into the fire, and it burns ; I put my hand into the fire twice, thrice, a hundred times, a million times ; and the same result follows. From this, I may, in perfect consistency with the rules of sound logic, come to the conclusion, that there is a relation of constant conjunction between the putting of my hand into the fire and the consumption of it. But no logic would allow me fairly to come to the conclusion, that there is a relation of necessary connection between them. If the above phenomenon were exhibited in an infinite number of cases, all that I could say is, that the putting of the hand into the fire and the burning of it, are constantly conjoined. So far Locke is wrong, and Hume right.

But now an important question comes to be asked. It is this : although, from the observation of the fact of one event always following another, we can only say, that there is between those events the relation of constant conjunction and not that of necessary connection ; yet that there is between those events the relation of necessary connection, is universally acknowledged by all sound thinking men. Although, from the observation of the above phenomenon an indefinite number of times, we be not allowed, in the strictness of philosophical language, to say, that there is a relation of necessary connection between the events ; yet that this inference is made by us, is indisputable. How is this to be

accounted for? What warrant is there for coming to such a conclusion? Is it philosophical? Or is it visionary? Hume perceived this question, put it to himself, but failed in answering it properly. Here it is, and here principally, lies the erroneousness of the theory of causation broached by Hume. The subject is so important that we make no apology in quoting his sentiments as given in the conclusion of his Essay "On Necessary Connection."

"To recapitulate therefore the reasonings of this section; every idea is copied from some preceding impression or sentiment; and where we cannot find any impression, we may be certain, that there is no idea. In all single instances of the operations of bodies or minds, there is nothing that makes any impression, nor consequently can suggest any idea, of power or necessary connection. But when many uniform instances appear, and the same object is followed by the same event, we then begin to entertain the notion of cause and connection. We then feel a new sentiment or impression, to wit, a customary connection in the thought or imagination between one object and its usual attendant; and this sentiment is the original of that idea which we seek for. For as this idea arises from a number of similar instances, and not from any single instance; it must arise from that circumstance, in which the number of instances differ from every individual instance. But this customary connection or transition of the imagination is the only circumstance in which they differ. In every other particular they are alike. The first instance we saw of motion, communicated by the shock of two billiard balls is exactly similar to any instance that may, at present, occur to us; except only, that we could not at first infer one event from the other; which we are enabled to do at present, after so long a course of uniform experience. I know not whether the reader will apprehend this reasoning. I am afraid, that, should I multiply words about it, or throw it into a greater variety of lights, it would only become more obscure and intricate."

It is all right and proper that Hume should have added the concluding lines, "I know not whether the reader will

apprehend this reasoning," for he was treading on a delusive ground, and was mystifying the subject beyond measure. We confess that we do not understand "this reasoning", not, we suspect, because it is too deep, (for it is *drumly*, as a Scotchman would say) but because there is no *reason* in 'this reasoning.' The whole argument is one continuous assumption. Not being able to deny the fact of the existence of the idea of causation in the human mind, and loath to abandon the system of Locke, he makes the principle of causality to be the spurious offspring of habit and imagination. However extravagant this conclusion is, it is the legitimate result of Locke's theory of the origin of all the ideas in the human mind. His admission of Locke's system made him overlook an important point.

In tracing the origination of the principle of causality we have no hesitation in affirming, that it is produced neither by the contemplation of single instances whether physical or mental, nor that of a number of similar instances. The foundation of the principle is in neither of these. Being a disciple of Locke Hume could not maintain this. Holding that experience is the *source* of all the ideas in the human mind, it behoved him to derive the idea of causation from experience. And having satisfactorily proved that it cannot be derived from the contemplation of single instance, it became necessary to derive it by an illogical process from the contemplation of a number of uniform instances; and to annihilate it altogether, by making it the offspring of imagination impregnated by custom. But why not abandon the system of Locke altogether, seeing that it cannot account for all the ideas in the mind? This alternative Hume had not the fortune of perceiving. And here in passing we cannot but render our humble tribute of praise to the pre-eminently philosophic Dr. Reid. He, too, like Hume, began with the system of Locke; but seeing that it did not account for *all* the ideas in the human mind, instead of explaining them away, like the latter, by flimsy sophisms, he at once came boldly to the conclusion, that the theory of Locke was defective.

Reid perceived what Hume did not. It is vain to derive the idea of causation from experience, it is vainer to explain it away. The principle of causality is seated in the depths of the intellect. It is the production of no anterior thought or process of reasoning. It is not originally the child of experience. It is an *a priori* judgment—a first truth. It is the offspring of none, but is the fruitful mother of multitudes of ideas. It is a principle which rises from the very constitution of the human mind.

In order further to evince the independence of the principle of causality over experience, we shall now turn our attention to the consideration of the attributes of that principle. In the first place, it is an *universal* idea. Whomsoever we question, whether the almost irrational Caffre, or the highly intelligent Briton; the dull Esquimaux or the brilliant Frenchman; the volatile Hindu or the persevering German; the frozen Greenlander or the sun-burnt Indian; all—all will express in some shape or other their acknowledgement of the truth, that every effect must have a cause. Do not be confined by the atmosphere that surrounds our earth, break through it, traverse the sun, the moon, the sister planets, the numberless stars with their revolving systems, and ask their fair inhabitants whether they can conceive an effect to exist without its producing cause; go beyond the outskirts of the created universe, ascend into the empyrean regions—the residence of angles, cherubim, and seraphim and ask them the very same question;—all—all will cry aloud, that every effect must have a cause. In the second place the principle of causality is, in its character, *necessary*. It is impossible to get quit of this principle. It is contemporaneous and co-extensive with the existence of the mind. As the axiom, two and two are equal to four, contains in it a mathematical necessity; so the principle of causality has in it the element of metaphysical necessity. In the third place, this principle is *eternal*. There is, was, and shall be, no time when it can be said that an effect can exist without a cause. It may be said that when nothing but God existed in the eternity that is past, it could not be said that this principle existed, for there was by hypothesis no effect. But then this principle had a poten-

tial existence in the mind of God. The very fact of creation proves its pre-existence. The principle of causality then is invested with the attributes of *Universality*, *necessity*, and *eternity*. Could experience, which must be particular, contingent, and temporary, communicate to us these properties? Impossible.

We advance one step more in the argument. Not only is the principle of causality independent of experience, but it is the *foundation* of experience itself. Experience, considered in its two great divisions of sensation and reflection, is mainly dependent upon the external world, and the will. Were the external world destroyed, no sensations could be excited in us, and consequently we could not have experience by sensation altogether and by so much of reflection as consists in working upon the sensations by meditation. Sensation then wholly depends upon the existence of the external world; the existence of the mind itself being taken for granted. And *reflection*, the second branch of experience, depends in the last analysis upon the *will*; which is proved thus: reflection may be analysed into consciousness and memory, as indeed Locke does. For, in order that there be reflection, the *consciousness* of a present feeling and the *memory* of a past one, are essentially necessary; because without them there would be no comparison and therefore no reflection. Now, in every act of memory the *will* is essentially involved. Therefore reflection in the last analysis depends upon the *will*; and we have formerly proved that sensation in the last analysis depends upon the external world; wherefore experience the whole of it, is dependant upon the *existence of the external world* and the *will*. Now the existence of the external world is made known to us by the principle of causality which can be proved in the following manner. When as yet the mind knows nothing but is conscious only of its own states, suppose that it feels for the first time the sensation of an external object. This state the mind feels to be different from its usual states. Nothing further would follow, no conclusion could be drawn, if the principle of causality did not exist in the mind. But causality being there, the mind asks, what can be the producing cause of this feeling? for every

effect must have a cause. This feeling cannot be produced by Ego, for the conscious states of the Ego previous to the sensation, are quite different from the sensation itself. Non-ego is therefore the cause of this felt sensation. Thus is the "principle of causality the father of the external world." Again, the will is in fact power itself. Hence the idea of the principle of causality is the foundation, the logical condition of experience.

Thus in all these several ways is Loke's theory of causation shattered to pieces. We have proved that neither sensation nor reflection originates the principle of causality, that not only is this principle independent of experience, but that it is the foundation, the logical condition of experience, and that it is an *a priori* judgment, a first truth.

What, then, is there no meaning in the theory of Locke? Is not the idea of causation holden to experience for its origination in any sense? It is; and we shall show it in the two following heads; first that experience finds out particular causes and particular effects; and secondly, that it is the chronological condition of the origination of the idea of causation in the human mind.

First, then, it is by experience alone that *particular causes and particular effects are discoverable*. Present a magnet and a key to one who is ignorant of the facts of magnetism, and it will be impossible for him to predict that the one placed at a certain distance from the other, will attract it. Give a little gunpowder and a spark of fire to one who is unacquainted with the properties of the former, and it will be impossible for him to say *a priori* what effect the one will have upon the other. Let him examine, how minutely soever, the nature, structure, and texture of the objects, it will not be possible, antecedently to experience, to know their actions upon one another. Experience, is the only guide in these matters. Without it an *a priori* knowledge of the effects of the several substances is impossible. And the reason is quite obvious—the effect being so different from the cause. There is nothing in the cause to determine, previous to experience, the precise nature of the effect. Hume generally gets the credit of seeing, or at least of setting forth clearly, this influence of experience upon the

idea of causation. But it was to be expected, that philosophers would hesitate making this acknowledgement when they saw the conclusions to which he came by means of it. He proved or fancied he proved, that all reasoning built upon the relation of cause and effect, which is a delusive idea, was uncertain and doubtful; and that the world being a singular effect, for we have no experience of world-making, had no cause, no creator. Thus did Hume attempt to undermine the foundations of philosophy and religion.

The infinite importance of religion, which is the only source of consolation to man, calls for a few remarks on the point we are at present discussing. Hume's argument in favour of atheism is as follows :—All causes and effects being discoverable by experience alone, we cannot assign any cause to an effect of which we have no experience ; the world is an effect of the making of which we have no experience ; therefore we cannot assign any cause to it.

The chief fallacy of the above sophism lying in the major premiss, we shall confine our attention to it.

In the first place, in the above sophism, Hume makes an erroneous statement of the point under consideration. He expresses himself unqualifiedly and erroneously. In his ingenious Essay entitled "Sceptical Doubts concerning the Operations of the Human Understanding," he expresses himself thus ;—" *causes and effects are discoverable, not by reason, but by experience.*" For reasons which will be given below, the proposition had better been expressed thus :—" *particular causes and particular effects are discoverable, not by reason, but by experience.*" Secondly, his proof of the proposition comes short of the proposition itself. All the examples which he has brought forward to prove the principle above laid down, are particular ; and particular propositions can never establish an universal one. Thirdly, his view of the principle was partial and erroneous. Although particular causes and particular effects are discoverable by experience,* yet the conviction of the truth of the abstract axiom that every effect must have a cause, is as universal, absolute, and necessary, as any axiomatic truth can possibly be. Hume seems to have overlooked

this ; and hence his unqualified statement of the above principle.

Not only is the principle of causality apart from, independent of, and prior to experience ; but it is the foundation of experience itself. Indeed, without the potential existence of the principle of causality in the human mind, it was impossible that particular causes and particular effects could be discoverable. On being presented with a particular effect, although previous to experience, we could not perhaps tell its particular cause, yet the conviction, the absolute and necessary conviction, that that effect must have had a cause, would be felt in the mind. We appeal to the consciousness of every thinking man whether such a conviction would be felt or not. The abstract principle of causality is one thing, the discovery of a particular cause or a particular effect quite another. The necessary truth, that every effect must have a cause is one thing, and the contingent truth, that a particular cause or a particular effect is discoverable by experience quite another. Locke did not see this distinction, and Hume his disciple had a partial view of it. This is not a metaphysical hair-breadth distinction. It is by the confusion of these propositions that Locke formed a partial theory of causation, and Hume landed himself in cold, heartless, infidelity. The world is a singular effect. We have not seen worlds made before our eyes. We have no experience of world-making, and therefore, antecedently to experience, it will be difficult to predict its particular cause. But that the world must have had a cause, a producing author, notwithstanding our non-experience of world-making, is as eternally and necessarily true as the axiom that "things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another."

Once more and then we are done ; experience, and especially reflection, is the occasion of the developement of the idea of causation in the human mind. On this point Locke, as he was possessed of immense psychological sagacity is quite silent. "If we will consider it attentively," says he, "bodies by our senses do not afford us so clear and distinct an idea of active power, as we have from

reflection on the operations of our own minds. It seems to me, we have from the observation of the operation of bodies by our senses, but a very imperfect obscure idea of active power, since they afford us not any idea of power in themselves to begin any action, either motion or thought." A consciousness of the operations of our minds, gives to us the idea of cause and effect. It is the occasion on which the potentially existing principle of causality is developed. I will to lift up my arm, and the arm is lifted up. There are three things here, as has been often observed, 1st, a consciousness of the will; 2nd, consciousness of the effect produced; and 3rd, a relation between the antecedent volition and the consequent motion of the arm. Our consciousness drives us to infer that the production of the effect is the result of the conception of the volition. Hence the volition makes us acquainted with the idea of causation. It does not give birth to, or originate that idea, for the pre-existence of that principle must be taken for granted. Hence it appears that experience is the chronological condition of the idea of causality, the occasion on which the previously existing principle is developed.

Having thus demonstrated the erroneousness of Locke's theory of ideas in the human mind, and having in particular shewn the unsatisfactory nature of his analyses of the ideas of Time, Space, infinite, substance, personal identity, and causation, we conclude this paper with the two following reflections.

1. How liable is the human mind to err!

Locke, one of the greatest intellectual geniuses of the world.—Locke, "whose office was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the very fountains of thought, and to direct into the proper tract of reasoning, the devious mind of man, by showing him its whole process, from the first perceptions of sense to the last conclusions of ratiocination:—putting a rein upon false opinion, by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment";—Locke, so remarkable for the endowment of an almost superhuman sagacity which enabled him pretty successfully to fathom the depths of the human mind,—Locke himself has fallen, in a prominent part of his immortal work "On the

Human Understanding", into the grievous mistake of confounding the condition, the occasion of a thing, with its essence and cause !. What a demonstration this of the liability of the human mind to err.

2. "There is nothing new under the sun."

There is more of truth contained in Plato's doctrine of the *Annus Magnus*, in which, it is said, that all the series of human events would be acted over again, than is generally supposed. In the theatre of the philosophy of the human mind, the scenes that were enacted in the olden times of Greece and Rome, have been, and at present are being, enacted over again in modern Europe. Sensualism, idealism, mysticism, eclecticism, and all other *isms*, have had their advocates in ancient as well as in modern times. The nature of the progress of the modern European intellect is not that of a "*March*" but of a "*Perambulation*." Modern times are remarkable more for the *multiplication* than for the *creation* of lights in the dark domain of human speculation and enquiry. Illustration, not invention, is the characteristic of the human mind in modern times. The prophetic gleams and anticipations which "came looming through the mist," into the mind of a Socrates, a Plato and an Aristotle, it has been the business of modern philosophy to illustrate. Modern philosophy may be viewed as a vast but instructive and often original commentary on the text afforded by the early philosophers of Greece and Rome. The empiricism of Locke is nothing more than an unfolding and developement of the Aristotelian maxim, "there is nothing in the mind which did not originally come through the senses." And we believe, the germ of the refutation of Locke's sensualism, is to be found in the works of the sublime Athenian, Plato. May we then ask with the Royal Philosopher, "Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new?"

LAND TENURE IN BENGAL.

First Paper.

There is no topic within the whole range of Indian jurisprudence which is more difficult of comprehension and practical application than that of the land tenures of Bengal. In the absence of any positive historic evidence it is impossible to say when these tenures were ushered into being. We know that during the reign of Emperor Akbár, his minister Rájá *Todur Mull* initiated a system of land revenue and appointed certain collectors of the land-tax. It is extremely probable that these collectors of revenue were the predecessors of the class now known as the Zemindars. The Zemindars being mere farmers during the Moslem rule could not have possibly exercised the power of subletting their holdings.

It was after Lord Cornwallis had inaugurated the Permanent Settlement and recognized the right of the Zemindars, as absolute owners of the soil that the practice of subinfeudation came into vogue. The subordinate holdings are of many descriptions. In the Central and Western districts, we have *Patnis*, *Darpatis*, *Sepatnis*; in the Eastern districts the *Ganti*, *Durganti* and *Seganti* tenures are well known. In Chittagong there are *Hovlaks* and *Neemhowlaks*. In Beerbhoom and Bhagulpúr and the Santhál Perganás there are the Ghátwali or Service tenures. Some of the tenures received confirmation by legislative enactments. Regulation VIII of 1819 gave all Patni-tenures a transferable character, and what statutory law omitted to do was supplied by local usage. Thus arose a complicated system of land tenures—to extinguish or encourage which has become with economists and jurists of the present day a stiff problem to solve.

It has become the fashion with a section of the community to denounce the system of subinfeudation as an unmitigated social evil—and they go to the length of asking from our rulers a law for putting it down with a high hand. They contend that subinfeudation has converted the Zemindar into a fat annuitant, who has only

to sublet his holding in order to obtain a lion's share of the profits of the soil, and that supposing his estate undergoes subinfeudation to the third or fourth degree, each subordinate holder receives a share of the profits at the expence of the actual cultivator. The cultivator may by dint of patient industry convert arid soil into remarkable fertility. He may lay out capital after the permanent improvement of his holding. He may brave seasons of drought and scarcity in meeting the land-lord's demands for rent from the stock of surplus food he has laid by. But there are no safeguards against his being rack-rented. Should he resist the demands of the Zemindar or his subordinate holders, the ryot renders himself amenable to harassing enhancement suits which, whether he wins or loses, ultimately bring about his ruin. The records of our courts are replete with instances verifying the above truth.

On the other hand it is stated that the fact of the Zemindar being a proprietor with full and permanent rights in the soil argues that he is possessed of all the rights which law and equity recognize. In other words, he becomes vested with the power of transferring his interests by gift-sale, or otherwise as he pleases. Subinfeudation therefore follows as a matter of course from the terms of the permanent settlement and once you stop subinfeudation by legislative enactments you set at nought the provisions of that solemn compact.

It would be hopeless to attempt at a reconciliation of the conflicting arguments which have been adduced on either side on broad grounds of law and justice. Extreme subinfeudation leads to extreme rack-renting, and is in its worst phase an unmixed evil. It causes, on the one hand, a deplorable relaxation of the energies of the children of the soil, as, on the other, it is productive of an abnormal supineness of the land-holder class—a supineness which makes the Zemindar wholly oblivious of the interests of the cultivating classes, and divests him of all generous feeling towards those over whom a fortuitous combination of circumstances has placed him as their liege lord. Further, this indifference has been the fertile cause of widening the breach between the

land-lord and tenant—a breach which, if not healed up soon, threatens to shake society to its foundations. Despot as he was, the pre-Act X. Zemindar was a better master than his modern successor. He was more generous, more kind, more condescending to his tenantry, than the present heads of our landed aristocracy. Whatever theorists may say, the Bengal tenantry, constituted as they are, do not deserve to attain the status and position of peasant proprietors of France and Switzerland. In Bengal, agriculture is still in its infancy, and with periodical scarcities staring them in the face, Bengal ryots can hardly spare the fostering care of their land-lords. Our rulers should not by legislative enactments array one class against another, and we have very little sympathy for those boasted measures of reform which have a tendency to exalt the ryot by abasing the Zemindar. Punish the Zemindar by all means should he trample upon the rights of his ryot, but do not make a spoiled child of the latter. It is no doubt the duty of Government to protect the weak against the strong, but let not that duty exceed its legitimate bounds. Act X of 1859 is a glorious piece of legislation, but in the eye of an impartial judge, it is undoubtedly a piece of one-sided legislation. The framers of the act were assuredly justified in making it such. The Zemindars had prostituted their power to such an incredible extent that a dose of stringent law was wanted to restore the social equilibrium.

But now that the ryot's condition has comparatively improved, the question, one is inclined to ask is, why should this one-sided law remains unrepealed?

I propose in this paper to examine some of the salient provisions of Act X of 1859—now Act VIII of 1869 (B. C.), and I shall attempt to show that its substantive portions require a thorough alteration. But before I proceed to that task, it is expedient to say a few words concerning the rights and obligations of the ryots as a class.

There is considerable dispute as to the etymology of the word ryot. Some say that it means an actual tiller of the soil, others that it means an actual holder under the superior tenant,

the Zemindar. Without attempting to give an accurate definition of the term, we may say what a ryot is not. He is neither a proprietor nor a middleman ; but one who holds or tills the land either actually or constructively. All this is plain enough. But cases frequently crop up where it becomes an arduous task to determine whether a particular holder is a middleman or a ryot. In such cases courts of law are driven to ascertain whether the tenure was *ryottree* in its inception, but even this turns out sometimes to be a sorry test, for the tenure might have been a *ryottree* one in its inception, and yet the holder had been actually exercising all the rights of a middleman.

Bengal ryots are classified thus, regard being had to the nature of their rights :—

1. Ryots with permanent transferable interest in their holding.
2. Ordinary occupancy ryots.
3. Ryots having holdings at-will.

Under the first class come all those holdings which in common parlance go by the name of *Mookururi* and *Maurusi*. A *Mookururi* holding is one which is exempt from enhancement, the tenant being allowed to hold at fixed rates of rent. *Mookururi* and *Maurusi* jotes have this *differentia* common to them, that the tenants thereof cannot be the land-lord. *Maurusi* and *Mookururi* tenures are either the offspring of contracts or law either statutory or customary. They are the offspring of contracts where the Zemindar leases out his land to a tenant on condition of the latter enjoying all permanent rights on payment of a fixed rent. Law supplies the place of the contract where rent has been paid at a uniform rate, for such a considerable length of time that one may safely conclude that it never changed within the period of living memory. In this latter case the holding is protected under See IV. of Act XIII. of 1869 from enhancement and it becomes to all intents and purposes a *Mookururi* holding with permanent rights tacked to it.

In the absence of any express law, local usage converts a holding into a *Maurusi* or hereditary one. Then where it was

handed down from father to son as an inheritance and where the tenant's possession was for such a time as to justify the presumption that it was meant to be a permanent holding. Looking therefore to the nature and constitution of these tenures, it follows as a necessary corollary that they are of a transferable character, and it is only where the tenant's right to transfer is restricted by express agreement that he cannot do so.

Secondly. Section VI of Act VIII of 1869 legalises a right which is rather novel in its character. It is a right which was unknown to any of the ancient codes, even to the English law itself. This is, as the student of Anglo-Indian law knows very well, the right of occupancy. For the last sixteen years or so, it has exercised a marked influence in the shaping of our legal ideas, and has contributed a great deal to the formation and structure of our agricultural classes. Judged by the high standard of juridical morality, it appears to be extremely questionable how far this right is strictly speaking a right, but it has admirably worked in giving to the Indian peasant a home which an English peasant has not. In this respect the administrative sagacity of the legislators who gave it birth cannot be too highly applauded. The land-lord allows a man to squat on his land, and if by sufferance or similar cause the tenant's possession is not disturbed for twelve years, the tenant acquires a right of occupancy and becomes secure from ejection. How far this right is in unison with the land-lord's general right in the soil we leave our readers to say. But the picture is but half depicted, the partiality of the law is but half drawn. Not only does the tenant acquire a right to occupy the land himself, but the right becomes heritable on his death, and in many cases it becomes transferable in all possible ways recognized by law. And if we refer to the annals of Indian litigation, we come across many instances where the tenant took such undue advantages of his law-created right as to subinfeudate his holding to the third or fourth degree. Need we say that there are in Bengal tenants who are styled *Koorfa* and *Durkoorfa* and *Sekoorfa*? It is a sickening sight to see rights created by the legislators thus prostituted, and every

body intermediate between the owner and tiller of the soil making capital out of his holding ; and what endless complications and contests in law Courts spring from this iniquitous state of things. If Government would follow Hamlet's advice to the players and uproot the system altogether, taking it by the neck it would spare the country an amount of perjury, demoralization and poverty which is appalling to contemplate.

While upon this subject, I cannot help referring to another point which appears to me to be of vital importance, I mean the anomaly which some of the later decisions of the High Court have given birth to regarding occupancy rights in citylands. The High Court have held that no right of occupancy can be acquired in lands which are not strictly agricultural or horticultural. Their Lordships are of opinion that Act X of 1859 or Act VIII of 1869 does not apply to homestead or similar lands situated within the precincts of a Town. The consequences of this decision have become somewhat terrible, as it has unsettled to the foundation the homestead right of townsmen. It is notorious that in Bengal, very few have the good fortune to have leases pertaining to their homestead. Such holdings have descended from father to son, and occupation has by time ripened into right. If therefore occupation for a certain length of time do not enter into the formation of a valid right, nine-tenths of house-owners in Town are left unsafe. They are liable to be ousted by the land-lord as being destitute of any permanent right. Of course the owners of pucca houses may successfully plead an equitable estoppel, and contend that as the land-lord has stood by and allowed the construction of permanent buildings on his land he has waived his right of re-entry. But even here the tenant is liable to be cast in damages for the injury he has caused to his land-lord by building works of a lasting character, damages which may be more heavy to the tenant to bear than any amount of enhanced rent and more calamitous than even ejectment itself.

Further, if Act VIII of 1869 was not intended for non-agricultural and non-horticultural lands, what law is to govern

them? It may be answered that, in the absence of any positive statutory law, the courts are bound to administer equity and good conscience. This is no easy task. True, the principles of equity are interwoven with man's mental and moral constitution, but our idea of justice and equity varies with our mental culture and education, and what may appear equitable to one may not appear to another. It is doubtful how far the system of equity as administered by the English Chancery Courts is applicable to Indian cases, and under such circumstances the Judge's idea of equity may be synonymous with his individual caprice.

Such being the state of things the Courts are really in a fix in cases where non-agricultural and non-horticultural laws form the subject matter of dispute. Unless therefore the legislature interfere and pass an Act, matters will become more complicated, and the valuable rights of citizens will be broken through.

Before concluding the subject of right of occupancy, we can not help adverting to the hopeless confusion in which the law is relative to the acquisition of such by subtenants. The High Court have ruled both ways—regard being had to the equities of each particular case that came before them without presuming to question the soundness of their decisions. We may state as a general truth that the idea of a Koofra ryot becoming possessed of rights of occupancy is opposed to the traditions and feelings of the country, and the more such rights are recognized the more the Zemindar's right is encroached upon and his chance of re-entering his land is rendered the more remote.

Equally confused is the law relative to the transferable character or otherwise of occupancy tenures. The rulings of the High Court go to show that local usage governs that matter. No doubt customary law ought to govern cases not falling within the scope of express legislation, but in India, especially in Bengal where every thing is in a state of transition, it becomes a very difficult matter to determine what is custom and what is not. Possibly before the advent of a particular Zemindar, local usage was for making occupancy tenures transferable, but the aspect of affairs has changed since. What then is the Court to do? There

is one custom among the owners of Bromottor lands, and another among the owners of Mâl lands—which custom ought to prevail?

The third class of ryots are those commonly known as *ticca* ryots. They hold land during the pleasure of the Zemindar, and are liable to quit it whenever they are required to do so. Should they insist upon remaining on the land, the Zemindar cannot eject him by force, but must apply to a Court of justice having jurisdiction for the eviction of the tenant. In this respect the Bengal land-lord is inferior to the English land-lord. An English land-lord can eject his tenant without the intervention of a Court of justice, whereas the Bengal land-lord has got to serve a notice to quit on his tenant and then to bring an action against him upon the strength of the notice. In dealing with tenants-at-will the courts have few difficulties to meet with. In particular cases it becomes an intricate question to solve whether the possession of a *ticca* ryot has ripened into right of occupancy or not.

Before proceeding to a review of the provisions of the law of land-lord and tenant, it is cheering to remark *en passant* that fewer complications arise in respect of the rights of middle men. The reason why this should be so is simply this—these rights are purely the offspring of written contracts. The Zemindar knows full well that his resolutions with his subordinate holder are chalked out with the greatest precision, and he cannot deviate from them. The subordinate holder is also alive to what his obligations are, and if he neglect or fail to act in consonance thereto the courts have only to refer to the deed of contract to set matters right. It is only where a tenure that was *ryotti* in its inception is transformed into an intermediate one that complications arise. Then it is that courts are placed in the unenviable predicament of judging whether any transfer of it should have been registered in the superior holder's Sheristah, whether it was capable of being transferred, and other kindred questions of difficulty and intricacy.

Sec. II of the landlord and tenant's Act defines what a *pottah* is to contain, and the experience of officers who have administered it goes to support the exhaustiveness of the definition.

Firstly. Sec. IV provides that 20 year's payment of rent at a uniform rate is presumptive evidence that that rate has remained unchanged from the time of the Permanent Settlement. One may be disposed to ask why is this arbitrary encroachment upon the landlords' right. If you admit his proprietary right, you admit the full complement of rights which law and equity conjointly bestow upon him. The right to enhance the ryot's rent is one of such rights. Why therefore give the ryot the benefit of a presumption that is repugnant to the first principles of law? Because the land-lord through generosity or some other noble feeling—we care not enquire which—has contented himself with receiving rent at a uniform rate for 20 years, you put up on him a legal clog in the way of his recovering enhanced rent. In other words, because a man is forbearing in his act and conduct you put upon him the gag of forbearance. If he had been active in the work of enhancement, the law would not have been a bar to his further enhancing the rent. It may be urged that law pitches upon artificial periods of times as barring right and remedy, and the Statute of Limitation may be cited in its entirety. But it should be observed that the law of Limitation has not created any presumption whatever. It simply ordains that suits not brought within certain periods of time are to be considered as for ever barred. Further, Sec. IV of Act VIII of 1869 has in consequence of the land-lord's sufferance given a positive right to the tenant, a right which ought to spring out of contract and of contract only. It is an indisputable fact attested by the experience of past ages, that the more our legislators interfere with the free will of men in matters of contract relating to right and property the normal equilibrium of society becomes the more disturbed, and symptoms of disease in the social organism manifest themselves, to the utter dismay and bewilderment of those who hold the helm of the State. These distempers, however slight in their commencement, gradually become mighty convulsions tending to break asunder all bonds of social union. Social science has proved by facts and figures that in matters of right and property there is an all-pervading law which governs them. It would therefore

be as prudent on the part of the legislator to transgress it by enacting his own law as to transgress any of the laws of nature.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF EDUCATION.

By A Hindustani.

A preface is a nuisance; and the preface of a book is the first of the many portions of it which are, in these days of rapid reading, left as a rule unread. I do not therefore like to appear before you with a preface. But it strikes me that I had better tell you at the outset what you are *not* to expect from me. You are not to expect from me a tissue of what is called "Babu English." I do not maintain that Babu English is entirely useless, and should never be resorted to. In these days the country is regularly flooded with Babu English. And this time this species of English flows, not from Bengali Editors or the much abused M. As of the Calcutta University, but from the noble army of Newspaper Correspondents who are hovering about the Prince. When you have a long time to occupy and precious little to say, Babu English comes to the rescue. When you have to represent an event intrinsically destitute of significance as one pregnant with permanent results of the most glorious character, you cannot despise Babu English. But I have to treat of subjects of paramount importance, of the great problems of life and death; and it would be absurd if I were to waste my energy on a flight of mere rhetorical embellishments. You are, in the second place, not to expect from me a tissue of metaphysical quibbles. I am far from maintaining that logical or psychological subtleties are of no conceivable use. I am willing to admit that they tend to invigorate and sharpen the mind, and are therefore as factors of education worthy of the importance attached to them in our Colleges and Schools. But when associated with subjects of vital and lasting importance,

they tend to divert the mind from what improves our souls to what tickles our fancy. These subtleties therefore I must keep clear of. You are, in the third place, not to expect from me direct Christian preaching. I am not ashamed of my religion—*can* not be ashamed of a religion which has raised me from the lowest depths of sin, has brought me into a state of conscious union with God, has brightened my prospects so that I can confidently affirm—all things will work together for my good, and has thrown open, as it were, the gates of heaven before me. But this is not the proper place for direct Christian preaching ; and so I avoid it.

Now the subject before us is—the First Principle of Education. Some of you may get up and say :—" What on earth have we got to do with education ? We are neither pedagogues nor pupils : why should we be compelled to listen to a discourse on a subject with which we have at present very little to do ?" This objection is not entirely groundless. If you take the word *Education* in its most ordinary sense, that is, if you understand by it nothing more or less than learning a number of Alphabets, mastering a number of languages, studying a number of books, and having a number of subjects at your finger's end ; you are not entirely wrong when you affirm that you have very little to do with the theme of this evening's discourse. But take the word education in a broader and worthier sense as meaning the scheme of instruction which pursues us from the cradle to the grave, and which moreover prepares us for another and an infinitely more lasting stage of existence, and the objection becomes futile and childish. It is not difficult for me to prove that you are both pupils and teachers, and that consequently it becomes you to ascertain what the correct principles of education are. Observe, in the first place, that we are all pupils ! In this world there are two schools, the school of Light and the school of Darkness, and we belong either to the one or to the other of these institutions. The school of light is the school of knowledge, holiness and happiness. These three things go together. Correct knowledge is associated as a rule, if not invariably, with that holiness which is inseparably linked to genuine happiness.

The school of darkness is the school of ignorance, of unholiness, and of misery. These three things are also found, generally if not invariably, in a state of close union. There are two schools, the school of virtue and the school of vice, the school of God and the school of Satan. And we all belong to these schools, being members either of the one or of the other. Corresponding to these two schools there are two systems of education. There is an exalting or ennobling system of education, and there is a degrading and vitiating system of education. And we are all being trained either under the one or the other of these systems of education. We are being trained either under an elevating and exalting system of education for a higher and a brighter stage of existence; or under a demoralizing and vitiating system for a lower and a more degraded condition of life. There is no intervening stage, no *via media*. We are either imbibing poison that will spring up unto everlasting damnation, or we are drinking that living water which will spring up unto everlasting life. We are all pupils, and it becomes us to learn what the correct principles of education are.

But we are not merely pupils, but teachers also. Man is a gregarious animal, and does not go alone. If we are treading the narrow path that leadeth to everlasting life, we may be sure we are not going alone. By our example and by our teaching, either direct or indirect, we are leading others, our wives and children, those who are near us and those who are dear to us —— we are leading others also along with us! If on the other hand we are travelling on in the broad path that leadeth unto everlasting damnation, we are leading our own wives and children, our friends and our dear ones, on into destruction. This circumstance adds peculiar solemnity to our lives, and leads us almost to shrink instinctively from the awful load of responsibility placed upon our shoulders. Our actions are like stones dropped into a mass of still water. They describle circles which ripple, as were, over the entire surface of human affairs. We are not merely pupils, but teachers. By our acts and by our words, by the broad facts of our lives, and by the tenor of our

walk and conversation, we are teaching others or leading others on either toward a bright and glorious portion or towards the yawning gulf of perdition. How important is it for us to learn the correct principles of education !

Now, let me come to the common definition of education, and see how far it is correct and wherein it is deficient. Education is commonly defined as that which *educes*, or brings forth and matures the varied faculties of the mind. This definition is doubtless correct as far as it goes. But it does not, it is to be feared, go far enough. The human mind certainly needs a developing process. The varied faculties of the human mind are naturally in an embryonic state ; and they must be developed. They are in a germinal condition ; and they must be made to expand and fructify. Or, to change the figure, they are in a dormant condition, and they must be lashed up into life and activity. All this is true enough. The human mind needs development. But it needs something more. It needs not merely a developing process, but a *rectifying* process. The human mind is in a state of disorganization, and it needs something that may lead to its reorganisation, and *normal* development. Leave it in its natural state to develop itself, and the result will be an abnormal development. Rectify it, and then let it develop, and the result will be a normal development. A rectifying and a developing process must go hand in hand in order to bring the human mind to that state of vigor and expansion of which it is susceptible.

But how, you may ask, is it to be proved that the human mind is naturally in a sad state of disorganisation ? To prove this we need not plunge into metaphysical subtleties, we have only to observe facts to examine what philosophers call the phenomena of human consciousness. Examine the varied faculties of the mind, and you can not resist the conclusion that they display, each one in its own spheres of operation, a wrong tendency. Every faculty of mind, as soon as it unfolds itself, shows a fatal tendency to what may be called lawlessness and anarchy. Every faculty of the human mind properly speaking destroys itself by presumptuously transgressing those laws by which its movement

ought to be limited. Take for instance the Imagination. A bright and resplendent imagination is a great blessing. It enables us to live in the past as we do in the present. It enables us to be at home among the unseen realities of the dead past as we are at home among the seen realities of the living present. It makes the past instinct with life and beauty, adorns the future with that unspeakable brightness which is inherent in it. A bright and a glowing imagination therefore is one of the grandest of the mental gifts which we are called upon to covet. But a bright imagination is not an unmixed blessing. Do you remember what Lord Macaulay says of the imagination of Burke. Burke had a magnificent imagination. Although he never visited India, he had a brighter idea of the country than many foreigners who have spent their lives in it, than millions of those, who, born and bred up in it, look upon it as their mother country. India furnished to his mind the noblest and grandest of her pictures. The gorgeous pagoda was not in his mind a tower of mist, but a real pagoda with its glittering pinnacles and fantastic coverings. The embattled palace was in his mind, not something of which—because he had not seen—he had no clear idea, but a real palace with its lofty battlements, prominent towers and magnificent halls. And the jewelled princes were in his mind, not a cluster of bright phantasms, but real princes in purple extravagantly adorned with ornaments of gold profusely set with diamonds and brilliants. His mind was a grand gallery adorned with the brightest portraits this country can furnish. But, says Macaulay, when his imagination was once fired, it became ungovernable, and he became its slave. The imagination, even when it is properly developed, tends to domineer over reason, to be disloyal to its master. The imagination therefore displays, as soon as it is developed, a fatal tendency to excess, to discord and to anarchy. The same may be said of the memory. When the memory is developed by virtue of proper exercise, it also tends to usurp the authority of reason, and to domineer over the mind. The memory, like the imagination, tries to shake off the control of reason, and to develop itself disproportionately or without any reference to what may be cal-

led the proper laws of development. Every other faculty of the mind betrays this fatal bias, a tendency to disorder, to anarchy, to self-destruction. And what is the condition of the human mind in a grown up person? The mind in such a person is, generally speaking, a dreary scene of disorder and confusion. The memory, instead of being a repertory of bright associations and pleasant facts, is a storehouse of painful recollections. The imagination, instead of being a gallery of pictures of purity and happiness, is in reality full of impure and putrescent representations of vice and corruption. And Reason instead of being the controller is actually the slave of our appetites and passions, our prejudices and errors. What a dark picture of disorder and anarchy is this!

But let us now pass from the intellect to the heart of man. The intellect is not the whole of man : nor is it the noblest part of man. And that system of Education cannot but be pronounced outrageously defective which confines itself solely and wholly to its cultivation. The noblest part of man or the inner man is the heart, that sanctuary of the affections and the passions. Our happiness hinges more decidedly on its cultivation than on that of the intellect, and it is therefore of the last importance to see in what condition it is in what is called a state of nature. We cannot look even superficially and curiously, not to say narrowly, into the state of the heart without coming to the humiliating conclusion, that all its powers and susceptibilities are in a state of woful disorganization. Every power or feeling of the heart betrays a fatal tendency to excess, to disorder and to self-destruction. Let us begin with the lowest instincts of our complex nature,—our animal appetites and passions. Who needs to be told that they are obstinate and refractory, and display an almost unextinguishably vicious tendency to insubordination and disorder? It needs all the efforts that we can possibly put forth, all the energy of our minds and all the determination and vigor of our souls—to keep these appetencies of our animal nature within proper control. The wrong tendency in them is so obvious that you may accuse me of dealing in mere platitudes when I dwell upon it. But this

tendency, though most conspicuous in the case of our appetites and passions, is not confined to them. From these, the lowest instincts of our nature, let us go up to that faculty which has justly been called the governor of the soul. Let us look at conscience, and see if it also betrays the fatal tendency which is leading almost with unerring certainty all the powers of our mind and soul astray. That conscience has gone astray or is going astray becomes evident the moment we look into the religious condition of the world. All the false systems of religion by which this world is cursed, all the monstrous errors which are daily and hourly disorganizing the moral instincts of humanity, are but conscience stratified, conscience developed. Had conscience never gone astray, the existence of those forms of faith which we all agree in calling monstrous would have been an impossibility. The existence therefore of religions, apparently false and obviously absurd, is a proof indubitable of the existence of an erratic tendency in conscience. So that from conscience, the highest faculty of the soul, down to our appetites and passions, the lowest instincts of our animal nature, the human heart has not a propensity, feeling or desire which does not betray a wrong bias, a fatal tendency to corruption, and through it to self-murder. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. The inner man is a sad picture of ruin. The intellect with its noble faculties all in a state of disorganization, and the heart with its affections and passions all improperly developed and misapplied—such is the sad condition of the human soul. All the powers of our minds and all the susceptibilities of our hearts are under the control of a demon, which is ever and anon leading them astray, and dragging them into misery and wretchedness. In plain English, sin reigns within us, and is vitiating and corrupting all the faculties of our minds and all the susceptibilities of our souls !

That such is the deplorable state of our souls appears from our unwillingness to look them as it were in the face. We are always reluctant to look into the state of our souls, and our proneness to fly from ourselves, that to be wilfully blind to the

real state of our hearts is proverbial. Why so? During the early part of our by no means gloomy and frowning winter, how delighted are we to look at the fields smiling under the fresh beauty of vegetation in its earlier stages of development! Our eyes are refreshed by the sight, and we love to linger it. But we instinctively recoil with horror when we are called upon to look into a quagmire full of filth. Had our hearts been the abodes of innocence and purity, of peace and joy, we would have taken a positive pleasure in fixing our mental gaze upon them. The fact that we actually recoil from the sight with horror, do all we can to keep it out of our way, is a proof that they present a gloomy picture of impurity and vice. We have only to look in, and the humiliating conclusion to which we have come regarding the erratic tendencies and actual aberrations of the inner man will need no proof. The sad conclusion stares us in the face whenever we examine ourselves that sin reigns within us, and is guiding us, directing our feelings, regulating our affections, and shaping and fashioning our desires and aspirations. And if sin is guiding, it is not difficult to say where it will ultimately land us!

Some young men try to blunt the edge of the sad and humiliating conclusion to which we have come by representing sin as a *negative*, rather than a positive principle, a negation of virtue, not an actual and living principle of vice. It is to me a matter of very little consequence whether sin is a positive or negative principle, whether we sin by a positive principle of vice or by the absence of virtue. Some years ago a district in America was being decimated by cholera, and every house almost within its precincts was converted into a house of mourning. A number of Doctors sat in solemn convocation, and came to the consoling conclusion that the pestilence which was devastating the fair district was *not Bengal cholera*! It was after all a matter of very little consequence to the afflicted people whether the epidemic under the ravages of which they were smarting was *Bengali* or *Italian* in origin. So it is a matter of very little importance to us whether we are being ruined by a negative or

a positive principle. If you feel a peculiar satisfaction in being ruined by negative principle, you have every right to call sin a mere negation of virtue. All that I wish you to do is to recognize the fact that you are being ruined by sin, and that if you do not kill sin, sin will kill you! All this may be predicated of the other controversy by means of which some people try to mar the significance of the appalling conclusion to which we have come. The facts that we are being ruined by sin being admitted, it is a matter of very little consequence to us whether this destructive principle is *original* or *derived*. The principle may be immanent and innate, born with us, or communicated to us by our parents, by the law of heredity, or it may have been introduced into us by all that is meant in that comprehensive and often ambiguous term education. Its being the one thing or the other does not alter our case which appears the more appalling the more we think over it.

Do you remember the touching lines in which Lord Byron describes the present state of Greece. He says—it is Greece but *living* Greece no more. The heights of Thermopylæ stand as they did in times of yore, but the spirit of patriotic heroism which was displayed there is gone. The Bay of Salamis smiles as it did in ancient times under a glowing sky, but the nautical skill and cool courage displayed there are gone. The sites where groves of philosophy flourished continue now as they were, where Socrates silenced the proud Sophist by means of his ingenious dialogues, but the spirit of transcendental thought which hovered around those sacred spots is gone. It is emphatically living Greece no more. Such is the condition of the human soul! It is living soul no more! The noble faculties of the mind continue what they were, the memory to store up facts and truths, the imagination to render them instinct with life and radiant with beauty, and reason to classify, arrange and compare them, as well as to deduce from them conclusions which are both reliable and beneficial. But these faculties of the mind, so noble, so magnificent are all under the domination of the demon of sin and unrighteousness! The heart with its susceptibilities, its warm affections

and tender feelings, continues what it is;—but those emotions so delicate, so buoyant, and so well fitted to diffuse peace and happiness around them are under the control of Satan! The life of the soul is gone, and it is a dead mass of impurity and putrescence! God, its legitimate sovereign has been thrust out, and the throne which belongs to Him alone is occupied by the God of this world, the prince of the power of the air!

Such being the wretched and deplorable condition of the soul in what is called the state of nature, the first principle of education is to thrust out sin from the human heart and let in God. Sin is guiding us, and if sin is allowed to have its own way, it will lead us to ruin. The first thing, therefore, which we can or should do with a view to educate ourselves for that brighter stage of existence to which we are destined to be exalted, is to emancipate ourselves from this wrong guidance, and commit ourselves unreservedly to the guidance of God. He is willing to deliver us from the thraldom of sin, and to guide us unto purity and bliss. Though we have most audaciously and most wickedly thrust Him out of *our* hearts, He has not thrust us out of His. And He is perpetually knocking at the door of our hearts. As we pass and repass the threshold of our houses, as we enter our spheres of work and retire from them, as we enter our sleeping apartments and lie down in our beds, at all times and under all circumstances we hear this ceaseless knocking. Let us open the doors of our hearts and let Him in, and all will be right with us. He will lead us to green pastures and cause us to lie beside still waters. He will guide us through the trials and vexations of life, guide us when we pass through the valley of the shadow of death, and guide us throughout eternity. He being our guide, evry step that we take will be a step towards peace and joy, towards heavenly felicity and heavenly glory!

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Lord Lytton, the Viceroy-elect, left London for India on the 22nd March. His Lordship expects to meet His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at Suez on the 24th and to reach Bombay on the 7th April.

At the annual Convocation of the Calcutta University held on the 11th March, the honorary degree of Doctor in Law was conferred on professor Monier William of Oxford, the Rev. K. M. Banerjea and Babu Rajendra Lal Mitra. The Vice-Chancellor (the Hon'ble Mr. Hobhouse) remarked in his speech that there was in the last Examination a falling off in the number of successful candidates, the failures having been chiefly in English and Mathematics.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales left Bombay for England on the 13th March, and before leaving wrote the following letter to His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General of India :—

D. M. S. "SERAPIS,"
Bombay, 13th March, 1876.

MY DEAR LORD NORTHBROOK,—I cannot leave India without expressing to you, as the Queen's Representative of this vast Empire, the sincere pleasure and the deep interest with which I have visited this great and wonderful country.

As you are aware, it has been my hope and intention for some years past to see India, with a view to become more intimately acquainted with the Queen's subjects in this distant part of Her Empire, and to examine for myself those objects of interest which have always had so great an attraction for travellers.

I may candidly say that my expectations have been more than realized by what I have witnessed, so that I return to my native country most

deeply impressed with all I have seen and heard. The information I have gained will, I am confident, be of the greatest value to me, and will form a useful foundation for much that I hope hereafter to acquire.

The reception I have met with from the Princes and Chiefs and from the native population at large is most gratifying to me; as the evidence of loyalty thus manifested shows an attachment to the Queen and to the Throne, which I trust will be made every year more and more lasting. It is my earnest hope that the many millions of the Queen's Indian subjects may daily become more convinced of the advantages of British rule, and that they may realize more fully that the Sovereign and the Government of England have the interests and well-being of India very sincerely at heart.

I have had frequent opportunities of seeing Native Troops of all branches of the Service, and I cannot withhold my opinion that they constitute an Army of which we may feel justly proud. The "march past" at Delhi of so many distinguished officers, and of such highly disciplined troops, was a most impressive sight, and one which I shall not easily forget.

I wish also to state my high appreciation of the Civil Service; and I feel assured that the manner in which their arduous duties are performed tends greatly to the prosperity and the contentment of all classes of the community.

I cannot conclude without thanking you, and all those in authority, for the facilities which have enabled me to traverse so rapidly so large an extent of country; and rest assured I shall ever retain a grateful memory of the hospitality tendered by yourself and by others who have so kindly received me.

Believe me, my dear Lord Northbrook,

Yours very sincerely,

ALBERT EDWARD.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of the Rev. Dr. Millman, the Lord Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India. He died at Rawal Pindee on the 15th March. Though we had no sympathy with his ritualistic views, we always felt that he was a good and earnest man.

The Jaina brothers, Rai Lachmiput Sing Bahadur and Rai Dhunput Sing Bahadur, wealthy merchants of Baluchur near Moorshedabad, are vying with each other in the career of public-spirited benevolence. Their works of beneficence are innumerable; one of the latest is the offer of the younger brother to construct at his own expense a light branch railway from Ranaghat to Bhagabangola. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor has requested the Commissioner of the Presidency Division to submit a scheme for giving effect to the proposal.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1. *Victoria-Gitika*. Composed and set to music by Sourindra Mohun Tagore, President, Bengal Music School. Calcutta : Stanhope Press, 1875.
2. *Fifty Stanzas in Sanskrit* in honour of H. R. H. The Prince of Wales. Composed and set to music by Sourindra Mohun Tagore, President, Bengal Music School. Calcutta : Stanhope Press, 1875.
3. *English Verses set to Hindu Music* in honour of H. R. H. The Prince of Wales. By Sourindra Mohun Tagore, President, Bengal Music School. Calcutta : Presidency Press. 1875.
5. *Hindu Music* from various authors. Part I. Compiled by Sourindra Mohun Tagore. Calcutta : Stanhope Press. 1875.
4. *Yantra-Kosha*, or a Treasury of the Musical Instruments of Ancient and Modern India and of various other countries. By Sourindra Mohun Tagore, President, Bengal Music School. Calcutta : Madhyastha Press. 1875.

Baboo Sourindra Mohun Tagore, brother of Rajah Jotindra Mohun Tagore Bahadoor, is doing more for Bengali music than any other living man. He is himself not only well skilled in that the pleasantest of all the fine arts, but he encourages the development of the musical faculty in others; and, further, spends a great deal of money in the publication of books on Indian music. We have before us five volumes all written and compiled by that enthusiastic votary of music; and for Bengali books; they are well got up. The first on the list, the *Victoria Gitika*, celebrates the "deeds and virtues of Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and her renowned predecessors." All the so-

vereigns of England pass in review from William of Normandy to the Empress of India ; and the work ends with the following *sloka* :—

“ Descended from the Tagore family,
Thy suppliant, Sourindra Mohun.
Implores a little spark of thy mercy,
Hardly attainable, O thou merciful Empress of India.”

The second book on the list contains fifty eulogistic stanzas on His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the last of which we subjoin :—“ O generous Prince of Wales ! although these stanzas are dull and devoid of brilliancy, yet the very touch of thy hand will doubtless impress on them both charm and merit, just as *Sparsamuni*, or the philosopher’s stone converts the iron it touches into gold.”

The third on the list contains English verses collected from various poets,—some by the compiler’s brother Rajah Jotindra Mohun Tagore—in honour of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. *Hindu Music* contains reprints of Capt. Willard’s *Treatise on the Music of Hindustan*, Sir William Jones’s dissertation on the *Musical Modes of the Hindus*, and other tracts. The *Yantra-Kosha* is a very useful book as it describes all the musical instruments of ancient and modern India, and contains a dictionary of musical terms.

Kasmir-Kusuma, that is, a description of Kasmir, By Rajendra Mohana Basu. Calcutta: Madhyastha Press. Sakabda 1797.

Babu Rajendra Mohana Basu, who lived for many years in Kasmir, has given in the book before us a graphic description of that terrestrial paradise. The book is not merely a traveller’s *Vade mecum* as Dr. Ince’s *Guide*; it is replete with every sort of information concerning the country, its people, the productions of its soil, its laws and institutions, the state of society, the manners and customs of its inhabitants, and their religion. The treatise is inscribed to Babu Nilambara Mukerjea, the Chief Justice and Judicial Commissioner of Kasmir.

Karnarjuna Karya. Part I. By Bala Deva Palit. Calcutta: Stanhope Press. B. E. 1282.

Baboo Bala Deva Palit is one of the best Bengali poets of the day ; and the work before us will, we have no doubt, add to his reputation. It is only the first part of what promises to be a grand epic in Bengali on the great subject of the *Mahabharata*, the war between the Kurus and the Pandavas, headed by Karna and Arjjuna. The versification is harmonious, the descriptions are lively, the images apposite and the reflections just. Throughout there is a good deal of poetic fire. We have been particularly struck with that passage in the 3rd *Swarga* in which Krishna gives in the Court of Duryodhana a graphic account of the doings of the contending chiefs. We trust the author will soon favour us with the remaining books of his poem.

Maharashtra-Kalanga. By Umesa Chandra Gupta. Calcutta : Roy and Co. Press. B. E. 1282.

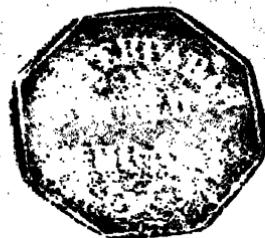
Not long ago we noticed in these pages two dramas written by this author ; and here is a third drama from the same prolific pen. We cannot but think that if Babu Umesa Chandra Gupta, who has some dramatic power, were to bestow longer time upon his compositions, they would be considerably improved. At the same time we must frankly admit that the present performance, which treats of the intrigues of Sambhuji, the son of the great Sivaji, is far superior to his former works, and we trust his next work will be still better.

Sarojini : Or the Siege of Chittore. Calcutta : Valmiki Press. Sakabda 1796.

When Allauddin, Emperor of Delhi, was besieging Chittore, the capital of Mewar, one Mahamad Ali, who had disguised himself as a Brahman of the name of Bhairaváchárya and had become the chief priest of Chaturbhujá Devi, literally the four-handed goddess, the tutelary deity of that Rajput city, represented to Lakshman Sinha, the king, that the city could only

be saved by sacrificing to the goddess his beautiful daughter Sarojini. Vijaya Sinha, to whom the princess had been betrothed, became mad with rage when he heard that the king had consented to the sacrifice of his daughter. By a variety of adventures and stratagems, the heroic Vijaya Sinha defeated the malice of the disguised Mahammadan; and the result was that Roshenara, the sister of the Mahammadan, who was a captive in the Rajput city, was offered in sacrifice instead of the beautiful Sarojini. While this was going on in Chittore, the Emperor made a sudden rush upon the city and took it. The Rajput king had before kept ready a funeral pile in which the ladies of his Zennana were to be burnt to death rather than be ravished by the Mahammadans. Into this blazing pile Sarojini cast herself along with all the other ladies of the royal household.

Such is the main story of the drama before us. If the author of this drama is the same as the author of *Pururikrama*—and such is the belief of most readers—then we are of the opinion that the writer's first performance is far better than his second. The only fault we found with *Pururikrama* was that it was far too long. But *Sarojini* is a great deal longer. It consists of 240 demy octavo pages of pica type, which for a Bengali drama is of unconscionable length; and this tedious length is the effect of unnecessarily prolix and verbose descriptions. But the great fault of the drama is its unnaturalness. One would expect that, after her fortunate escape from the wiles of Bhairaváchárya, Sarojini would live a happy life, and the drama would have a prosperous conclusion. But the reader is miserably deceived. Sarojini escapes from the sacrificial knife only to be offered up as a burnt offering,—that is, from the frying pan to the fire. We do not understand the beauty of making the heroine escape from one sort of death only to make her suffer another sort of death. Why did not the author kill his heroine at the altar of the four-armed goddess? If he had done so, we should have been saved the infliction of 217 mortal pages of demy octavo size in pica type.



THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL DAYS.

By An Old Bengali Boy.

CHAPTER XIX.

MY INSTRUCTORS—IN MEMORIAM.

As I am drawing near the close of these recollections of my school life, I think it desirable to say something of those gentlemen to whom I am indebted for the unfolding of my intellectual and moral being. Next to my father and mother who brought me into the world, and who nourished and cherished me during the helpless age of infancy, I am indebted, for the development of my mind and the formation of my character, to five missionary fathers, the Rev. Alexander Duff, D. D., L. L. D., the Rev. William Sinclair Mackay, D. D., the Rev. David Ewart, D. D., the Rev. John Macdonald, M. A., and the Rev. Thomas Smith, D. D., all of whom were originally missionaries of the Established Church of Scotland, but all of whom at the Disruption joined the Free Church of Scotland. I will not in this sketch speak of the first, whose praise is in all the Churches, and whose name is a familiar household word in most Indian homes; neither of the last, who is now a distinguished minister of the Free Church at Edinburgh; for they are both living, and are as burning and shining lights in that Church in connection with which they labour: and I pray God that they may yet be spared many years of holy activity and ministerial usefulness. But of the other three who have entered into their rest, it is necessary that I should speak, however briefly

as I should be the most ungrateful of creatures if I omitted to record my obligations to them in this the story of my education.

The Rev. William Sinclair Mackay, D. D., was one of the most accomplished missionaries that ever came to India. He was not only well read in Latin and Greek literature, but, what is far better, had imbibed a thoroughly classical spirit and taste, which showed itself in his singularly graceful style of English composition. I have always regretted that his writings have never been collected together in a permanent form, as I have no doubt that if re-published in two or three volumes they would be a valuable accession to English literature. He contributed largely to the *Calcutta Christian Observer*, a monthly Magazine, which continued to be edited for more than thirty years by some member or other of the Calcutta Missionary Conference. Dr. Mackay's contributions consisted chiefly of reviews of the theological books published in Britain. He engaged also in a controversy on Puseyism with the late Professor Street, of Bishop's College, Calcutta, in the course of which the Presbyterian missionary displayed an acquaintance with the Latin and Greek Fathers, especially the latter, far deeper than that shown by the Anglican clergyman who spent his days and his nights in the study of patristic theology. All who watched the controversy—and in those days of the Tractarian movement it was watched with intense interest by the religious public of India—rose from the perusal of the discussions with the impression that Professor Street, though highly accomplished, was no match for Dr. Mackay in cogency of argument, in felicity of expression, and even in the Tractarian's own ground, knowledge of the Latin and Greek Fathers. To the *Christian Observer* Dr. Mackay occasionally contributed poetical pieces which had the ring of genuine poetry; had they not been of a religious character, as most of them were, they would have attracted general admiration. Dr. Mackay also contributed to the *Calcutta Review* almost from the commencement of that quarterly periodical which he subsequently edited for some time; and his article, the "Jesuits in India" in one of the earlier numbers was of such sterling merit that it attracted attention in England where

it was re-published and extensively circulated. And towards the close of his life when, owing to a hopelessly shattered constitution, he was obliged to leave the mission field after labouring in it for exactly thirty years, and return to his native land, he contributed to the London *Quarterly Review* several articles of great merit. Besides contributing to the periodical press, Dr. Mackay published a small treatise on the Evidences of Christianity for the use of his pupils, and some beautiful sermons and addresses to educated Hindus.

Dr. Mackay was, however, not merely a literary man ; he was a good mathematician, and was perhaps the first Astronomer in his day in India. Next to theology which he studied deeply in all its branches, there was no subject to which he gave greater attention than Astronomy. Wherever he laboured, whether in Calcutta or at Chinsurah, he had a private observatory of his own, furnished with the necessary apparatus, from the "lone high tower" of which he nightly watched the Bear and the other inhabitants of the starry deep. As he was enthusiastic in the study of Astronomy, he endeavoured to impart the same enthusiasm to, his pupils. I attended his Lectures on Astronomy for three years, during which our text-books were Mylne, Herschel, Brewster, Vince. He was not content, however, with teaching us theoretical Astronomy ; he showed us its application to Navigation, and some of his pupils became so expert in the use of the sextant in taking observations and in the manipulation of Norie's Navigation and the Nautical Almanac, that some Captains of ships, who examined us, declared that we were quite able to steer a vessel from the Sandheads to Portsmouth. Another scientific subject for the knowledge of which I am indebted to Dr. Mackay is the Steam Engine. Into this subject he carried his pupils most elaborately, taking for his text-book Lardner's treatise on the Steam Engine, which we had, thanks to Dr. Mackay, at our fingers' ends, and for the illustration of which a large model Steam Engine used every day to be introduced into the class-room. Long before the introduction of the system of railways into India, Dr. Mackay had made us familiar with the theory of locomotive engines.

I am not a little indebted to Dr. Mackay for English composition. I should be ungrateful if I did not acknowledge my obligations in this matter to the Rev. Dr. Thomas Smith, now minister of the Free Church, Cowgatehead, Edinburgh. Dr. Smith taught me the rudiments of English composition. He looked over my exercises every week and corrected the inaccuracies with which they abounded. As a first-class mathematician, and master of a down-right plain Anglo-Saxon style, he taught me to avoid bombast and all semi-poetical expressions. "Write as you speak," was the advice he always gave me. "Write and correct," was another advice; and a third piece of advice—and perhaps the most useful of the three in my younger days—was, "Strike out those sentences which you think the finest." It may be easily imagined that the following of this third piece of advice required no little amount of self-denial and self-humiliation; but however painful the operation, I have no doubt it did me a great deal of good—it made hate what is called "fine writing." And such a distaste has Dr. Smith given me for "fine" and semi-poetic prose, that I can hardly read a page of any book of the type of Hervey's "Meditations", without nausea. Another bit of advice he gave me was to avoid preface-making. In those days we school boys, when writing an Essay on any subject, used always to begin with an introduction not altogether pertinent to the matter in hand, somewhat in the following style—"Before entering into the subject, it is advisable to make some preliminary remarks, &c. &c." Dr. Smith would on such occasions invariably come down upon us and say—"It is not advisable."—"Don't make any preliminary remarks"—"Go straight into the subject"—"If you have anything to say on the subject, out with it"—"Don't be beating about the bush." Dr. Smith thus impressed on us the principles of directness of thought, clearness of language, and down-rightness of manner—qualities absolutely necessary to all good composition. Dr. Mackay attempted to make us feel the graces and beauties of style. He too read our compositions in the class, and criticized them in our presence. And such criticism! I generally felt a cold shudder when he took my paper into his hands to subject it to criticism, as if my body

was going to be dissected and not my paper. My heart almost dried up within me when after reading a sentence, he would break out in an ironical vein—"What a brilliant sentence this!" He would then take up that sentence, demolish it into atoms, and on its ruins construct another sentence of beauty. But it is not so much in the class-room that I benefited from Dr. Mackay, so far as this subject is concerned, as from reading his published writings. As a student I greatly admired Dr. Mackay's style of composition,—I regarded it as the perfection of beauty. I therefore greedily devoured every article he wrote, every sermon or address he published; and whenever he preached in a Church or delivered an address to my educated countrymen, I hung on his lips with wrapt admiration.

Besides mere science and literature, I am indebted to Dr. Mackay for my first impressions on the Evidences of Christianity, on which he lectured to us in the Class-room, using as a text-book the little treatise which he himself had compiled from Hartwell Horne's *Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures*. That little book was with him a text-book in the proper sense of the word, for it merely furnished him three times in the week with a subject on which he poured out the stores of his richly endowed mind ; and it may be easily imagined that his prelections were highly interesting, when it is borne in mind that he was familiarly acquainted with the writings of the Christian Fathers. I seemed to be introduced into entirely a new world of thought, and the impressions I then received have never been effaced from my mind, though there have been from time to time new and fresh ideas on those subjects.

Dr. Mackay had a singularly quick and far-sighted intellect. Like the eagle it despaired ideas and conclusions at a greater distance than most other men whom I have seen. It arrived at truth by long leaps, jumping over long lines of reasoning which ordinary men laboriously wade through. It had more of an intuitive than a ratiocinative character ; at any rate the ratiocinations were concealed from our view, and we saw only the conclusions. It was for this reason that he was a first-rate teacher of lads of

quick parts, but a bad teacher of lads of dull intellect. As his eagle-sighted intellect saw distant conclusions at a glance, he did not always remember that more sluggish intellects required to have before them all the intervening steps of the reasoning before they could perceive the justness of the conclusions.

Dr. Mackay had a most delicate taste. Dr. Johnson said of somebody, that his writings and speeches showed as if his taste fed on potatoes—it was so coarse. Dr. Mackay's taste had in it such delicate flavour, such aroma, such richly-scented perfume, that it seemed as if it fed on manna—angels' food, on ambrosia—the food of the gods. It was his inborn sense of the beautiful, coupled with his classical culture and his familiarity with the best models of modern European literature, that gave him this exquisite taste. His mind was cast on the Hellenic mould.

I have spoken of Dr. Mackay simply as a teacher, for I am now talking of my school days: when my College career was over I had familiar and, I may say, intimate intercourse with him; when I come to speak of those days I shall describe Dr. Mackay as a man.

Another of the missionary fathers to whom I am indebted for my education was the Rev. David Ewart, D. D., who, though inferior in talents to Dr. Mackay, was perhaps a better teacher especially of boys not overflowing with natural abilities. He was singularly patient with his pupils, giving them line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little; putting himself in their position, and sympathizing with them in all their difficulties; and taking the utmost pains to make himself intelligible to them. I cannot say that he excelled in any particular branch of knowledge; his mind seems to have been directed with equal force to a variety of subjects all of which he appeared to have mastered. He was in consequence as good a teacher of mathematics as of English literature, of physics as of metaphysics and theology. His Lectures on Bacon's Essays I shall remember till the day of my death, for they were admirable; I only regret that his extreme modesty prevented him from committing his

criticisms to paper and publishing them to the world. Nor did I derive less benefit when I went with him through Butler's *Analogy*, Sir John Herschel's *Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy*, and some of the works of Locke and Robert Boyle. But the best lesson I learnt from Dr. Ewart was that of his own life. The perfect equanimity of his temper; his freedom from all prejudice; the philosophic coolness of his judgment; his frankness, which was even visible in his countenance; the rigid uprightness of his character, never swerving in the slightest degree for a moment from the path of rectitude; his gentleness, which more resembled that of a woman than of a stout, stalwart man upwards of six feet high; his wonderful patience, in bearing on his shoulders the cares of a large educational establishment, and listening to the complaints of his pupils; his kindness to poor students, assisting some with books and others with means of livelihood from his own pocket; the lively interest he took in the welfare of those who had at any period of their lives sat at his feet, readily giving them letters of recommendation, and endeavouring to get employments for them; and above all, his charity which led him never to think evil of any men, Hindu, Mahammadan or Christian—the exhibition of these virtues in the daily life and conversation of David Ewart was to me more instructive than a course of Lectures on Ethics or a whole body of Divinity. These virtues I perceived in Dr. Ewart while I was a student; but he had other and higher virtues which I perceived in after life when I came into closer contact with him; of those I hope to speak in the course of this narrative.

The third missionary father to whom I am indebted for my education was the Rev. John Macdonald, M.A., a man in many respects different from the other two. Though in his younger days he had greatly distinguished himself in the University in which he was educated, by his proficiency in classical literature, in philosophy and in mathematics, he determined when he came out as a missionary to India to teach no secular subject, but to devote all his energies to the teaching of the Bible and the theology contained in it; and he never, during the ten years of his missionary

life, swerved from his determination except only on one occasion when he was prevailed upon, owing to the departure on sick leave of a brother missionary to the Cape of Good Hope, to teach for some months the poems of Cowper—a poet to whom he was partial on account of his evangelical spirit; and I doubt whether he would have agreed to lecture on any other English poet than Milton, in whose *Paradise Lost*, however, he lamented the insinuation of a sort of semi-Arianism, the fabrication of a Christian or rather infernal mythology, and the investment of the Evil One with grandeur and sublimity. But though John Macdonald religiously avoided lecturing on all other subjects except the Bible and Biblical theology, the advantages I derived from his prelections on those subjects were incalculable. He took me through nearly the whole of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation excepting some of the minor Prophets, expounding the sacred writings with great clearness and power, pouring a flood of light on difficult passages, and removing infidel and rationalistic objections with singular logical acumen. And his Lectures on Christian theology, of which I took copious notes, were to me of the utmost value. It was from those Lectures that I first obtained a systematic view of all the doctrines of Christianity. Avoiding all metaphysical discussions, he placed before his students the whole teaching of the Scriptures in a plain, practical and clear manner. Nor should I leave unmentioned the uncommon interest he made us take in the “Progress” of the “Pilgrim” from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City.

Such are the blessings I received from the three missionary fathers who have now ceased from their labours; to the other two, whose names I have mentioned in the beginning of this Chapter I am at least equally, if not in a greater degree, indebted; and though my obligations to them must remain unrecorded in these pages, I am not the less grateful to them.

AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

LAND TENURE IN BENGAL.

Second Paper.

The next problem of the Rent Law that obtrudes upon the attention of the student of law is that of enhancement of rent. Sections 14 and 18 of Act VIII of 1869 deal with the enhancement of the rent of ryotti tenures. Under the former Section the land-lord is under legal obligation to serve a notice of demand upon his ryot, specifying his ground or grounds upon which the demand for increased rent is based. Should the land-lord fail to establish the *factum* of the service of the notice, or should the service be not according to law, or should the wording of the notice have not been precise, his suit for enhancement becomes abortive, and he is thrown out. When Act X of 1859 was the prevailing law notices used to be written in so careless a manner that 75 per cent of the enhancement suits were dismissed for their defectiveness.

But happily such dismissals have become very rare now-a-days. The object of serving a notice of demand upon the ryot is to apprise him of the grounds upon which the land-lord wanted to proceed against him, so that if the ryot was satisfied that the grounds were just, he was at liberty to come to terms with his land-lord before he was actually sued in Court, and was thereby put to harassment and expence. For this reason it has been the policy of our Courts of Justice to admit no notices save those which were clear and precise in their language and purport. The notice is under the law made serviceable by the Collector in whose jurisdiction the ryot has his domicile. In dealing with the question of service of notice the Court find as a general rule that the Collectorate peon did not execute the process as he should have done, and there was nothing like a check upon his proceedings. It so happens that a great many enhancement suits are thrown out simply on the ground that the Collectors' peon effected a bad service. It is difficult to understand why the jurisdiction of the Collector has been retained in this respect by the Legislature,

when work of a kindred nature has been transferred from him to the constituted Civil Courts of the country. A notice of demand for enhanced rent and a notice informing the land-lord that the ryot has deposited rent in Court which the latter refused to take, are certainly not heterogenous, but while the first is served by the Collector the other by the civil Court. In this particular instance the law appears to be anomalous. It should be conceded to by all right thinking men that when the Civil Court has to sit in judgment upon the service of notice, it is the best authority to control the acts of such ministerial officers as are entrusted with that duty. Why a different plan of action should be resorted to in this particular case it is difficult to understand.

Section 18 specifies the grounds upon which an action for enhancement of rent might lie. They are,

Firstly, that the ryot pays rent at a rate lower than the prevailing rate payable by similar class of ryots for similar lands to those in his occupation.

Secondly, that the productiveness of the land or the value of the produce has increased otherwise than by the agency or at the expense of the ryot.

Thirdly, that the ryot holds more land than he pays rent for.

These provisions of the law are applicable to ryots having rights of occupancy. In enhancing the rent of a non-occupant ryot the land-lord is not restricted to the above grounds. It was at one time the opinion of the Judges that a ryot not having rights of occupancy was liable to pay whatever increased rent was demanded of him by the land-lord or to quit his holding, but it has now been authoritatively ruled that the land-lords are entitled to rent only at fair and equitable rates. It is submitted that this ruling is to a great extent in conflict with the spirit of Sec. VIII which provides that "ryots not having rights of occupancy are entitled to pottahs only at such rates as may be agreed upon between them and the persons to whom the rent is payable." In delivering judgment in the case of Sheik Mokeem Marsh, Sir Barnes Peacock thought that Section had reference only to suits for pottahs, where the rate of rent was in dispute. In other

words, his Lordship reasoned after this fashion. A non-occupancy ryot sued his land-lord for the recovery of a pottah, but they could not agree as to the rate of rent, and they left it to the arbitration of the Court. Sir Barnes was of opinion that it was no matter for judicial determination, but for private adjustment and agreement. One might say, if this was no matter for judicial determination, why should it be different in a case of a simple contest for rates? A suit for enhancement is a dispute as to rates. Why then should there be the interposition of a Court of Justice in a dispute regarding rates when there is no such interposition in the case of pottahs at contested rates? A pottah is only evidence of one species of contract, a decree of Court is a contract of another species, but both are contracts. Why should one principle be made to govern the pottah, and another the decree? Further, in going over the sections of the Rent Law we do not come across any provision which grants to the non-occupancy ryot the luxury of "fair and equitable rates" as the learned Judges of the High Court would give them.

Be that as it may, it appears to us to be clear that Section 8 is susceptible of more constructions than one, and so that supposing it has been rightly construed by the High Court it is extremely questionable how far that construction enunciates a sound principle of legal morality and is in unison with the land-lord right. The *status* of a non-occupancy ryot being essentially that of a tenant-at-will, it is manifestly preposterous to vest him with the privilege of claiming from his land-lord "fair and equitable rates" of rent and thereby set him on litigation, thus paving the way to his ruin which he could have avoided by walking out of the land. It is a privilege unknown to any of the Codes of civilized countries, and is at best an arbitrary encroachment upon the land-lord's right.

But to revert to the subject of enhancement. The law of enhancement is an institution peculiar to Bengal. There is nothing like it in English law. Barring holdings with fixed rents for terms of years or in perpetuity the rent of the other holdings is, according to English law, enhancible at the option of

the land-lord and all that he has got to do is to serve upon the tenant a notice of demand, and if it is not complied with to distrain the tenant's goods with the aid of the nearest justice of the peace, on the expiration of the period set out in the notice. The English law is as much ignorant of "the prevailing rate" "the fair and equitable rate" as ours is of "tail-male" and "tail-female", and consequently cases of enhancement are unknown in English Courts.

The English notion of a fair rent is the rent demanded by the land-lord, whereas ours is essentially of a different character. The principle laid down by a majority of fourteen judges in the celebrated case of *Thakurani Dassi* makes 'fair rate' synonymous with the customary rate and not with the rate which obtains in the competition-market. With due deference to the opinion of the learned Judges which prevailed, we venture to side with Sir Barnes Peacock in thinking that competition ought to govern the question of rates. We freely admit that the question of competition *versus* custom is one of the most stiff problems of political economy, and on which great men have differed; but bearing in mind that this is pre-eminently an age of fair play, all artificial restraints in the way of spontaneous adjustment of rates are to be deprecated. In the infancy of society, custom exercised a good deal of influence in setting questions of difficulty and doubt. It was then that economical rules were in a nascent state, and it was safer for people to submit to the dictates of custom than carve out a new passage for their guidance. But custom is at best retrogressive in its tendency. Its structure is essentially conservative and after society has progressed to a certain extent, custom leads to stagnation, and becomes an insuperable obstacle in the way of further progress. The 'reason why' is not difficult to understand. Men's thoughts run in the groove cut out by their ancestors. They say what was good for their ancestors is good for them, and their innate laziness prompts them not to think over a matter that has been placed on a footing of stability by their ancestors.

I have attempted to show deductively that custom is opposed

to progress, and I will now show inductively that its influence is anything but healthy upon society. If we compare Asiatic civilization with that which prevails in Europe, and mark the turning points of each with the light which History furnishes us, we shall find that European civilization is essentially the child of competition. We find that where custom was the only existing cause of progress, progress was stunted and diminutive in its features and growth. The old protective spirit did more injury to the cause of humanity than war, devastations, even plague itself; and with the decline of that spirit, literature, arts and commerce flourished to benefit and delight mankind. And what was this protective spirit but an over-fondness on the part of kings and princes of their subjects, over-anxiety for their welfare, engendered by ages of wonted despotism. So long as the protective spirit was predominant, trade and commerce remained stationary there was no development of the best and richest resources of the country, the stock of national wealth remained constant, and society was in a state of collapse. Competition on the other hand brings out the latent resources of a country into bold relief. By raising prices of food and labour it stimulates the energies of the people increases in a geometrical ratio the produce of the soil, and brings more wealth into the exchequer of the nation. All these and many other benefits, too numerous to be related, are the offspring of competition, and this the recorded experience of past ages goes to establish.

The question that now presents for consideration is, whether competition having proved so singularly efficacious in adjusting every sort of economical phenomena in Europe has sorry application in this country. In discussing this position, we doubtless meet with people who look aghast at the thought of importing from Europe, notions of social polity and political economy. They say that India is not England, and what is a boon in England is an unmitigated curse here. To this absurd conception is to be ascribed the chronic opposition to all measures of reform mooted in this country. If England bask in the sunshine of representative government, India must have a despotism to groan and writhe

under. If England has a free Press, India must have a censor to check the freedom of the Press. If England enjoins her sons to use coat and hat, India should rejoice in her semi-nudity. This line of argument reminds us of a jocular anecdote told of a Maulavi learned in Moslem lore who, whenever any Mussulman happened to ask him about any point of social or religious ceremony, invariably referred him to the nearest Pundit with the caution that in order to be a good Mussulman he must do precisely the reverse of what the Pundit prescribed for a Hindu to do. But joking apart it happens very frequently that measures of legal and administrative reform of tried expediency are in this manner cried down on the supposition that they are not suited to the country and are not in unison with the "feelings, ideas and traditions" of the people. One is disposed to ask, have these "feelings, ideas and traditions" the character of fixedness and immutability? Psychology teaches us that our ideas are the resultant of the action of mind upon matter and *vice versa*, or in other words of organism upon the outward environment and *vice versa*. We know it to be indisputable that the environment is daily changing, and with it our ideas change. Ten years our ideas on many subjects were radically different from those which possess us now. And what are feelings but the manifestations of ideas in an aesthetic garb? The present feeling against *Sati* rite is one of unqualified abhorrence. Cast feelings have lost the rigor that they were wont to possess. But no man of sense will for a moment contend that *Sati* rite has been put down in conformity with popular feeling. The Income tax was certainly not levied in compliance with popular feeling. Again, what are our "traditions" but the toys and blue-bells of our childhood which *nolens volens* we have been compelled to surrender to adapt ourselves to the spirit of the times and to the development of our body and mind. As children of the soil our traditions are purely Hindu, and when we reflect upon them as traditions they produce mere sentimental pleasure, just as the re-collection of the toys of our childhood does. But in this matter-of-fact age, surely, we cannot allow ourselves to be carried away by maudlin sentimentalism at the expense of the best and

dearest of our temporal concerns. This is an age of unmixed utilitarianism, and it should therefore be the aim of all reformers of our country to seek the greatest amount of possible good. Constitutes as the generality of our reformers and patriots are, they would much rather witness the country perish with its indigenous customs than see her rise in the scale of nations with the aid of good rules of law of tried efficacy. Speaking for myself I have no sympathy with such lovers of the country. I do not advocate the introduction of the English law into this country with its countless statutes and ordinances, but what I do advocate is the inoculation of the Bengal Code with the principles of the law of England and other civilized countries of unquestionable appropriateness and value, if by doing so, we can define with precision the rights of parties and stop litigation.

THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE HINDUS OF BENGAL.

By A Hindu.

(Continued from Page 370)

The first conquest of Bengal by foreigners within historic times was that made by the Mahammadans in the beginning of the thirteenth century. This was the conquest of a people whose intellect and morals were very superior by men who in both these respects were very inferior, and whose only superiority over the conquered people was in point of physical strength and courage. The mild and piously disposed Hindus of Bengal, whose system of religious belief made them lead a self-denying life, and whose holy books inculcated universal benevolence and respect for the feelings and rights of others, found themselves by this conquest placed under the dominions of a fierce and fanatical people, whose religious books not only sanctioned, but enjoined, the free use of the sword for the propagation of their faith, and held out to them hopes of sensual enjoyment in the next world of a very gross and

grovelling description. The consequences of such a conquest could only be disastrous to the conquered ; and so they were.

The greatest evil that the long continued Mahammadan rule or, rather misrule, inflicted on the Hindus of Bengal was the deterioration of their intellectual and moral character, which it brought about. Public support and encouragement to men engaged in literary and scientific pursuits are essential to the intellectual advancement of a people. Before the Mahammadan Conquest such support and encouragement in Bengal, as well as in other parts of India, were liberally afforded by the kings and nobles of the country, whose bounties enabled the literary and scientific men of those days to prosecute their labours unhampered by the cares and interruptions inseparable from the necessity of earning bread. Since that conquest, however, these kings and nobles were displaced by men who cared little and would do less for the improvement of the people over whom they found themselves placed in absolute authority, and who by enforcing the use of their own language as the only medium of communication between themselves and the people of the country, virtually prohibited the cultivation of the noble language of Valmiki and Vyasa, Kalidas and Bhavabhuti. Almost all incentives to intellectual labour were thus withdrawn, and the Hindu intellect gradually became rusty and unfit for further use until it should be rubbed hard and whetted anew. The general insecurity of life and property which prevailed throughout the country during the time of these rulers, and the extremely great difficulty of obtaining redress for wrongs, told very seriously on the moral character of the people. Cunning and deceit were too often the only means of protection against unprovoked injuries and spoliations. Many, if not most, of the moral vices of the Bengalis are ascribable to the wretched state of the country during the Mahammadan supremacy. The abnormal prevalence of perjury, forgery, venality and litigation may fairly be laid at the door of our Moslem rulers. The degradation of our women may also be traced, in part at least to the treatment of theirs by these rulers, and their seclusion may wholly be laid to their charge, having been, in fact, original

rendered necessary for protection from their licentiousness. These rulers had not attained a very high degree of civilisation, the finer and nobler sensibilities of human nature had not been awakened in them, and they were not, therefore, alive to the responsibilities of their position. That rulers are under an obligation to rule for the benefit of those they govern as well as for their own benefit, is a truth which they had no idea of. They only sought to promote what they considered to be their own interests, and cared very little for the interests of their subjects in general, and of their Hindu subjects in particular. The compulsory use of the Persian language in the so-called Courts of Justice forced the Hindus to understand that language, but the Government did nothing to facilitate its acquisition by them, and they were left to learn it as best they could. Under such rulers it is no wonder that the Hindus of Bengal lost the intellectual and moral superiority which they had attained before the advent of these rulers. In fact these Hindus not only lost their superiority, but became much inferior to other nations both intellectually and morally. Intellectually their condition under this regime became very deplorable. Forced practically to abandon the cultivation of their highly refined language, from which the sunshine of royal favour had been withdrawn, their lofty intellect, which had communed with the stars, followed the sun, moon, and the planets in their orbits, and created scenes of mental enjoyment such as are to be seen in the dramas, epics, and other elegant compositions, that enrich Sanskrit literature, fell back so low that its best efforts could raise it no higher than the elaboration of financial details such as are to be seen in Todar Mal's revenue settlement, and that it could stoop to create such scenes as those in the *Vidyasundar* of Bharat Chandra. Morally, their condition was still more deplorable. The veracity and honesty that had struck the Greeks of the age of Alexander with admiration were almost totally gone. Moral vices of a deeper and blacker dye than those that had ever before stained the national character, had grown up and taken deep root among the people. Corruption in official circles, and licentiousness in almost all circles had become so common that

they were regarded as fashionable, and were indulged in openly. Obscene language was spoken, indecent songs were sung, and immoral pleasures enjoyed, extensively and openly, as if there had been nothing disgusting or even objectionable in them. The popular taste was vitiated to an amazing degree. In place of the exquisite dramas that had charmed the Hindus of former ages, ballads and *quasi* dramas, into the composition of which obscene words and phrases, and immoral ideas entered very largely, were listened to with admiration, and enjoyed with zest. Indeed, the fact that works like Vidyasundar, Chandrakanta, and Kamini-kumar, were read with wonder and applause, is alone sufficient to show how contaminated was the moral atmosphere breathed by the Hindus of Bengal during the latter years of the Mahammadan *raj*, and the early days of the British rule. It is a very significant fact, that the only great religious movement among the Hindus of Bengal under the Musulmans resulted in the creation of an order of debauched professional mendicants. The movement by Chaitanya to which we allude here was a radical and revolutionary attempt at upheaving the Hindus from the depraved state into which they had lapsed. Its social object was to run down all distinctions of caste, and thus to unite the socially isolated sections of the community into one compact body; and its moral aim was to elevate the national mind above the vices that had grown up in the country, and thus to enable it to reassert its position among nations. But so corrupt were the times, so deep-rooted were the vices, and so depraved was the popular mind, that the followers of Chaitanya in a few generations degenerated into a body of vagrant libertines, and became the founders of the sect of so-called *Vairagis*, whose only profession is begging from door to door, and who are ever ready to receive into their community, on terms of perfect equality, men and women of all castes, who in consequence of their criminal connections find it extremely inconvenient to hold on in their respective families, but who on admission into that community can feel quite at ease, and hold up their heads with the other members of it.

But we must leave off contemplating this darkened phase of

the Hindu national character, and turn to see how it emerged out of the thick clouds that had gathered round it for five hundred long years, and regained a point of its former road to improvement, at which it bids fair to advance rapidly but steadily to higher and higher degrees of perfection, and eventually to shine brilliantly as one of the great luminaries in the intellectual firmament of the world. The sense of relief which we experience, the delight we feel, in making this transition from darkness to light, may be likened to the feelings that find expression in the opening lines of the third Book of the "Paradise Lost," and we feel tempted to explain in the words of the poet—

"Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heaven, first-born.

* * * * *

Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool."

The chief, we should say, the only agency by which, under Providence, this happy change, this amelioration of the Hindu mind, and by consequence, of the Hindu national character, has been brought about is that of the British rule in India. It is to this rule, and to it alone, that we owe the awakening of our national intellect from the state of dormancy in which it lay during the five centuries of Mahammadan sovereignty in the country. The vast amount of good which the British Government has done to the people of India, the incalculable benefits which it has conferred on them, by inaugurating, developing, and, to a certain extent, maturing the present system of education, is alone sufficient to entitle it to the warmest and most abiding gratitude of the people, and to their best wishes and most vigorous and strenuous efforts for its preservation. We do not of course mean to say that that Government has not its short-comings, that it is a purely good, beneficent and disinterested Government—a Government which secures the greatest possible amount of happiness to the greatest possible number of its subjects, which is free from partiality, and impervious to the influence of race-feelings, and national prejudices, and under which the people have no cause of complaint, no grievances, but live contented and happy lives, and enjoy

"one long summerday of indolence and mirth." No, it is not such a Government. In fact, no human Government is or can be such a Government. Absolute perfection in any thing is unattainable by man. Plato's Republic and More's Utopia are doubtless 'perfect forms of government, and we should be most ready to advocate their introduction not only into India but also into every other country in the world, and to cry down every existing government for not being one or the other of these two forms, were there not what in our humble opinion would seem to be a conclusive argument against their adoption. The argument we allude to is that, however capable they may be of existing in the brains of highly imaginative philosophers and writers, they are, unfortunately for mankind, utterly incapable of actual existence out of such brains, and are thus beyond the reach of those unimaginative statesmen on whom devolves the task of organising sublunary governments. The British Government of India is not, we repeat, a purely good or perfect form of political organisation. It is neither a Platonic Republic nor a Utopia. It has faults and defects, and grave ones too, and is open to improvement in almost all its departments. But these faults and defects, grave as they are, and hard as they press on the people, are, we do not hesitate to affirm, cast into the shade by the dazzling merit of what it has effected towards the intellectual improvement of its subjects. But it is not our business here to discuss the merits and demerits of the British Government of this country, and we must now return to our subject. As bearing on that subject our chief concern in this paper is with that Department of the British Indian Government which is known as the "Education Department," and to the direct agency of which we owe whatever enlightenment we have received, and whatever improvement our national character has made, since the subversion of the Mogul Empire. We may mention here that we use the phrase "Education Department" in a very wide sense, including in it not only the Department presided over by the Director of Public Instruction, but also the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Branches of the Government, in so far as they exert their powers in furtherance of the objects

which the Directors and his co-adjutors and subordinates are more directly and immediately employed in carrying out. We need hardly add that the Education Department of the Government of Bengal only is in strictness within the scope of our discussion in this article.

The earliest efforts of the Government for native education were confined to the diffusion of oriental learning among the people through the Sanskrit and Arabic languages, and had very little influence on their character. The study of English literature and science, and the diffusion of western ideas and modes of thought in this country, have been the main causes of the change in the national as well as individual characters of the Hindus of Bengal, which has taken place since the transfer of the sovereign power over the country from the hands of the Mahammadans to those of the English. The very first educational Institution established expressly for imparting instruction to the Hindus of Bengal in English literature and science through the medium of the English language, was the late Hindu College of Calcutta, which was opened in 1816, the necessary funds for its support in the first years of its existence having been contributed by the Raja of Burdwan, and the wealthy Hindu inhabitants of the city. It was not until the year 1824 that the Government of Bengal began to afford pecuniary aid to the College, and to exercise through the General Committee of Public Instruction, direct control over it. But the educational measures of the Government until the year 1835 were "few and far between," and made very little impression on the character of the people. In that year the Government set to work in right earnest in the matter of native education, laid the foundation stone, as it were, of the system of public instruction, which has since that period gradually been extended into the stupendous and stately edifice that we now see, and formed the nucleus of its educational policy. The Resolution of Lord William Bentinck, which directed that the funds at the disposal of the General Committee should "be henceforth employed in imparting to the native population a knowledge of English literature and science through the medium of the Eng-

lish language," was passed at this period—7th March 1835. The Hooghly College was founded in the following year, and the Dacca College in 1841, and English Schools were established at the Sudder Stations of many of the districts in the Mofussil. The establishment of the College at Krishnagar followed in 1846, and that of the Berhampore College in 1853. It was not, however, till the year 1855, that the educational operations of the Government began to be conducted on a scale at all commensurate to the numerical strength of the population under its sway, and its educational agency rose to the status and dignity, and acquired the importance of a public department. In the preceding year the Court of Directors having passed unscathed through the ordeal which preceded the renewal of the Company's Charter in that year, and which, though it had at the outset threatened to be scalding-hot, was found in the end to be far from unbearable and having been reassured by the renewed Charter of the continuance of their rule for the next twenty years at least, as the "Coming events" of 1857 "had not cast their shadows before," had penned and issued that *Magna Charta* of Indian popular education—the famous Educational Despatch. This great document gave a new turn to affairs in the Education Department, and enlarged the scale of its operations beyond all precedent; so that the period at which its provisions began to be enforced, may justly be regarded as the commencement of a new era, a glorious epoch, in the history of Education in Bengal. In pursuance of the principles laid down in the Despatch the Calcutta University was incorporated in 1857, and the system of grants-in-aid was adopted, under which schools supported with funds contributed partly by Government and partly by the people have sprung up in almost every town and village of any importance in the country, and have brought elementary education, through the medium of the English or of the vernacular languages of the country within the reach of all classes of the community. To complete this brief account of the rise of Educational institutions in Bengal we have only to notice the foundation of the Medical and the Presidency Colleges, and of the school of Industrial Arts in Cal-

cutta, and the creation of the offices of Director of Public Instruction, and of Inspectors of Schools.

The Missionary Colleges and Schools in Calcutta and elsewhere take an active part in the work of native education, and thus form a prominent part of the entire machinery employed to carry on that work. There is a very broad distinction, however, between these Institutions and those we have mentioned above, which we purpose to notice further on.

PATSHALAS.

The Patshala system is one of the oldest institutions of the land. Its origin is involved in much obscurity; when, where, and by whom the system was first instituted are questions, which it is impossible, at the present day, to determine with any degree of certainty. It is of little or no consequence whatever, if they are allowed to remain unsettled, as they are at present, since we gain nothing by it except the satisfaction of an idle curiosity. That it is an institution of very great antiquity and has existed in the country, from generation, to generation, influencing the fate of millions in every age, admits not the shadow of a doubt. We find traces of it in the Ramayan and Mahabharat, the two most ancient Epics of the country. In the former we observe, that Rama, the great hero of the poem, and his half brothers, when boys, going to the house of the family-priest, day after day, for the purpose of receiving instructions, secular as well as religious. Like traces are also observable in the latter, which it is needless to mention here. I believe when the system was first established, the work of imparting instruction to the young, on secular as well as religious subjects, was committed to the priest, no Sudra being allowed to take part with him. It was in after times that the Sudras were permitted to share with the Brahman, the honor of instructing the youth of the land. Even at the present day, the village priest is, in most instances, the Gurumahashaya of the village and is held in great veneration by the people. We shall consider the subject in the course of this brief paper, in its three several aspects; viz.—I. Indigenous Patshalas established and

supported by the people themselves. II. Patshalas that are aided by Government and inspected by Government agents. III Patshalas established and supported by Missionary Societies.

I. Indigenous Patshalas established and supported by the people themselves.

It is very hard to find the exact number of indigenous Patshalas throughout the provinces under the sway of the Lieutenant-Governor, though several unsuccessful attempts were made at different times to obtain it. I think, I shall not be very far from the mark, should I put it down at little above 50,000. The usage of the country has been for a long time, that every village should have its own Patshala for the instruction of its boys, and if the village be a large one, it may have two or three Patshalas to meet the wants of the children. If the village be too small to maintain a Patshala of its own, it may send its boys to a neighbouring village for instruction. The village Patshala is the simplest affair possible ; it has neither benches for pupils, nor chair for the teacher, nor black boards, nor slates ; or any such apparatus. Both pupils and teacher sit on mats, each piece being not bigger than two cubits in length, and a cubit and a half in breadth. Each boy brings to the Patshala his own piece of mat and takes it home every day, when he is dismissed. The place where the Patshala is held is either the Barwarighur or the Chundimundup or Dallan of a respectable villager. In the cold and hot weather, it not unfrequently sits under a Banyan or Bokool tree, if it happens to be in a central spot. Generally speaking the teacher or the Gurumahashaya is a priest of the village, but a sudra may be elected if he possess the three requisite qualifications, *viz.* the art of reading and writing, the ability to cast accounts, and the physical power soundly to castigate his boys if they prove mischievous. When I say the art of reading and writing, I do not mean that they are performed according to the rules of Grammar, for he is quite innocent of the knowledge of Grammar, and perhaps has never seen a copy of it all his life.

The boys are usually divided into three classes, *viz.* the Talpatesas or those who write on palm leaves. They are the

beginners who attempt to write the letters of the alphabet and the simple arithmetical tables. The kalapateas, or those who write on plantain leaves, are a little more advanced pupils, who can write names of persons and villages, can add and subtract easy sums;—and then the Kugochias, or those who write on paper, and they are reckoned the most advanced pupils, who can write letters on business, work sums by the Rules of Shubankar the great Indian arithmetician, and learn to keep Zamindari records and assist the Guru in teaching the lower boys. If any boy of the highest class show any predilection for reading, he may bring his Gurulakshina, Datakarna or any such trash, and read it in the hearing of his fellow pupils. As a rule, reading in books, however elementary, is unknown in the village Patshala. It is the usual custom all over Bengal to hold the Patshala twice a day,—once in the morning from 6 to 11 A. M. and in the afternoon from 3 to 6 o'clock. The discipline of the school is of a nature calculated to inspire nothing but terror into the heart of the young. It is needless to mention here the various modes of punishments that are inflicted on the juvenile offenders. The teacher never sits in the Patshala without his dreaded cane, which he plies most lustily whenever occasion calls for it. It is a fact that the Gurumahashaya, in most instances, is looked upon in no other light than a jamadut or the messenger of death. That as a teacher, it is his duty to instill into the minds of his youthful charge, the sacred principles of justice, truth, and purity, is a sentiment that never enters into the mind of the Gurumahashaya. On the contrary, many vices are learnt in the Patshala with the encouragement of the Guru. For example, the boys are encouraged to rob from a neighbour's garden, plantain leaves to supply themselves with materials for writing. They are permitted to steal tobacco from home for a present to the Guru, which he accepts with much satisfaction. If the juvenile offenders be convicted of the breach of the 8th commandment of the decalogue in such matters as taking a few plums or mangoes from a neighbour's tree, they are allowed in many cases to escape with impunity. In this and other ways the boys learn a great deal of evil in the Pat-

shala. One cannot expect better teaching and better discipline from Gurus, who themselves are very ignorant, for it is often the case, that the man who is unfit for any business, opens a Patshala in a village to eke out a miserable subsistence for himself and his family.

The emoluments of the Gurumohashoy are quite in keeping with his teaching. The fee ranges from one to two annas per head, which is paid partly in money, and partly in kind. He considers himself highly fortunate if he can draw an income of Rs. 5 or 6 per month. The children of very poor parents, who cannot afford to pay even this small fee, are taken free.

The above remarks apply only to such village schools as are situated far in the interior, where the influence of education and general improvement taking place in the land, has not yet penetrated. The indigenous schools in the vicinity of civil stations in each district are found in much better condition. They are taught by a better set of Gurus, who try their best to teach their pupils, such elementary books as Barnoparichaya, Bodhodaya, Nitibodh &c., in addition to writing and arithmetic.

Whatever may be alleged against the bad teaching and worse discipline of these indigenous schools, it cannot be denied that they have rendered an invaluable service to the country, inasmuch as they have saved the nation, generation after generation, from sinking into utter ignorance and barbarism. Despite their imperfect teaching, they have enabled our merchants to carry on their mercantile affairs, or Gamastas and Naibs to keep correctly the Zamindari accounts and records and a vast number of our people to correspond with each other, by means of letters. I believe their services to the country cannot be too highly estimated. Considering the services rendered in the past, it is neither necessary nor desirable to abolish them altogether from the land. What is most urgently required is to reform and improve them by the introduction of better teaching and better discipline, and this leads us to the consideration of the second division of my subject.

II. Patshalas aided by Government and under Government inspection.

Before the inauguration of the policy of primary education by the late Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Campbell, the Government of Bengal spent several lacs of Rupees annually on vernacular education by the establishment of vernacular schools of all grades, *viz.*, Lower, Middle and Higher class schools throughout all the provinces of Bengal. However those schools benefited chiefly the Higher and Middle classes, but they failed to reach the lower stratum of society ; not that any restrictions were put by Government to exclude the poor. The policy of Sir George Campbell has rendered knowledge accessible to all classes even to the poorest. We shall now consider his policy,—its working during the short period of its operation and point out a few of the defects under which it labors. As the scheme of the late Lieutenant-Governor is too elaborate to be transcribed in whole or in part, I shall endeavour in a few sentences to give a bare outline of it here. By the resolution of September 1872, the Magistrate-Collector of each district is directed with the aid of his school committee to subsidize as many indigenous Patshalas in his district as may be willing to accept Government aid, on condition of allowing the educational officers of Government to inspect them from time to time, and of furnishing quarterly returns to the Deputy Inspector of the district. If the existing Patshalas be not found sufficient to meet the wants of the people, new ones may be established and aided by the direction of the Magistrate-Collector. The amount of aid to each Patshala must not exceed Rs. 5 per month, that sum being regarded as the maximum. The schools are to be called Primary schools, in which the teachers or the Gurus are expected to teach Reading, Writing and Arithmetic in the vernacular of the district. At the end of each year an examination of the schools should be held, and the successful candidates should be rewarded, each with a scholarship of Rs. 2 or 3, tenable for 2 years ; and the Gurus of successful Patshala's be also rewarded with small sums of money. Each year an allotment of state money will be made for primary education to each district, and the Magistrate-Collector will have the management of the Fund with the aid of his school committee.

The scheme is admirable so far as it goes. It has been under operation only for a short period of time, not exceeding three years and a half, and therefore it is very difficult to pronounce any opinion upon it. That a healthy influence has been communicated throughout Bengal, by the publication of this policy, stirring up the authorities and the people in behalf of vernacular education, admits not of a doubt. The district committees are busy every where in carrying into effect the said policy, though all have not yet been equally successful in the attempt. The last report of the Director of Public Instruction, which has just been published, furnishes us with a summary of primary education in each district of the Presidency. The following shows the results of the last two years.

For 1873.	No. of P. school.—	No. of Pupils—	Expenditure.
To 1874.	1,229.	3,03,437.	Rs. 3,86,833
For 1874.	13,145.	3,30,024.	,, 4,42,699
To 1875.			

From the above figures it must be acknowledged that the results already attained, are highly satisfactory, and if the number of Patshalas and pupils increase year by year, then there is every hope that the country will be benefited, by the scheme of the late Lieutenant-Governor. I can say from experience, that since the scheme has come into operation in this district, elementary books have been introduced into many Patshalas in which two years ago there was no reading of any kind whatever. Besides, the annual examinations, held by district committees, exert a very great influence on both pupils and teachers, each being emulous to show what he is capable of doing for the purpose of securing the promised rewards.

No uniform rule is observed at present in administering the Primary Fund, by the district committees. In virtue of the large discretionary power vested in the Magistrate-Collector, he manages it in ~~the~~ way that appears to him best. In some districts the aid is given to the Guru according to what is called payment by results, and in others a monthly allowance, varying from Rs. 2

to 5, to each Guru according as his Patshala is in a less or more flourishing condition in respect of numbers and studies. There is at present a great diversity of opinion among Magistrate-Collectors and Inspectors of schools as to which of the two systems should be adopted, whether the system of payments by results, or the system of monthly allowance according to number and studies. The former at first sight recommends itself as most worthy of adoption, but it is liable to one great objection which Mr. Woodrow, the present Director of Public Instruction, states most clearly in his last report. He objects it on the ground, that it gives much where little is required, and little, where much is required. For in the well-to-do villages, where the people can command better Gurus, and pay them better, they will carry away by far the greater share of Government money ; whereas in remote and backward places, where the people are mostly poor and ignorant, little or no chance will be given them to profit by the Fund. I believe, Mr. Woodrow's suggestion is worthy of all consideration. He says, for remote parts of a district, where frequent supervision is impossible, fixed payments should be made. For frequented parts, in which unfair practices will be brought to light, payment by results entirely. For other parts of the district intermediate between these two limits, there should be a combination of the two, *viz.*, for rich or large villages a low fixed grant and high rate of payment by Results ; for poor or small villages a high fixed grant and low rate of payment by results. Dr. Robson, the Inspector for Eastern Bengal, proposes what appears to be the combination of the two above mentioned systems, *viz.*, a small fixed grant to Gurus, and a quarterly reward determined by the condition of the school at the inspecting officer's visit. In devising this scheme of Primary education, it was the intention of Sir George Campbell, not so much to help those who can help themselves, but to assist the indigent, who from their circumstances cannot very well help themselves. Therefore, the adoption of the system of payment by result would go to frustrate the very intention of the author of the scheme.

I shall conclude this division of my subject by pointing out a

few of the radical defects of the scheme. It may look presumption on my part to criticise the policy of such an able and clever ruler as the late Lieutenant-Governor, but I must be allowed the liberty to express myself freely, what I think about his policy. The first defect, I would mention is the low rate of payment held out to the Gurus by the terms of the scheme. The average cost to Government for each Patshala was Rs. 2-8 per month, as stated in the last report; and suppose the Gurumahashaya succeeded in realizing an equal sum from the parents of his pupils, his net income amounted to Rs. 5 per month—a sum too small to command the services of a competent Guru. A darwan, a duftory, or a khansama, has a larger income than Rs. 5 per mensem. The services of a qualified Guru who is competent to teach such elementary books as Bodhodaya, Akshyanmoonjori, Charupat &c., Cannot be secured without paying him a larger sum than Rs. 5 per month. It may be asked, are not the Gurus poorly paid at present in the indigenous Patshalas? I answer, they are and hence such wretched teaching and bad discipline. The second defect that I would mention is the granting of too much power to the Magistrate-Collector and too little to the educational officers in carrying out the scheme. Virtually, the Magistrate-Collector is the sole active head and the educational officers mere inspectors. He may be, for aught I know, an excellent officer and a first-rate man in his own line of business, but he may not understand any thing about education from want of experience; and therefore to entrust him with such a large amount of power is not wise, to say the least. From want of knowledge and experience he may unintentionally do a great deal of injury to the cause which he earnestly desires to promote by his best endeavours. A sad instance, of this kind, is stated in the last report of the Director, which I need not mention here. Are the educational officers, who have devoted all their lives to the work of education, deemed unfit to carry into effect the scheme of primary education? The third and last defect that I would notice is the want of moral and religious teaching. This I consider a most grave defect. I almost tremble at the thought of

education without religion. When the mass of the people receive a knowledge of true Geography, true History, true Science, you deprive them of their faith in the religion of their fore-fathers, and supply nothing in its room, and make them infidels. What mischievous consequences may not arise when a whole nation becomes a nation of infidels? In my humble opinion, it is much better for a nation to have a false religion,—a superstition, if you please, than no religion at all.

III. Patshalas established and supported by Missionary Societies.

Since the commencement of Missions in Bengal, the Missionaries as a body have all along considerd it a part of their duty to promote vernacular education among the people, and with that view, have established numerous schools for boys and girls according to the means at their disposal. The Missionary Societies had their vernacular schools in and round about Calcutta, and elsewhere before the Government established any school of its own. The Missionaries may be justly called the pioneers of vernacular education in this country, as they have been the pioneers in many other respects. The Missionary Conference of Calcutta, which is composed of Missionaries of almost all denominations of Protestants, memorialized the Government on several occasions, praying that its attention may be directed to the cause of vernacular education for the benefit of the masses. This very fact shows, how alive they have all along been to promote education among the sixty four millions of our population.

What each Missionary Society has accomplished in this department of their work, may be easily gathered by a reference to their respective annual reports. As nearly all the Missionary bodies have connected their vernacular schools with the Christian Vernacular Education Society, I shall now proceed briefly to consider the operations of that Society, confining my remarks only to Bengal, since that Society carries on its operations in all the Presidencies of Her Majesty's vast Indian Empire. The C. V. E. Society for India was established, as is well known, in 1858 as a memorial of the Mutiny, for the purpose of providing

Christian education for the masses of India in their own mother tongues. The honored Founders of this noble institution believed, and that justly, that the thousand ills under which India labors, have their origin in the gross ignorance of the people, and to remove this ignorance they established this Society. It is most unsectarian in its constitution and character, and it invites Protestant Missionaries of all denominations to co-operate with it. In pursuance of the grand object in view, the Society engages itself in publishing Christian Literature in the vernacular—in establishing and maintaining training and model schools—in reforming and improving indigenous schools or Patshalas, and it is to this last that I shall restrict myself at present. The plan adopted by the Society may be thus briefly stated;—a few indigenous schools or Patshalas, are taken, say 8 or 10, that are situated within a reasonable distance from each other, and are formed into a circle over which a Christian Inspector is appointed, whose duty it is to visit one or two Patshalas each day, in order to communicate religious instructions to the pupils:—to examine them in their secular studies and to direct the Gurus in the proper management of the schools. The Guru receives a monthly allowance of Rs. 2, 3, or 4 from the Society according to the number and standard of studies found in his school. Besides this allowance from the Society, the Guru is permitted to take from the parents of his pupils as much as he can reasonably obtain in the shape of fees, no limit being assigned except the capacity of the parents. I believe in most cases, the Guru has an income of Rs. 6 or 7 per month. The superintending missionary, under whom the circle is placed, holds periodical examinations and gives rewards both to pupils and their Gurus.

From my own experience of the circle system, I can say that it works admirably well, and has produced most happy results. The Patshalas that we took a few years ago and formed into a circle, were in a most wretched condition, but they have since vastly improved in every respect. The Gurumahashaya have been compelled to improve themselves under the operation of the system in order to keep ahead of their pupils. Sir George Campbell

highly approved the circle system of the Society and offered every encouragement to it. Most of the circles, though not all, received Government aid. The difference between the policy of Primary education and the plan of the vernacular society lies in this;—that the latter gives as good a secular education as the former promises, and in addition to that it affords religious instruction for which there is no provision in the Government scheme. I can affirm without fear of contradiction that the secular education, imparted in the Circle Patshalas, is in no way inferior to that given in the schools of the District Committee. From the Bengal Report of the Society for 1874, we find that there are at present 23 Circles in Bengal, containing 134 Patshalas, having 5,724 pupils in all. The expenditure for the year was Rs. 5,837. There is ample field all over Bengal for the Society to commence its operations, but the want of funds prevents further extension. It will be a great pity if such a useful institution were to dwindle into nothing for want of funds. I believe all the Missionary Societies, that are connected with it, ought to endeavour to the utmost of their power to help it, in not only maintaining its present operations, but in extending them far and wide throughout Bengal. There ought to be an especial annual collection in all the Churches of Calcutta to aid the Funds of the Society, since it is undenominational in its character and is doing so excellent Christian work. Christian people cannot give too much of their worldly substance to help the work of the Lord. The vernacular education given by Government is very good so far as it goes, but it wants a most important element which must be supplied by Missionary Societies; and how can that be effected, but by the C. V. E. Society, whose principal object is the promotion of Christian education for the masses? Without reflecting on any mission or missionary society, I beg to say, that too much money is spent at present on English education and too little on the vernacular. I am no enemy to higher English Education, on the contrary, I advocate it; but what I contend for is, that vernacular education ought to have its due share of the Mission Fund. What is allowed for it at present is too small, compared with the amount spent on English

education. It is by means of vernacular education and not by English education, that the masses can be reached, and therefore every encouragement ought to be given to its cultivation.

TWO YEARS OF SIR RICHARD TEMPLE'S ADMINISTRATION.

As it is now two years since Sir Richard Temple has assumed the reins of the government of the wealthiest and most populous province of the British Indian empire, it will hardly be deemed premature to enquire into the character of his administration. We do not, however, intend in this short paper to discuss all the measures adopted by the Lieutenant-Governor since his accession to the *munsud* of Bengal. Our object is merely to describe the characteristic features of his administration, its spirit and scope, or in other words, its general policy.

1. It will scarcely be denied by any one that the administration of Sir Richard Temple is an administration of conciliation. Of the late Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Campbell, we, in opposition to the whole of the Indo-English press, were warm advocates. We admired his great talents; we admired his extraordinary energy; we admired his honesty of purpose; we always felt that his intentions were good. But we confess that his administration sometimes reminded us of the common saying, that "a man of good intentions ought to be hanged." With the best intentions in the world, Sir George added a manner by no means winning; indeed, he had the singular infelicity of doing a good thing in an unpleasing and ungracious manner. The consequence of this brusqueness and harshness of manner was, that he was at loggerheads with nearly the whole of the native community, that is to say, with the sixty and odd millions that inhabit Bengal, Behar and Orissa. It is a thousand pities that this should have been the case, as Sir George Campbell meant well and honestly strove to do his duty by the vast population system. His enemies were for a time entrusted to his hands. Sir

Richard Temple has, with admirable prudence, avoided the rock on which Sir George split. To talents in no degree inferior to those of Sir George Campbell, to culture of a high order to which Sir George never had any pretensions, to equal energy and honesty of purpose, Sir Richard Temple adds what is essentially necessary to a first class administrator, namely, wisdom or prudence. From the days of Aristotle downwards, prudence has been ever reckoned one of the four cardinal virtues ; and if prudence is necessary to discharge the duties of private life, it is essentially necessary to the ruler of a country, and especially of a country the inhabitants of which, though intelligent, have no political liberty. It is this statesman-like prudence, coupled with his culture and refinement, that has enabled Sir Richard Temple to impart to his administration a tone of conciliation in relation to Her Majesty's native subjects in these provinces.

How necessary a conciliatory tone in an Indian ruler is to the good Government of the country will be manifest to any one who considers the circumstances under which that ruler is placed. Here is a population of upwards of sixty millions, two-thirds of whom are Hindus, and the remaining third Mahomedans, and all of whom belong to nationalities and profess creeds different from those of the governing class. All history shows that government is difficult in a nation composed of different races proposing different creeds. But there are other difficulties connected with governing India. Were the government of India a pure military despotism, there would not be much difficulty in governing the country, as the people would in that case be put down by the exertion of physical force. But such is not the constitution which England has given to India. England governs India in the light of justice, of liberty, of progress and of knowledge. The people of India, though deprived of political liberty, are, in other respects, as free as ever they were since the upheaval of the Indian continent from the universal ocean. How to give to a people personal, civil, municipal and religious liberty, and yet to keep them under control ; how to diffuse among them the blessings of education, and yet to make them rest content in the

subject state in which they are at present placed; how to acquaint them with their rights as men, and yet not to produce any disaffection to constituted authority; how to raise men who have degenerated by centuries of misrule and oppression to a high platform of civilized humanity—these are the problems which an Indian ruler has to solve, and it must be admitted by every one that the solution of these problems requires no ordinary degree of sagacity, discretion and prudence.

Great as are the difficulties of government in all parts of India, nowhere are they so great as in Bengal. It is true that the people are not warlike as those of other provinces. But we do not think that it is so difficult to govern a warlike people as an intelligent people, for a warlike people, if unintelligent, can always be kept down by mere gun-powder. Government becomes really difficult when it is exercised over a people possessing intelligence. Now, without depreciating the other races of India, we venture to assert that the Bengalis are the most intelligent of Her Majesty's subjects in the East. Bengal is the earliest of Britain's possessions in India. It is the most advanced province in the whole empire. Bengalis have made greater progress in western knowledge than any other people in India. They have newspapers, daily and weekly, which discuss political questions in the English language, with fair ability, and which at any rate diffuse political views, of whatever kind, amongst those thousands who read and write English. They have also a strong vernacular press which discusses political questions with ability equal to that displayed by the Indo-English papers. They have also regularly organized political associations, composed of men of intelligence and of patriotic feelings, which discuss public questions with considerable ability, and which correspond with members of the British Parliament. It is evident that it is difficult to govern a people who have such agencies and who are in such an advanced state. The fact that Sir Richard Temple has for the last two years governed such a people without creating a single enemy, without giving offence to any party or faction or community, whether Hindu, Mohammedan or Christian,—the simple fact that he is more

popular than any Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has ever been, proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that he is possessed of uncommon ability and prudence. It will be perhaps said that in the matter of the Calcutta Municipality Bill, Sir Richard was opposed by the Native community; but it can hardly be forgotten that the wire-pullers of that movement were not the leaders of the Native community, but a few Anglo-Indians who, without considering the different circumstances of the two countries, advocate the importation *en masse* into India of the free institutions of England. And the very fact that Sir Richard afterwards consented to adopt some of the suggestions of the opposition only proves the conciliatory tone of his administration; for had His Honour stood out, he might have confidently reckoned on the support of Lord Northbrook's Government.

2. Another feature, somewhat akin to the one we have just noticed, of Sir Richard Temple's administration is its honest desire to bridge over the gulf which separates the governing class from the governed, the European from the Indian. There cannot be real and stable government unless there be good understanding between those who govern and those who are governed; and there cannot be good understanding unless there be mutual intercourse. Hence every high-minded and right-hearted Englishman always endeavours to promote social intercourse, so far as it is practical, between Anglo-Indians and the children of the soil, and such intercourse is ever productive of good results. If such be the case with regard to private English gentlemen, the consequences would be infinitely more happy, should the head of the Government condescend to promote social intercourse between the governing class and the governed. We venture to assert that no Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal ever did so much in this direction as Sir Richard Temple has done during the last two years. We are not aware that either Sir George Campbell or Sir Willam Grey ever attempted any thing of the kind. Sir Cecil Beadon, who was at one time a highly popular Lieutenant Governor, had his public breakfast every Thursday; but such a mode of intercourse necessarily excluded the leading men of the Hindu and Maham-

madan communities. Sir Richard Temple has broken through the icy coldness and stiff reserve which usually surround the occupant of Belvedere, and established parties on board the *Rhotas*, where Hindus and Mahammadans and Christians meet together in social communion under the auspices of the head of the Government. Sir Richard has done more. He has not thought it beneath his dignity to visit respectable Native gentlemen in their houses, and cultivate their acquaintance. The effects of such condescension on the part of the head of the Government can be fully appreciated only by those who are acquainted with the deeply sensitive and highly susceptible character of the Bengali nation. There cannot be the slightest doubt that it tends to mitigate that feeling of asperity which naturally obtains between a conquering nation and the conquered, to promote good will between governors and the governed, to bridge over the wide gulf of separation between the European and the Indian, to reconcile the people to their subject state, and thus to strengthen their allegiance to the Empress of India.

3. The only other characteristic, which we shall now mention, of Sir Richard Temple's administration is, that it makes one of its chief objects to diffuse the blessings of education among all classes of the population. Sir George Campbell's scheme of primary education has been carried out by his successor, and it promises to bear noble fruit. But while Sir Richard is not regardless of the enlightenment of the mass of the people, he justly takes a lively interest in the higher education of the upper and middle classes. He has raised the Cuttack High School to the status of a College ; the Kishnaghur College, which his predecessor had converted into a High School, is about to be restored to its former dignity ; and he has expressed his willingness to establish Colleges in other parts of the country, provided the people render partial help and thus show their appreciation of high education.

Sir Richard Temple, however, does not confine his attention merely to the education of the rising generation ; he encourages every scheme which has for its object the intellectual improvement of the people. To prove this we have only to mention his pa-

nage of the Albert Hall, the Albert Temple of Science, Dr. Sircar's Science Association, the Zoological Gardens and Park, and the Art Gallery. There is no higher work in which a ruler can be engaged than in promoting the enlightenment of a nation by the establishment of schools and Colleges, by organizing scientific and literary associations and by instituting galleries of art. This is real work, noble work ; it is work which has for its aim the regeneration of a vast population. It is solid work, lasting work ; it is work, the beneficent effects of which will extend to remote generations. We congratulate Sir Richard on the success he has already achieved in so noble a field, and we have no doubt that, before he retires from his high office, he will so crowd the remaining years of his official term with beneficent institutions, that his administration will be handed down to posterity as an administration *par excellence* of social progress and of mental improvement.

A SHEAF GLEANED FROM FRENCH FIELDS.*

The readers of the *Bengal Magazine* must have read with intense pleasure those pieces of exquisite poetry, chiefly translations from modern French Poets, which appeared in its pages month after month during the last two years, under the signature of T. D. Those pieces with additions have been collected together, and just published separately in a large octavo volume 234 pages long ; and "T. D." of the *Bengal Magazine* becomes developed into Miss Toru Dutt, the accomplished daughter of Baboo Govinda Chandra Dutt, the Editor of the *Dutt Family Album*. She is a member of perhaps the most talented family in Bengal, the Dutt family of Rambagan in Calcutta, most members of which have distinguished themselves by their talents. The founder of the family, the late Baboo Rasamaya Dutt, was a man of extraordinary talents, as he rose from nothing

* A Sheaf Gleaned from French Fields. By Toru Dutt. Bhawanipore : Septahik Sambad Press. 1876.

to the then distinguished position of Commissioner of the Court of Requests. Two of his sons were cut off in the prime of manhood ; had they lived they would have greatly distinguished themselves and held high and honourable posts under Government. The three sons now living, Baboo Gevinda Chandra Dutt, the father of the accomplished young lady whose work is before us, Baboo Hara Chandra Dutt, and Baboo Girisa Chandra Dutt, though they all formerly held situations of responsibility under Government, have retired from the public service, and are devoting their days and nights to the cultivation of letters. Miss Toru Dutt had an elder sister Miss Aru Dutt, who died about two years ago ; she was as accomplished as the authoress of these poems, and did us the honour to send us occasionally her poetical effusions for publication in this Magazine under the signature "A. D." We shall only add that Miss Dutt is a Christian, that she lived in England with her father for some years, and that she learned her French in France.

The translations before us, which are fragrant with the aroma of true poetry, and which are done with so much spirit and vivacity, would do credit to any highly educated English lady ; that they are the productions of a young Bengali lady, not twenty years old, is to us a marvel.

We give one or two extracts which have not appeared in this Magazine. Our first specimen shall be "A Souvenir of the Night of the 4th from Victor Hugo :—

The child had received two balls in the head,
But his bosom still throbbed ; he was not dead ;
The house was humble, peaceable and clean,
A portrait on the wall,—beneath was seen
A branch blessed by the priest, for good luck kept ;
An old grandmother sat quiet and wept.
We undrest him in silence. His pale lips
Opened ; Death on his eye cast fierce its eclipse ;
His arms hung down ; he seemed in a trance ;
A top fell out from his pocket by chance ;
The holes of his wounds seemed made by a wedge ;
Have you seen mulberries bleed in a hedge ?

His skull was open like wood that is split ;
 The grandmother looked on, at us, and it.
 ' God ! How white he is,—bring hither the lamp,'
 She said at last,—' and how his temples are damp !
 And how his poor hair is glued to his brow !—
 And on her knee she took him,—undrest now.
 The night was dreary ;—random shots were heard
 In the street ;—death's work went on undeterred.
 ' We must bury the child',—Whispered our men,
 And they took a white sheet from the press,—then
 Still unconscious of the death of her boy,
 The grandmother brought him,—her only joy,
 Close, close to the hearth, in hopes that the fire
 His stiffening limbs with warmth would inspire.
 Alas!—When death touches with hands ice-chill
 Nothing again can warm, do what we will.
 She bent her head, drew off the socks, and took
 The naked feet in hands withered that shook.
 Ah ! Was not that a sight our hearts to tear !
 Said she, " Sir,—he was not eight,—and so fair !
 His masters,—he went to school,—were content,
 He wrote all my letters, on errands went
 When I had need,—and are they going now
 To kill poor children,—the brigands allow
 Such to pass free. Are they brigands ? Or worse ?
 A Government ! 'Tis a scourge and a curse!
 He was playing this morn, alert and gay,
 There, by that window, in the sun's bright ray
 Why did they kill the poor thing, at his play ?,
 He passed on to the street ; was that a crime ?
 They fired on him straight ; they wasted so time.
 Sir, he was good and sweet as an angel.—
 Ah ! I am old ;—by the blessed Evangel
 I should have left the sad earth with light heart,
 If it would have pleased Monsieur Bonaparte
 To kill me instead of this orphan child !"
 She stopped,—sobs choked her,—then went on more wild,
 While all wept around, o'en hearts made of stone—
 ' What's to become of me left now alone ?
 Oh ! Tell me this, for my senses get dim—
 His mother left me one child,—only him.

Why did they kill him,—I would know it,—why ?
 Long live the Republic, he did not say,
 When that shout, like a wave, came rolling high ?
 We stood silent, heads low, hearts full of grief,
 Trembling before a sorrow past relief.
 Mother, you understand no politics,—
 Monsieur Napoleon, that's his true name, sticks
 To his rights. Look, he is poor, and a prince,
 He loves places he enjoyed long since,
 It suits him to have horses, servants, gold
 For his table, his hunt, his play high and bold,
 His alcove rich-decked, his furniture brave,
 And by the same occasion he may save
 The Family, Society, and the Church,
 Should not the eagle on the high rock perch ?
 Should he not take advantage of the time
 When all ends can be served ? 'Twould be a crime.
 He must have Saint-Cloud bedecked with the rose
 Where Prefects and Mayors may kiss his toes.
 And so it is, that old grandmothers must
 Trail their gray hair in the mire and the dust,
 Whip^e they sew with fingers trembling and cold,
 The shroud of poor children, seven years old.

Here is another from the same poet "On the Barricade":—

'Twas upon a barricade in the street
 With guilty blood polluted, but made clean
 Again with pure blood, that a child of twelve
 Was seized midst men with weapons in their hands.
 "Art thou of these?"—The child said,—"yes I am."
 "Good," said the officer,—"thou shalt be short,
 Await thy turn." Then blinding flashes past
 And his companions fell beneath the wall,
 While he looked on. "Permit me that I go,"
 Thus to the officer at last he said,
 "And to my mother in our house, give back
 This watch of hers."—"Ah, thou wouldest fly?"—"Not so,
 I shall return."—"These children of the street
 Are cowards after all. Where lodgest thou?"—
 Down there beside the fountain,—let me go,
 I shall come back 'monsieur le capitaine.'—
 "Be gone thou rogue."—And the child scampered off.

Clumsy deceit,—gross cunning of a boy !
 And all the soldiers with their captain laughed,
 And with the laughter mix'd the rattle hoarse
 That issues from the throats of men that die ;
 But the laugh ceased, for sudden he returned
 Proud as Viala ; step firm, and forehead high,
 He looked a trifle pale, as on the wall
 He like the others leaned, and cried aloud—
 “ Lo here I am.”

Death brass-browed blushed with shame,
 And the stern chief of pardon gave the sign.
 I know not, child, amidst the present storm,
 This hurricane around us, that confounds
 The heroes and the brandits, good and ill,
 What urged thee to the combat, but I say,
 And boldly say, that thy soul ignorant
 Is a soul tender, lofty and sublime.
 As kind as brave, thou in the gulf's dark depths
 Two steps couldst forward take instinctively,
 One to thy mother, one as calm to death.
 Childhood has candour, manhood has remorse ;
 And thou art not responsible for what
 Thou wert induced to execute or try :
 But true and brave the child is that prefers
 To light, to life, to the bright dawn, to spring,
 To sports permitted, and to all his hopes,
 The sombre wall by which his friends have died.
 Glory has kissed thy brow,—and thou so young !
 Boy-friend, Stesichorus in antique Greece
 Would willingly have charged thee to defend
 A port of Argos. Cynegirus would have said,
 ‘ We are two equals that each other love.’
 Thou wouldest have been admit to the rank
 Of the pure-minded Grecian volunteers,
 By Tyrteus at Messena, and at Thebes
 By Æschylus. On medals would thy name
 Have been engraved,—medals of brass or gold
 To last for ages ; and thou wouldest have been
 Of those, who when they pass, beside the wells
 Shaded by weeping willows, under skies
 Serenely blue, cause the young girl that bears

The urn upon her shoulders, that the herd
 Of panting kine may drink therein by turns,
 To look round pensive, and to stand and gaze,
 And gaze again,—then sigh, and onwards move.

The above pieces, like the rest in the volume, have the ring of the true metal. Miss Dutt has evidently been blessed with the genuine poetical afflatus. We hope and trust she will favour the world with an original poem which posterity will "not willingly let die."

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

On Saturday the 8th April, a public meeting was held in the Town Hall of Calcutta, His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal being in the chair, in which it was resolved to present an address to Lord Northbrook the retiring Viceroy, and to erect a statue as a memorial of his administration. No Governor-General better deserved a statue than Lord Northbrook, as His Lordship was, in the proper sense of the word, a true friend of the people of India.

At a public meeting in the Town Hall under the presidency of Lord Northbrook, it was proposed by His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and seconded by the Venerable the Archdeacon of Calcutta, and unanimously adopted by the meeting, that the best memorial of the late Bishop of Calcutta would be the establishment of an additional Bishopric in India.

On Wednesday, the 12th April, the Viceroy-elect, the Right Honourable Edward Robert Lytton Bulwer Lytton, Baron Lytton of Knebworth, in the country of Hertford, arrived in Calcutta and assumed the reins of administration. Immediately after, His Excellency made the following speech :—

" Gentleman.—Before we leave this room I wish, with your permission, to say a few words to those around me, whom I now meet for the first time. In virtue of the Royal Warrant which has just been read and, by the favour of our Most Gracious Sovereign, I have now assume the office of

Her Majesty's Viceroy and Governor-General of India. He who assumes this high office becomes thereby the inheritor of great duty bequeathed to him by great men, whose manner of discharging it has made their names a part of English History.

Yet so unsparing are its obligations that in many instances, not their talents only, but their lives have been exacted.

Nevertheless, Gentlemen, arduous as is undoubtedly the task before me, I have not shrunk, I do not, I cannot, for one moment shrink from it, because I know that, in the faithful fulfilment of that task, according to the best of my ability, I may confidently reckon upon the loyal support of able and experienced colleagues. I know, too, that in all our efforts to confirm the stability and promote the welfare of this great Empire, we shall be sustained by the sympathy of our countrymen in every part of the world, the generous appreciation of the people of India and the confidence of our beloved Sovereign.

Gentlemen, it is the tendency of this pre-eminently social age to leave nowhere isolated, nowhere wholly self-sufficient, any important group of social or economic interests. The vast development which has lately been effected in the means of inter-communication, the recent and rapid march of events, both in Asia and in Europe, and the everincreasing proximity of the Eastern and Western world,—all these things have undoubtedly rendered more complex, and therefore more labourious more anxious, than duties of the Government of India.

But what our position has thus lost in simplicity, it gains, I think, in grandeur, as the interests affected by it become more numerous, and its influence more widely felt.

Gentlemen, discussions have recently been raised in Parliament and elsewhere, on the relative position of the Home and Indian Governments. If I now allude to those discussions it is because my own name has been introduced into them, and I therefore deem myself entitled to take the earliest opportunity in my power of endeavouring to remove from your minds any doubt which such discussions may have suggested as to the profound sense of personal responsibility with which I assume my place at this table.

As the mariner who knows the noble nature of the element to which he trusts his course, so fearlessly confiding in that frank and open spirit which I believe to be the special attribute of English character, I say, broadly, that from whatever party the Queen's Government may at any time be formed, I, in my personal capacity here, shall at all times be ready on your behalf to welcome its timely and constitutional co-operation as a guarantee for the salutary freedom of our deliberations, and the disputed dignity of our authority.

By the generous confidence with which I am already honored on the part of my noble friend the Secretary of State for India, and Her Majesty's present responsible advisers in England, I feel myself strongly supported. But I trust Gentlemen, that it may be my good fortune, as it certainly is my most earnest desire, to win from your sympathies a support no less generous, no less considerate, no less gracefully appreciated.

Aided by your advice, and relying on your trusted experience, it will be my unremitting endeavour to keep a strict watch over the economical management and cautious progress of our administration. Such economy and caution are indeed specially imposed upon us by the unprecedented disturbance of our currency at the present moment. But I shall also claim your

co-operation in providing with unflinching firmness, for the safety and repose of the empire.

Gentlemen, it is my fervent prayer that a Power higher than that of any earthly Government, may inspire and bless the progress of our counsels; granting me, with your valued assistance, to direct them to such issues as may prove conducive to the honor of our country, to the authority and prestige of its august Sovereign, to the progressive well-being of the millions committed to our fostering care, and to the security of the Chiefs and Princes of India, as well as of allies beyond the Frontier, in the undisturbed enjoyment of their just rights and hereditary possessions.

In that case, Gentlemen, I shall indulge a hope that if life and health be vouchsafed me to reach the term of my official tenure, I may then have merited some measure of that esteem and regard with which your thoughts will follow hence my distinguished predecessor, when he quits these shores, some claim upon kindly feeling akin to these with which our wanted sympathies and good wishes will assuredly accompany his progress through every fresh phase of a career, already conspicuous, already rich, in high achievement."

On the 15th Lord Northbrook left Calcutta for England.

The British Indian Association and the Trades' Association presented addresses to the new Viceroy who gave them the following replies:—

'MR. PRESIDENT, NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN,—It is gratifying to me to receive my first address of welcome to Calcutta from an Association of influential native gentlemen, whose enlightened activity in support of the interests they represent, and in the cause of social science, is already honourably known to me.

As the Queen's Representative in this country, I cordially appreciate the spirit of loyal attachment to her Throne which characterizes the language of your address.

Having recently been honoured by my august Mistress with frequent opportunities of learning from Her own lips how sincere is Her solicitude for the welfare of Her Indian subjects, I deem it my duty to assure you that there is no portion of the Queen's vast and varied dominions more cherished by Her Majesty than this ancient home of that great Aryan race from which the Hindoo and the Briton claim a common ancestry.

For the kind expressions of confidence and good-will with which you have been pleased to allude to myself, I thank you sincerely.

It is true, as you remark in your address, that I have not hitherto served the Crown in India. But I can honestly say that I have always felt a deep interest in the history and traditions, and also (so far as the labours of others have rendered it accessible, to me in the literature), of a land which has enriched the memory of mankind with fables older than *Zeop's*, and heroic songs of higher ethic strain than *Homer's*.

All who are associated in the administration of such an Empire as this are the trustees of mighty interests; and I assure you that no Governor-

General ever felt more deeply than I do the responsibility of the charge confided to him. To conduct the Government of India with firmness, moderation, and impartiality, will be my constant endeavour.

You allude in loyal terms to the recent auspicious visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and to the intention of our Gracious Sovereign to add to her present titles one which will specially identify the Crown of England with its Imperial possessions in India.

You rightly recognize in these acts fresh proofs of the unceasing and solicitous affection with which this Empire is regarded by the Queen and Her Majesty's august family.

India has enjoyed under the rule of my distinguished predecessor a period of unusual tranquillity. The foresight and fortitude of the late Viceroy enabled him to make timely and ample provision for a great famine without disturbing the natural course of trade; and although, indeed, the sudden and continued depreciation in the value of silver, to which you have alluded, is a phenomenon which cannot be contemplated without the most serious anxiety, yet, thanks to the sagacity with which they have been administered during the last four years, this difficulty finds our finances in a sound condition.

Nothing, however, can better promote those efforts for the continued security and increasing prosperity of the Empire, which will certainly be made by myself and my honourable colleagues, than the hearty support of unofficial but influential bodies such as the Association which you so worthily represent.

We shall at all times be willing to consider your views and suggestions on those subjects to which your attention has been given, knowing, as we do, that the true interests of the people and its Government are identical."

LYTTON.

MR. JENNINGS, WARDENS, AND MEMBERS, CALCUTTA TRADES ASSOCIATION.—

It gives me sincere pleasure to receive the congratulations you offer me on my assumption of the office of Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

I share your satisfaction at the present tranquil state of affairs in this country. I shall not fail take advantage of it by devoting my time to those pressing financial administrative questions which demand early attention.

The manifestations of hearty loyalty evinced by the people of India during the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales have been warmly appreciated by the Queen, and cannot fail to draw closer the bonds of sympathy which already unite Her Majesty's British and Indian subjects in a common allegiance to the Throne.

In making himself personally acquainted with this important portion of Her Majesty's Empire, the Prince of Wales carried out a long cherished object; and His Royal Highness expressed to me, not many weeks ago, the intense pleasure he had derived from its realization, and the value he attached to the sympathy and devotion with which he had been received by all classes of the Queen's subjects in this country.

I cordially agree with you that India must be governed with special regard to its own interests; but I cannot believe that English and Indian interests, rightly understood, can ever be really conflicting, although there may be, at times, an apparent or temporary rivalry between them.

You have referred in your address to the question of the cotton duties. So far as I am yet aware, nobody in or out of India seriously desires to see these duties maintained for purely protective purposes. It is therefore only as an item of revenue that their maintenance can properly be advocated. But all revenue duties are not equally unobjectionable, and were our finances in such a condition as to admit of any reduction in those sources of revenue which are derived from taxes on consumption, I must frankly say that I would gladly see our tariff purged, not only of these cotton duties, but also of some others, which I cannot regard with unmitigated satisfaction.

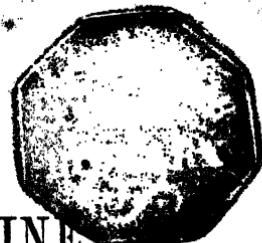
But you have fairly observed that the import duties on cotton manufacturers represent a large proportion of our whole customs revenue; and starting as we do this year with a surplus unavoidably reduced to the very narrowest limits; pursued, in spite of all our precautions by an expenditure, of which the natural tendency is to increase; and confronted by the still unconjecturable consequences of depreciated currency, I think that no one responsible for the financial administration of this Empire would at present venture to make the smallest reduction in any of its limited sources of income.

Let me, however, take this opportunity of assuring you that, so far as I am aware, the abolition or reduction of the cotton duties, at the cost of adding one six-pence to the taxation of this country has never been advocated, or even contemplated, by Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India. It is due to Lord Salisbury that I should remind you of this, and give my honest testimony to the unselfish assiduity and generous consideration with which his whole time and attention are devoted to questions affecting the interests of this country,—questions which he is naturally bound to consider from an imperial and parliamentary point of view. It is due to myself, and the confidence you express in my character, that I should also assure you, on my own behalf, that nothing will ever induce me to tax the people of India for any exclusive benefit to their English fellow-subjects. I deeply share your interest in the prosperity of our native manufactures, and your appreciation of their importance; but I look forward to the day when these promising growths of native industry, leaning on no artificial support, will flourish in the bracing climate of free commercial competition.

I have now frankly indicated to you my general views in regard to this question. But on this and every other subject my judgement is entirely unbiased. Whilst accepting to the fullest extent the manifold responsibilities of the power entrusted to my hands,—a power which I believe to be unreservedly recognized by those on whose advice Her Majesty has been pleased to invest me with it,—I welcome, as the pleasantest of my duties as Governor-General, the most unrestricted recourse to the valuable advice and assistance of those experienced administrators who are associated with me in the Government of this Empire.

I gladly recognize in your Association the mouthpiece of an important section of the non-official community of Calcutta, and I wish you every prosperity."

LITTON.



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CIVILISATION CONFINED TO ONE SEX.

By A Hindustani.

No subject at first appears so stale and hackneyed as that of Female Education. All the stock arguments in favor of Female Education have been reproduced often and in so many forms that the very mention of the subject appears sickening. The subject, however, has by no means been exhausted, and arguments of a novel character, that is different from those which have been reproduced *ad nauseam*, it does not require much ingenuity to concoct and bring forward. In all the books and pamphlets on Female education which we have read or glanced over, we do not remember to have seen the argument, which we wish to elucidate in this article, handled at all, or handled with the fullness to which it is most decidedly entitled. - The argument referred to hinges or turns upon the disastrous consequences of one-sided civilisation, or civilisation confined to one sex. Such civilisation is not merely temporary and evanescent, but positively demoralizing. Civilisation confined to the male sex, or one-sided enough to exclude the softer sex from its benign influences, exerts a disastrous, reflex influence on its possessors. This fact is overlooked by those who regard the rapid progress which male education is making in the country with the warmest feelings of self-complacency, but who do not stop to waste a single sigh in view of the slow, creeping and almost imperceptible advance, of which Female Education in India can boast. They forget that the gap, which our College education is day by day widening,

between the mental status of one sex and that of the other, bids fair to close over all the fair fruits of civilisation which we now see around us. Let them remember that if there is one thing which the history of the world more clearly proves than the other, it is the fact that the civilisation which excludes the softer sex from its elevating influences is positively demoralizing.

There are many points of difference between ancient and modern civilisation. Modern civilisation has a moral as well as a material and intellectual excellency ; while all the excellency associated with ancient civilisation was concentrated on what may be called its material and intellectual life. Modern civilisation is characterised by what may be called a catholicity of spirit, such as tends to enable all mankind, not merely a few chosen classes, to participate or share in its blessings ; but ancient civilisation was based upon a principle of exclusion which confined its fruits within very narrow limits. But that which gives to modern civilisation its palm of superiority over that of ancient times is the systematic way in which it utilizes the admirable powers of the female intellect and the amiable susceptibilities of the female heart. Female culture may be represented as one of the crowning glories of modern civilisation. Female elevation is its peculiar feature, or that which distinguishes it from the civilisation which it has superseded, and of which it is destined entirely to sweep away the traces. Female elevation is, not merely its distinguishing feature, but also its brightest jewel, the most prominent element of its beauty and glory. Take away the prominence enjoyed by female elevation in these days, or rather take away the prominent part played by woman in society, and modern civilisation will lose perhaps its most brilliant jewel, its crowning ornament. Ancient civilisation had its glories, its literary excellency, its poetry, philosophy and science, its political eminence, its civil liberty, municipal organisation and international law, and its material grandeur, the triumphs of its arts and the comforts of its every-day life. But the two elements of moral regeneration and female elevation it could not boast of. Hence its inferiority to the glorious civilisation of these days.

But it is to be observed that female education is, not merely a peculiar element of modern civilisation, not merely one of its brightest jewels, but its life-blood, that vital power without which it cannot possibly exist. Female Education, or the education which involves the emancipation and elevation of women, is the life-blood of modern civilisation. Take it away, and our glorious civilisation becomes, not only shorn of its ornament and glory, but positively lifeless. Without female elevation, it will become positively demoralizing and end in gross vice and barbarism. This fact has not been prominently brought forward in treatises written in favor of female education, and is ignored or overlooked by our educated countrymen generally speaking. And yet a glance at the history of the world is enough to convince us of the fact in question, and assure us of the absolute necessity of making female education keep pace with that imparted to males in our Colleges and schools.

Mr. Grote shows that one of the most brilliant ages in the history of civilisation was that in which progress was wholly and exclusively confined to one, and that the stronger sex. The history of Athens in the age of Pericles presents a picture which, in the glories of material and intellectual civilisation, has rarely been paralleled, certainly never surpassed in the annals of progress. The city itself was a cynosure in which all that was magnificent in architecture, painting and statuary, was concentrated. Magnificent structures and temples that were models of architectural skill and splendour, together with the brightest products of the pencil and the chisel, the ideal of grace and beauty stamped on the canvass and embodied in stone, made up its physical beauty. A constitution of the most glorious stamp, one eminently fitted to secure an equable distribution of the blessings of civil liberty, was its political triumph. The genius of poetry adorned its theatres and schools, philosophy was pushed up to aerial heights in its groves, and eloquence of the most effective stamp thrilled and electrified its senatorial and other public meetings; while the very markets resounded with plaudits elicited by successful demonstrations of speaking ability and

controversial skill. What a grand picture of progress and development does the city present? There is however in it a foul spot, to which the admiration with which we contemplate its salient features of glory may make us blind. There is a foul spot which, like a leprous sore, is destined to spread over the whole body and poison its vital parts. The progress we see here is one-sided, confined to one sex. The picture we see is something like the sight which Mirza saw on the opposite side of the shaking and crazy bridge before him. Mirza saw an adamantine chain dividing the prospect before him into two regions, one of bliss adorned with picturesque valleys, romantic groves, beautiful orchards, glassy lakes and meandering streams, and the other of misery, full of dreary and doleful sights. This is the sort of prospect which the history of Athens during her palmy days places before us. We see a huge wall separating male civilisation from female degradation, the public life of political activity enlivened by the fervour of poetry and eloquence from the private dungeons of domestic ignorance and vice. The prevalent civilisation was selfish, and failed to elevate one half of the population of the city, besides certain classes even of the sex most favored. But its failure was accompanied with the splendid success of its opposing barbarism. This one-sided, and limited civilisation, failed to influence for good the barbarism with which it came in contact. But this barbarism mightily influenced its neighbour for evil. In plain English, the educated male community failed to elevate the female community, but the female community succeeded in first degrading it, and then extinguishing its boasted civilisation. The sad decay of Grecian civilisation sprung naturally or by necessary laws from its one-sided character or confined nature. Its boasted polish confined to favoured classes disappeared, leaving behind it a mass of vice and crime which it is positively disgusting and sickening to contemplate.

These remarks are more or less applicable to the sort of civilisation which nourished and set forth the greatness and glory of Rome. During the pure ages of Roman history, there was scarcely any thing which might be called even an apology for a

grand system of education. Although learning was not of much consequence, certain virtues were prized, and certain elements of character extorted the admiration and applause of the public. These excellencies were appreciated and admired both by the male and by the female population; and so there was nothing like a wide and impassable gap between the sexes. But this heroic age was followed by an age of refinement, and education and culture made their appearance in the empire now grown to giant proportions. But the blessings of these intellectual forces were confined, in obedience to the dictates of prevailing custom, to one sex, and that the stronger one. A circumscribed, one-sided male civilisation developed itself, while the inmates of the zenana were left to groan amid the darkness and miseries of gross ignorance. The result was a separation between the more favored and the less favored sex, a gap which was bridged over only when both the sexes were on a par in intelligence; or when the less enlightened sex brought down, by its innate vitiating power, the more favored one to its own level. The process of demoralization was the same as in Greece. An age of partial, one-sided refinement gave place to an age of vice, by which the whole of society was plunged into that gulf of barbarism in which one of the sexes was left unmolested. A species of civilisation was placed in juxtaposition with a species of barbarism. The latter, being stronger than the former, overcame and extinguished it. Male education and female degradation do not go together; and if the first fails to extinguish its rival, it has itself to retire from the stage. <

What has been said of Greece and Rome may be said of the great peoples who distinguished themselves or brought themselves into historical prominence in ancient times. The utter extinction of ancient civilisation, or the collapse in which its various forms found their premature grave, arose in our humble opinion from two circumstances; its want of moral earnestness, and its selfish and exclusive character. Ancient civilisation was as a rule destitute of religious earnestness. The refinement it could boast of was a refinement of the head, not of the heart. And it is of the

last importance to notice that mere refinement of the head, when not accompanied with a corresponding refinement of the heart, exerts a demoralizing influence. Literature and science are certainly good things in themselves, and are calculated, along with that which alone can direct them into a proper channel, to elevate and ennable a people. But when dissociated from this life-giving moral power or principle, these blessings become curses, and positively demoralize those who possess them. We have not to go far in search of facts fitted to set forth the accuracy of this assertion. The modern history of Italy together with its present deplorable condition is enough to substantiate our position. Italy is the cradle of modern literature and modern science as decidedly as Greece was the cradle of ancient literature and ancient science in Europe. Dante was as decidedly the father of modern European poetry as Homer was the father of ancient European poetry, and he headed, so to speak, that grand revival of letters, the result of which has been the steady and even astounding growth of the literature and science of modern times. And Italy is the favored home of the fine arts,—its palaces, cathedrals and picture galleries being unsurpassed, or rather unparalleled. But its bright literary glory has only helped forward its thorough demoralization, insomuch that its volatility of principle is proverbial, and its “light-loves” stink in the nostrils of all observers. Want of moral earnestness in the civilisation of which it can boast has been its ruin. But the second cause operated as disastrously as the first. The civilisation of Italy was confined to one sex, and presented the somewhat disagreeable though common picture of a narrow island of light surrounded by an interminable ocean of darkness. No wonder the waves of this endless mass of ignorance rolled over this bright spot, and consigned it to a watery grave. Male education in coping with female ignorance was overcome and extinguished.

It is not difficult to show how male education combined with female ignorance exerts a positively demoralising influence, and ultimately kills itself. It, in the first place, tends to destroy what may be called the fundamental principle of domestic felicity.

This principle is a community of feeling based upon a similarity of views and tastes. Mental equality, or parity of intellectual status, is an essential and indispensable element of domestic happiness. This is an axiomatic truth, and does not need a formal demonstration. Now, whatever tends to convert this equality into inequality; this parity into disparity, tends to impair, cripple and paralyze the happiness on which social morality, purity of conduct and elegance of manner mainly depend. Now, one-sided education, or more properly education confined to males and to males only, does produce a disparity between the mental conditions of the sexes. Before such education comes into operations the mental status of the male sex is similar to or identical with the mental status of the female sex. The same scale of knowledge or rather ignorance represents the position of the sexes, and community of feeling based on similarity of views and similarity of tastes is, not only possible, but beautifully realised. But education steps in, elevates one of the sexes, and entails domestic infelicity by disturbing what may be called the equilibrium of happy ignorance. The males are educated and civilised, while the females are left undisturbed in the arms of ignorance and barbarism. A wide and impassable gulf is opened between the sexes, and the chasm is destined to go on widening for a time. The educated males are led by the impetus of their education to go on improving their minds, and the uneducated females go on, led by the impetus of ignorance, sinking downwards into its lowest depths. The result is—the gulf which separates the sexes becomes day by day wider and wider, and all friendly intercourse between males and females is nearly thrown beyond the borders of possibility. The softer sex is degraded, enslaved and demoralised. But its influence on society is immense, and therefore its demoralisation, instead of continuing confined to it, passes on to the other sex, and ultimately extinguishes the one-sided, or circumscribed civilisation in which the self-styled lords of creation pride themselves.

The conclusion we have now arrived at has a dreadful and ominous look about it. The civilisation, which our benevolent

rulers are naturalising in the country, is not without its glories. Already does the country present a resplendent aspect in consequence of its progressive and triumphant march. Modern architecture rears its triumphs side by side with those raised in by-gone times under different, though by no means inferior, principles of aesthetic culture. The astounding engineering skill of the age has already spanned many a river and tunnelled many a mountain; while the somewhat rough and indomitable spirit of enterprize, which is the soul of modern civilisation, is covering the country with a network of railways and telegraphs. Education moreover is reaping its harvests of glory, and the blessings of intellectual culture are being scattered broadcast. But though these glories are imposing enough to lead us to leap for joy, the fact remains that our rulers have transferred to the country the frame-work of civilisation without its *soul*. The two things which form the life of civilisation are moral earnestness and female culture. And these are the two things which the Government are not doing their best to bring in along with the external framework of civilisation. One of these principles, *viz.*, moral earnestness it can not possibly naturalise without going out of its own province, and deviating with what may be called a culpable latitude from its recognised policy of neutrality in religious matters. The Government therefore cannot be expected to naturalise in the country the highest, most glorious and most durable species of civilisation. But the civilisation it is maturing in the country may be made more durable and less demoralising by a simple plan such as will extend its blessings to both the sexes, or raise the country without destroying that equality of the sexes in which domestic happiness and social morality so decidedly mingle. And, let our countrymen remember that male education, without its counter-part female education, is really a curse, and will only demoralise the country and add to its vice and misery.

THE ZEMINDAR AND THE RYOT.

[As the subject of the relations of Zemindar and Ryot is a difficult one; we allow in these pages the ventilation of all sorts of opinions. Ed. B. M.]

The Zemindar and ryot system of Bengal at the present day affords good materials for discussion. Not long ago, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor invited the attention of the several divisional commissioners to the fact that frequent disputes break out between the Zemindars and the ryots on account of the enhancement of rents, and His Honor asked them to make suggestions towards the framing of a general law regarding the adjustment of rents, that should not encroach upon the rights of either class. In fact, the state of the ryots of Bengal has been so affected by the spread of English real property notions among their land-lords, that cases not unfrequently occur, in which it would be very desirable to have fixed rules for the adjustment of rents for the future.

The present law of land-lord and tenant is on the whole very defective, and supplies but an inadequate remedy for the grievances of the ryots, and, in some instances, those of the Zemindars. We propose to shew in this paper, that, in spite of various local customs, there might be found a method of adjustment of rents, which would adapt itself to the divers circumstances of the several parts of Bengal, and which could be embodied in law.

On inquiring into the growth in Bengal, of English proprietary rights in land, we find that from it has sprung a class of ryots having the right of occupancy—a class of men who have been twelve years and upwards in possession, and who are the most important section of the ryots. A glance over the decisions in the rent suits of Bengal will shew that really serious disputes arise between this class of ryots and the Zemindars who cannot disturb the former in their possession of the lands which their respective holdings contain even if they pay very low rents.

But be that as it may, if an inquiry were made into the history of the existing rents, it would be seen that the land-lords have never been slow in their endeavours to enhance the rents, and that, except for very particular reasons, there has been a gradual steady and general rise in the rents as there has been in the prices of the produce.

For the better understanding of the practical difficulties connected with the execution of the existing rent law, we give the Section 18 of Act VIII of 1869 in extenso.

"No ryot having a right of occupancy shall be liable to an enhancement of the rent previously paid by him except on some one of the following grounds, namely :—

1. That the rate of rent paid by such ryot is below the prevailing rate payable by the same class of ryots for land of a similar description and with similar advantages in the places adjacent.
2. That the value of the produce or the productive powers of the land have been increased otherwise than by the agency or at the expense of the ryot.
3. That the quantity of land held by the ryot has been proved by measurement to be greater than the quantity for which rent has been previously paid by him."

Of the three grounds stated above, authorising an enhancement of the rent, the one, the existence of which in any given instance involves the greatest practical difficulty, is that contained in the second clause. It is on this point that the disputes in Eastern Bengal chiefly turn. And it is obviously a complex question, depending for its solution on its component parts, each of which is a difficult inquiry by itself. Besides, it is a purely economic and agricultural question, which cannot possibly be argued and discussed in a court of law with advantage. But though it be admitted, for the sake of argument, that the question may be satisfactorily decided by the law courts, the most difficult questions present themselves—such as, how much has the price of the produce increased? To what share in such increase is the land-lord entitled? Though it is the wish of His Honor the

Lieutenant-Governor to give land-lords some share in the increased value of the produce, His Honor has not yet been able to lay down some practical method by which such share can be determined once for all. In fact the wish of His Honor is to cause as little disturbance as possible in the present state of things, and to give the landlord a moderate share of the profit derived by the ryots from an increase in the value of the land or of the produce by some simple and practical methods.

These methods His Honor noticed in his minute of the 25th May last. They are these :—

1st. That the share of the land-lord ought to be a certain proportion of the value of the gross produce.

2nd. That such proportion is to be ascertained from the proportion which the old rent bore to the then value of the produce. That is, former value of produce : present value of produce

:: former rent : present rent.

3rd. That the land-lord's share is to be regulated according to the proportion which the land revenue bears to the rental of the land. Let us now consider the practicability of each of these methods.

The first principle, which gives the land-lords a certain proportion of the value of the produce, looks very fine indeed at first sight. To prevent any sudden and general rise or fall in rents, and to prevent disturbances, it will, under such a principle as this, be not only necessary to lay down different proportions for different districts, but even for different parts of the same district, and even then with doubtful success. Speaking, for instance, of Dacca, the proportion that would apply to the northern and the eastern parts would not suit the southern and the western. It would be no easy matter to fix the territorial limits of such proportions. As His Honor remarks, "it may well be that such diversity of the proportionate share exists in the several parts of the country, and is practically recognised in judicial decisions. But it is another matter to set it forth and stereotype it by legislation." Moreover, such a measure as this might suit very well the land-lords, but would not suit the ryots, to whom it would.

prove very disadvantageous, how lenient soever the proportion might be in itself. For, even when the productive powers of the land have decreased or the expenses of cultivation have increased, the land-lord might, if so disposed, make use of the land to harass the ryots by suing them for his proportion.

The second principle is the rule of proportion laid down by the High Court which is to the following effects:—

Former value of produce : present value of produce
:: former rent : present rent.

The greatest difficulty in practically fixing this proportion, is the finding of the *former* value of the produce, about which no data of a reliable character are found. Besides, this principle would also affect very injuriously the interests of the ryots in many cases, for, as His Honor remarks, “in some places, perhaps in the oldest inhabited and cultivated districts, it might be regarded, in respect to the just interest of the ryots, as too high to be accepted for the future.”

The very high rates prevalent in the western parts of Bengal, are owing to the too free application of this principle within a short time after the passing of Act X in 1859.

The third principle is, that the land-lords' share is to be regulated according to the proportion which the land revenue (as fixed in perpetuity by the permanent settlement) bears to the rental of the land. The effect of this would be highly injurious to the interests of the Zemindars, who would invariably have to give up a large portion of the rents hitherto considered their due.

Thus, the non-practicability of the above methods is obvious. If they be ever fixed by legislation, they will tend rather to foment than allay the agrarian quarrels that at present arise in almost every part of Bengal.

But some method must be found out, which could be embodied in law, and which could be practically carried out, to protect the just interests of the ryots. At any rate, some such law ought to be framed for the welfare of the country and improvement of the condition of the ryots, who having, if such a law be passed, a new future to look to, would cultivate the virtue of economy,

and might thereby rise from their present indigent state, and class themselves among the rank of small capitalists. For, it is not too much to say that their present deplorable state is largely owing to the want of hope, as they at present see no opening through which they might be elevated in the social scale. We shall therefore make the following suggestions as to how a method may be found for the just and due adjustment of rents in future. They are these :—

1st. To ascertain the rates prevalent in each *Pergannah* or other territorial sub-division of a district.

2nd. How these rates will be enhanced after they have equalled the highest rates now existing.

3rd. Rent for increase in area.

In the first place, to ascertain the rates prevalent in each *Pergannah* or other territorial sub-division of a district. This could be easily done by the collectors from local enquiry, from the Revenue and Civil Court records under the rent law, and from the *khuliyats* and *pattahs* registered from time to time. This enquiry would not call into existence any new rates, but would simply record rates already existing.

The rates thus ascertained for the different kinds of lands, might be called the *Pergannah* or Divisional rates. They would have to be adjusted for each standard *biggah*, so that no difficulty might arise in applying them.

The *Pergannah* or Divisional rates, though often different in different villages in the same *Pergannah* or Division, will be found not to be very unequal for the same descriptions of land. Any land-lord wanting to enhance his ryot's rents, will only have to prove that the land of which the rent is to be enhanced is of the same description as another land in the same *Pergannah* or Division paying a higher rate. This equalization of the rents, which will work gradually, could not be felt as oppressive by the ryots, and would place the land-lords now under the disadvantage of low rates on an equal footing with those getting high rates. A *Pergannah* or other territorial division of a district is not a very large tract of country, and it is but fair that all the

parties connected with it should be under equal advantages and disadvantages. This equalization of rates for the same class of lands in a *Pergannah* or Division, would have the effect of placing the relation between the land-lords and tenants on a more satisfactory basis than the present uncertainty, and, as it is not contemplated to keep the rates fixed for ever, there can be no ground of dissatisfaction on the part of any one. Though the rates in a *Pergannah* are not now the same, there can be no doubt that the same rates prevailed in a *Pergannah* at the commencement, and that the present inequalities are the result of subsequent enhancements. The step here recommended would only restore what was lost in the course of a great length of time.

In the second place: having settled the *Pergannah* rates, the next thing to determine is, how the rates may be enhanced after they have equalled the highest rates now obtaining. We should apply the principle of proportion laid down by the High Court in the case of *Thacoorance Dasee vs. Bisoshur Mookerjee*, but with this modification, that is :—

Former value of the produce as determined for the *sixth* or some other year, as may be deemed fit, *immediately preceding* the suit: Present value of the produce as determined by the average of immediately preceding *five* or some other number of years which may be deemed fit :: Former rent : Present rent.

This would bring the principle of proportionate increase from the state of uncertainty which now exists to one of certainty, where the operation of the court would be practicable and simple. The advantages of the measures now suggested are manifest. First, the land-lords would, in cases where they obtained no increase before, succeed in getting an increase up to the highest rates which have also been the effect of general increase prevalent in the *Pergannah*; and this would satisfy them. Secondly, the ryot's advantage, consisting in the increased value of the produce. In the next place: the future enhancements, after highest *Pergannah* rates have been obtained, should, unless there has been any great rise in the prices, be discouraged. And the limitation of the period of bringing the suit to five years from the date of

the alleged increase, would enable the court to ascertain, with some degree of accuracy, the actual fact of the case. There would then be no frequent resort to law courts on this ground. As the present prices are already very high, and as it is not likely that there will be any very great increase under the normal condition of things for a long time to come, the land-lords would not find it to their advantage to sue on very slight grounds of increase, seeing the very low ratio which the present highest ratio bears to the present value of the produce. In the last place, enhancement of rent for increase in area. This should entirely be disallowed, unless the question is a question of increase in the case of any *alluvion or wash land*. The *Pergannah* rate, which the collector will ascertain, will be for a standard *biggah*, and so there will be no necessity for determining the length of the measuring rod, which now also is a fruitful source of litigation.

To enumerate the various evils that have crept in to the Zemindar and ryot system, from the date of the permanent settlement, would carry us somewhat widely out of our present purpose; we shall therefore conclude this paper simply in the words of Mr. Justice Phear. "In Bengal, the permanent settlement, which gave an artificial right to the Zemindars, and the English civil courts which recognise the power of alienating every personal right capable of definition, have introduced disturbing forces of immense effect; and it would be rash, indeed, to attempt to foretell the ultimate result which may be expected in the course of progress, if the legislature should not again interfere."

LAND TENURE IN BENGAL.

Third Paper.

In our last paper we had occasion to advert to the beneficial influence of competition upon the progress of society. We showed that the tendency of custom was to lead to social stagnation, while competition developed the resources of the country and contributed to the increase of national wealth. Though the Full

Bench ruling in Thacurani Dassi's case has arrayed custom against competition; still the effect of competition in the adjustment of rates of rent is not the less perceptible. If we refer to the statistics on the subject, and watch the course of human events with the aid furnished by the records of our Courts of Justice, we find that in spite of the iron rule of custom, competition has been instrumental in the raising of rates of rent. The old Pergunnah rates are daily becoming obsolete, and upon their ruins are rising rates commensurate with the spirit of the times and in conformity with the law of supply and demand. The rates of rent which obtained for a particular description of land ten years ago are not precisely those which obtain now. The rationale of this is not difficult to understand. It should be borne in mind that in almost every district a large quantity of land is in the occupation of ryots who are mere tenants at will. Their tenancy is determinable at the will of the land-lord; and it frequently happens that to avoid the contingency of an ejectment, they elect to pay higher rent to the land-lord. This circumstance keeps them unmolested in their holdings until a time comes when possession for twelve years or more converts their holdings into occupancy holdings. At first, the rents of these holdings merely affect the Pergunnah rates and ultimately supersede them. In an estate where the old Pergunnah rates are thus displaced, the displacing rates become the ground work of future enhancement and thus the rates are increased all round.

Again, where the old Pergunnah rates have fallen through by lapse of time, and a re-adjustment of the rates of rent has become necessary, this re-adjustment is sometimes made according to the increased value of the produce. In other words, the old value is to the old rate of rent as the increased value is to the increased rent. The increase of value of produce, or, in common parlance, the rise of prices, depends upon the law of demand and supply—a law which is directly regulated by market competition, and thus we have competition influencing in an indirect manner the adjustment of rates of rent at variance with the intentions of our legislators.

These are merely instances to show that however straugh

advocates of custom our legislators may be, competition is daily encroaching upon its domains, and the time is not far distant when competition will become the sole regulator of rates and will place relations between land-lords and tenants on a more rational footing. The whole question of rates of rent forms a branch of the question of prices. It is therefore as much reasonable to expect prices to remain unchanged and unchangeable as it would be to expect rates remaining constant.

Society in Bengal is daily progressing with the importation of new ideas and new thoughts; the archaic nations of property are fast undergoing changes. The promulgation of the usefulness and the increased facilities of intercourse and intercommunication have roused a spirit of developing the latent resources of the country in the nation. In the midst of this economical revolution the value of landed property cannot remain stationary, and any law or administrative measure which has that object in view cannot but prove abortive in the long run.

That being so, our rulers ought seriously to consider whether they should not leave the question of rates to undergo the process of spontaneous adjustment. Of course persons with anti-zemindar proclivities would muster strong and protest against such inaction. They would probably say that the Bengal peasant is too helpless a wight to be made the subject of such spontaneous action and without protection for our own part; we think, however, that the interests of the peasant would not in the least be thereby affected. We freely admit that in particular cases the ryot may be subjected to considerable hardship.

The zemindar's self-love might no doubt prompt him to exact from the tenant the highest price for the land the latter holds, and this the tenants may sometimes yield to. But it would be at the same time to suppose that such an exaction will ever become permanent. We know that in the open market a grain-dealer can not charge any price for his commodity; and if he does so, the intending buyer has to go to another dealer to effect a purchase at fair rates. If in the case of marketable commodities, fair play has sovereign dominion, we fail to see any reason why the

contrary should be the case in regard to the price of landed property. The tenant from whom an unprecedentedly high rent is demanded will have only to go to a neighbouring zemindar for land on moderate terms.

One reason why the agricultural classes are in a statical condition in this country is the cheapness of the land under their cultivation. Once you set a higher price upon the land you stimulate their industry, and with increased industry, the quantity and value of the produce are increased and the cultivator is made richer.

With the above observation we proceed to consider how far the law of enhancement as current in Bengal is susceptible of practical application. After a cursory glance of Section 18, one is compelled to denounce it as a piece of clumsy and unwieldy legislation. There is manifestly a vein of equity in it, but it becomes untraceable directly one has to deal with practical cases. It is a fact attested by the experience of all judicial officers that the administration of this law has been most disastrous to the interests of the landholder class, and the right to enhance rent has ostensibly been given to that class—actual enhancement has almost become an impossibility. It would be very interesting if some one collected statistics on this subject. He would see that only a small percentage of enhancement cases proves successful. A zemindar seeking enhancement of his ryot's rent has thrown upon him such a terrible burden of proof as is impossible for him to bear. If the enhancement be claimed on the ground that the ryot's rent is lower than that paid by a similar ryot's holding lands having similar advantages, the Zemindar has to prove the similarity of the holding and the similarity of the status of his ryot to those of the neighbouring ryots. This is certainly no easy task. Constituted as the Bengal peasantry are it is difficult to pick out two ryots having similar status. With the growth of the peasant community, they have branched off into several minor classes; each class having rights that differ more or less from those enjoyed by others. One ryot is a *pykust* ryot, another is *khoodkust*, while a third is *kudemi*. One is an occupancy ryot,

another is not so, while a third though an occupancy ryot still vested with *mourusi* rights. In the midst of the diversity of rights and interests the Zemindar is called upon to single out particular ryots as being in the same class with the ryot whose rent he seeks to enhance. But this is comparatively an easier task compared with that of proving the similarity of the lands, and the rates at which rent is paid for them. It is patent to every body who has watched the progress of enhancement cases that ryot's holdings comprise lands of all sorts of descriptions. Each holding has a consolidated rental attached to it. A holding may comprise ten *cottahs* of homestead land, four biggahs of ordinary arable land and five biggahs of garden lands having a consolidated rent of rupees fifty. Can any body say from the above what is the rate of rent per biggah of garden land? And yet this is precisely the question which is daily asked to the witnesses of the Zemindar to answer in enhancement suits when he deposes to the rates paid by the neighbouring ryots. It will astonish the lay world to learn that questions similar to the above are daily answered by witnesses without the least hesitation and with the aid of the answers, courts make assessment of rent upon ryots' holdings.

One may be tempted to ask how the witnesses feel competent to give such answers. The reply is, that they are taught to say so. That in making out a case of enhancement the Zemindar adduces a certain amount of false evidence is a fact known to all who have any experience in litigation, and if the present law relating to enhancement be done away with, it will relieve the country of a great amount of perjury. Now, the question is, who is responsible for this disgraceful state of things? Who has given this incentive to false swearing? Surely it is the law which the Government in the plenitude of its zeal for the welfare of the ruled has promulgated.

The second ground of enhancement is based upon an increase of the productiveness of the land and of the value of the produce where the increment was brought about by causes other than the labour or capital of the tenant. This ground is more arduous

to establish than the prevailing rates, as the Zemindar has not only to prove the increment but also that increment is due to no interference of the ryot. In this manner the law casts upon him the burden of proving a negative. Where the productiveness of land has increased in consequence of alluvial deposits or of greater facilities of irrigation, it is easy for the Zemindar to make out his ground of enhancement. But cases often crop up where it becomes hopeless to distinguish between increase of productiveness with the tenants' aid and that without it. But supposing that that the line of demarcation is clearly drawn, the extent of increase is a matter of extreme practical difficulty. The ground of enhancement under review involves a rule of proportion. It says that the old productiveness shall bear to the increased productiveness the same ratio which the old rent bears to the increased rent. In order to find the three terms of the proportion, it becomes necessary to take the average productiveness for the five years next prior to the date of suit and of the five years preceding them. In striking this average, Courts leave out of calculation years of unusual plenty and scarcity. To determine the productiveness for each year, the Judge has to note the number of crops grown and the quantity and value of each, and then to set off against that value the cost of cultivation and seed and the rental of the land.

Enhancement of rent can also be had under the law by showing that the prices of produce have increased irrespective of the labour or expense of the cultivator. This takes place where, in consequence of the opening of a new road or other means of communication, the produce raised by the cultivator can be more advantageously sold in the distant market, or where in consequence of a greater demand for a particular produce the market value of that produce has risen.

The third ground upon which enhancement can be claimed is, where the quantity of land in his occupation has been found by measurement to be greater than what the ryot pays rent for. This may appear at first sight to be susceptible of easy application, but it is really not so. The great obstacle in the way is

the determination of the unit of measurement. The measurement is made with the Pergunnah pole, which is not the same in all places. In some districts the pole is 18 inches, in others it is 20 inches, and the Court has to determine in each case what the standard of the pole is. While upon this subject we cannot shut our eyes to another circumstance upon which a certain amount of uncertainty hangs, and which requires to be cleared up. It happens in some cases that the excess land in the ryot's possession was held without the permission of the Zemindar either express or implied. In Lower Bengal certain lands are possessed as *chhapi* or in a clandestine manner by the ryot. The *status* of the ryot in respect to such lands is anomalous. In some instances the High Court have ruled that the ryot is a trespasser with reference thereto, while in others he is viewed as a tenant by implication. Under these circumstances it devolves upon the legislature the duty of defining with precision the ryots *status quod* such lands.

Before leaving the subject of enhancement, we can not help taking notice of the confusion which some of the recent rulings of the High Court have created with reference to the Zemindar's right to enhance the rent of homestead lands. These precedents had to show that enhancement can not be had in such cases. The theory upon which the precedents are based, appears to be of a questionable character. It is said that, as the provisions of the law of land-lord and tenant do not apply to such lands, and as there is no other law governing them, enhancement is not to be had. It is true, that there is no law upon which enhancement of the rent of homestead land can be claimed, but there can be no doubt that in the absence of such, the courts are competent to administer the principles of equity and good conscience; in such cases, a competence which Indian courts by the very nature of their constitution, possess. Far better that the courts should enhance the rents of such holdings than adopt the alternative pointed out by the High Court and pass a decree for the ejection of the tenant. The Indian home has a halo of sacredness about it the like of which can not be met with in any other country. Dear are the associations connected with it which it costs many a precious tear.

to forget and abandon. Any law therefore which arms the landlord with the right of ejectment, where his demand for increased rent is refused, must necessarily be very unpopular with the community.

Intimately connected with the topic of enhancement is that of recovery of *kabulyats* at increased rates of rent. Where a suit of that nature is instituted, the difficulty of proving it is immense. In the first place, all those grounds or any one of them mentioned in Section 18 must be proved, and further the rate claimed must be shown to be identical with that substantiated by evidence. If the Zemindar claim Rs. 40, and it be proved that he is entitled to Rs. 39-15-9 his suit will be dismissed. This was the decision of a Full Bench of the High Court in the case of Golam Mahamed reported in 10 Weekly Reports page 14. With due difference to the opinions of the learned Judges who sat upon the case, we venture to think that the decision was based upon the purest technicality, and it would be well for the interest of all parties concerned that it should be replaced by one consistent with common sense.

SOME THOUGHTS ON CONSCIENCE.

Philosophers the most sceptical have not attempted to deny the existence of a moral susceptibility in man. However varied and self-contradictory their theories to account for this phenomenon may have been, the fact of the existence of a moral nature in man, is admitted by almost all of them. How could it be otherwise? Their own consciousness would belie their assertions. The verdict of a dissenting world would stamp untruthfulness upon their sayings. For the civilized Briton and the unlettered Esquimaux, the polite Frenchman and the savage Hottentot, the gay Italian and the rough Scythian, the persevering Duteli and the volatile Hindu, the black Negro and the snowy Circassian, all have

a moral nature in different degrees of developement. The universal consciousness of all men establishes this point beyond the possibility of a doubt.

That there *should* be a moral nature in man, the *law of gradation of powers and natures*, that runs through all creation, perhaps requires. Creation may be viewed as a mighty chain descending from the throne of the Great Eternal. The first link of this chain is the exalted archangel that stands fast by the throne of God. Ordinary angels, men, quadrupeds, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects, zoophytes, vegetables, minerals &c, are several links of this immense chain. There is a *progression of powers and susceptibilities* in these links. The vegetables have functions larger in number and fuller in development than the minerals, the quadrupeds than the vegetables, and men than quadrupeds. To be consistent, this theory ought to hold the possibility of the existence of other faculties in beings superior to man, faculties larger in number, brighter in manifestation, and it may be, of a different *species* altogether. But this is not impossible. Angels, for aught we can tell, may have faculties numerically and specifically distinct from those possessed by man. In this way, God, the Fountain of all being, from whom this chain of creation proceeds, may be supposed, not only to possess all the faculties which men and angels possess, in their brightest, fullest, and most glorious manifestation, but in addition to this, other faculties essentially and generically distinct from those which either men or angels possess, and which are infinitely removed from our limited conceptions. With what ineffable and unfathomable mysteriousness does this account of the matter, clothe those remarkable words in the book of Job ; "Canst thou by searching find out God, canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection ? It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do ? deeper than hell what canst thou know ? Its measure thereof is longer than the earth and broader than the sea."

Again, there might be, for aught we know to the contrary, an utter impossibility of a dissociation of the rational with the moral nature. For aught we can tell, there might be an eternal

law of *metaphysical necessity* binding the moral to the rational nature. A disjunction of the moral from the rational might be one of the impossibilities in nature. For any thing we know to the contrary, this may be the case. But these are what some would call vagaries of the imagination and at best *not impossible* speculations.

The fact of the existence of a moral nature in man is confirmed by Revelation. Religion addresses man as a moral being. But for this, religion were an unmeaning term. But there is a diversity of moral sentiments among men. One crime is not felt to be equally vicious by all men. There is a diversity of feeling. More than this, an action looked upon by one section of the world's population as invested with celestial charms, and as entitling its perpetrator to unfading glories, is regarded by another section as positively immoral, and as entitling its perpetrator to endless misery. From this diversity of moral sentiments, some so-called philosophers have come to the strange conclusion, that the moral susceptibility is not universally diffused throughout the whole of the human species. Strange conclusion this! Pursuing the same line of argumentation, one might argue with as little shadow of truth, that, since the judgments of all men concerning some matters of opinion, do not agree, that therefore rationality cannot be predicated universally of the whole species. The cases are quite analogous. Diversity is no contradiction. Universal rationality is quite consistent with differences of intellectual judgments; so universal morality, if we be allowed the term in this sense, perfectly consists with differences of moral judgments or emotions.

Moreover, all this diversity of moral judgments can be accounted for. Dr. Brown has proposed three limitations by which all this can be explained. These limitations are *first*, the predominance of some passion in the mind which hushes into inglorious repose the voice of conscience; *secondly*, differences of moral judgments arising from the *complex* nature of actions; and *thirdly*, those arising from the principle of association both of words and of things. Every reflecting mind perceives the justness of these limitations. From all this it is evident that there is in man such a faculty

as the moral principle. It is *inherent* in man as such. It is as inherent, as are the powers of perception, conception, abstraction, memory, and judgment.

There is a garden before us. There are in it trees, plants and flowers of every description. We cannot help seeing them as we pass by them with open eyes. This is perception. We can not look at any two objects for any length of time without comparing the one with the other. As the result of this comparison, we say, that the one tree is larger, stronger, taller than the other. This is judgment. We cannot, at the sight of the trees before us, help bringing before our mind's eye some other trees which we have seen elsewhere. This is imagination. When we enter our closet after a short survey of the garden, we cannot help remembering some of the objects we have seen there. This is memory. We do all this because it is impossible not to do them.

In like manner the excitation of moral feelings in the mind when proper objects are presented to it, is unavoidable. We read of Regulus, the far-famed Regulus of Rome, and of his promise to the Carthaginians to return to them after a short stay at the "mistress of the world." We read of his going to it and of the defeat of the object for which he goes. If he returns to Carthage he is sure of being put to death by the most excruciating tortures which an almost demoniacal ingenuity can invent. If he stays at Rome, he is as happy as the proudest Roman could be. The reverend assembly of the senate, composed of the concentrated intelligence and worth of the then known world, entreat him to stay at Rome. Their entreaties do not move the rigidly righteous Regulus. We see his mother, a venerable, grey-headed matron, bathed in tears, approach and beseech him with all the tenderness of a parent;—we see his wife, the sweet partner of his life, with furrowed cheeks and eyes suffused with tears, with hair dishevelled and hands smiting the breast, fall prostrate at Regulus' feet, touching the tenderest chords of his heart, and entreating him not to return; we see, moreover, to add to the melancholy of the scene, his infant boys touch the hem of his toga, and in sweet compulsion drag him towards,

them. Notwithstanding all this which was sufficient to melt and bend the hardest and stoutest of hearts, and dissolve the gravest of the assembly in tears, Regulus stands unmoved and unshaken as to his resolution. His determination is fixed. *Affection bows down before the altar of principle.* He kisses and embraces his dear children, takes farewell of his wife and mother and steps into the boat. We envy not the man who can read such an affecting piece of history without giving vent to tears, without admiring the sternness of the principles of the man, and without being caught up into the region of the *moral sublime*.

On the other hand, when we read of the monstrous atrocities of Nero, the turpitude of his moral character, his cruelty in putting thousands and tens of thousands to death in the most infernal manner for nothing but a profession of Christianity, we cannot help abhorring his character. This too is natural and inevitable from the nature of our moral constitution. Now, this susceptibility of the mind which leads us to approve of the one and disapprove of the other is called by some the *moral principle*, by others the *moral sense*, and by others still *conscience*.

Before proceeding further, it may be proper perhaps to enquire whether conscience is an original faculty or not. This is an enquiry which is involved in much metaphysical obscurity. There are some philosophers who maintain that conscience is a *composite principle*, and others, that it is an *undivided, original, and primary faculty* of the mind.

Discarding all other attempts at analysing the moral principle as nugatory, futile, and partial, that proposed by Sir James Mackintosh deserves to be noticed. Sir James had a mind of the highest order, and was one of the acutest and most clear-headed reasoners that ever lived. His "singularly acute" analysis of the moral principle may be briefly stated in the following words; The social and the private affections, he says, are produced by the principle of association. These affections address themselves to the *will*, the master-faculty of the soul. The *will* is charmed and captivated, as it were, by the delight inevitably annexed to the affections, and becomes for ever associated with

them. It is the affections both social and private in close proximity to, and intimate association with, the will, that constitute the moral sentiments, the moral principle or conscience. A drop of the will, as if he had said, let fall upon the affections moralizes the whole of them. The objects of these moral sentiments are nothing else than voluntary dispositions of the heart that originate actions, and the actions themselves. This, if we understand aright is the celebrated theory of Sir J. Mackintosh. This reduction of the moral principle is elegantly and beautifully set forth in the conclusion of his justly celebrated treatise "On the Progress of Ethical Philosophy"—a work which may be characterized as "the finest work of philosophic genius which this age has seen."

A theory coming from so great a person perhaps carries conviction home into the understandings of many men. But, if we understand the theory aright, we are not convinced of its truthfulness. With much diffidence, however, we make the following remarks.

In the first place, we confess we do not understand fully the efficiency of the associating principle to form the social and private affections. In fact were we to reflect a little we think we would see, that this is based on a selfish or at best on an utilitarian foundation.

In the next place, we do not understand the *metaphysico-chemical* process, as it may be termed, by which a drop of the will is made to moralize a whole compound of the affections. We are accustomed to think that the will is no more moral in its essence and inherent constituting substratum than it is black or white. *I will to move my arm is surely not in its nature moral.* But Sir James would perhaps turn round and say ; But stop, the compound formed by the aggregation, so to speak, of the desire to move my arm and the will, is quite different from the compound formed by the combination or rather by the metaphysico-chemical union of the affections and the will. Or to speak mathematically, the product obtained by the multiplication of the desire to move my arm with the will, is not equal to the product obtained by the multiplication of the affections whether

social or private with the will. In the former case, the *terminus* of the desire to move my arm does not rest on the will, but on something extrinsic to the will, *viz.*, the motion of the arm. While in the latter case, not only is there no interval between the affections and the will, for they are metaphysico-chemically combined, but the terminus of the affections is the will itself and nothing extrinsic to it.

To this supposed objection of Sir James, we should be inclined to answer thus; We admit the difference that obtains between the two cases, but at the same time maintain, that this difference is owing to the nature of things; and further, that this proves nothing in favour of the question under consideration. Let us grant all that Sir James could reasonably demand. But what does it amount to? The real difficulty remains as ever, *viz.*, whence does the element of morality come? This question is not answered. Thirdly and lastly, Sir James makes too much of the will. The will is created the Lord Paramount, the Autocrat of the soul. But there is a Magistracy more venerable and of greater authority than the will itself; and that is the immutable *Law of Right and Wrong*.

It may not be amiss to quote here the words of a late writer on the subject. "But it, the theory of Sir J. Mackintosh regarding conscience, seems defective and imperfect in the very particular in which all moral systems based exclusively on observation must be so; it leaves the will seated on the throne of arbitrary power, listening to the various representations which the various parts of the constitution make respecting the object of choice which solicit, and determining which is preferable on whatever ground it may select; or, in other words, it does not sufficiently bring into action the paramount and antecedent sovereignty of *Law* in its immediate bearing on the will."

There are others who maintain that the moral principle is an affection of the intellect, or a modification of reason. Conscience, say they, is reason applied to moral subjects. We are inclined to think that this opinion is quite erroneous, and that from the few following reasons.

In the *first* place, it is possible that the reasoning faculty may be directed to moral subjects with all its energies ; and yet the moral principle, or what is called so, may not at all be exercised. Satan possesses the highest intellect that any creature perhaps has. And this vigorous intellect is constantly directed to moral subjects, (for he has not to do with machines but moral beings) ; and notwithstanding all this he is an infinitely malignant being. In the *next* place, there are little boys and illiterate grown up men whose reasoning faculties can scarcely be said to have developed themselves who yet exercise their consciences. In the *third* place, when a boy is asked whether it is bad to utter an untruth, does he by his reasoning faculty weigh the advantages or disadvantages on both sides before answering ? No such thing. The boy instinctively as it were says, ‘ it is sinful to utter an untruth.’ To say that reason must be sought for to go through the calculation of the advantages or disadvantages, would be to advocate the rankest utilitarianism. *Lastly* that which is *rational* is *rational*; it is not *moral*, there being nothing to make it so.

In opposition, however, to the above theories of Sir James Makintosh and perhaps of Dr. Cudworth, and innumerable others, which make conscience a *composite* principle, we maintain that it is an *ulterior* and *primary* faculty of the mind. Man is composed of three distinct departments, the *sensitive*, the *intellectual*, and the *moral*. We think it is as foolish and unwise to resolve the moral into the intellectual, as it is to resolve the intellectual into the sensitive. Akin to the doctrine of materialism which attempts to deduce the intelligential principle from the vibrations and vibrations of the brain, is the doctrine of *intellectualism*, as it may be termed, which pretends to deduce the moral principle from merely intellectual principles. Hitherto all attempts of this sort have proved vain and worthless, and they will probably do so in all future ages. *Materialism*, *intellectualism*, and *moralism*, are three distinct things ; and any one of these must not be sought for in another. *Moralism* is not *transformed intellectualism*, but something separate from it. *Intellectualism* is not transformed .

materialism, but something distinct and separate. Talking at this rate we may with like shadow of reason say, that materialism is transformed non-entity. Incipient moralism is distinct from intellectualism in perfection ; incipient intellectualism from materialism in perfection ; and incipient materialism from non-entity in perfection. These three are separate and distinct principles, and no compounder of metaphysical abstractions can so combine them as to make them palpable to the minds of others. What the author of our nature seems to have separated and put asunder, it is unwise, we have almost said, impious to join. Unconsecrated hands ought not be laid upon the three distinct temples of *soma*, *psuche* and *pneuma* to resolve them into one. Thus much we have thought proper to speak on the constituting essence of conscience.

But there are *several ideas* which seem to be inherent in the conception of the moral principle. These are superintendency and independence. "You cannot form a notion," says Bishop Butler, "of the faculty of conscience without taking in judgment, direction, and superintendency. This is a constituent part of the idea, that is, of the faculty itself; and to preside and govern, from the very economy and constitution of men belongs to it." This is a very important part of the subject, and this seems to be the proper place for introducing it.

Bishop Butler seems to have been the first to illustrate this subject by the brilliance of his talents. His three sermons on human nature contain the whole of what he published on the subject. These sermons or rather philosophical dissertations (for sermons they can scarcely be called) are perhaps the best ever written on the subject. Subsequently the glowing eloquence of Dr. Chalmers has thrown a halo of delightful interest around it, and invested it with inexpressible charms. The "Supremacy of Conscience" forms the first chapter of his excellent Bridgewater treatise. It is there illustrated with all the enchanting eloquence of which he was possessed. The illustrations are bold, original, and full. And the use made of this to the purposes of Natural theology, is striking, beautiful, instructive, and edifying.

It may be remarked, in the first place, that the human mind, just as the body, is an exquisite mechanism. It is not one thing, so to speak, but a system of things ; it is a system of parts. These parts are the *sensitive*, the *intellectual*, and the *moral* faculties. Besides these, there are the *affections*, both social and private, *desire*, and *will*. All these are different parts of the mental constitution. But they are not huddled up in confusion. There is an *order* that regulates them. There is a principle of *subordination* of rank in the powers and susceptibilities of the mind. That there is such an order and subordination in the mind is evident, *analogically*, from the fact that these obtain in the physical world, and *a priori* from the abstract principle that things which are dissimilar must subsist in some order or other.

The different powers and susceptibilities therefore of the mind must possess different degrees of strength and authority. In the kingdom of the mind every power or susceptibility cannot be vested with equal degrees of authority. For else, the faculties, the affections, the desires &c, being nicely neutralized, the result would be no-action. The immediate effect of such a disposition and investiture of the powers of the mind would be indolence, sloth, and perfect stupor. The question then naturally comes to be asked, what is that order or subordination of ranks among the faculties which obtains in the mind ? Which is the supreme in authority if there be any supreme at all ? Or if it be a Roman Republic which is the Consul or Dictator, or of an American republic, which is the President ? To the ascertainment of this we presently proceed.

The evidence for any mental phenomenon is not so much a question of *a priori* reasoning—a question on which the highest reason and the most fervid imagination are called forth, but a question of matter of fact, of internal observation and consciousness. We therefore appeal to the consciousness of men on this point. Which faculty or congeries of faculties do men in their sober moments of reflection call superior and which inferior ? To what power or operation of the mind do all the other powers and operations render homage ? What faculty is placed by the

universal consent of nations at the head of the empire within? Which faculty is invested with the highest authority to bear rule over all the others? or rather which *ought* to do all this? Let us view human nature part by part. All are acquainted with the fact that the eye, the ear, and the ~~senses~~ of touch, taste and smell, are ministering servants to the intellectual powers. They are the proper inlets of knowledge. They are ever on the alert to catch the slightest information they can get from any quarter. Their importance and service are so much acknowledged and valued by all, that Mr. Locke went so far as to maintain that they were the *only* sources of knowledge. Besides this their general ministration to the mind, they evidently acknowledge the authority of the desires and the affections, the intellectual and the moral powers. I hear that a grand exhibition of the products and effects of the skill, ingenuity, and superior tact in needle-work of all the most respectable ladies in the Presidency is to take place in the Town Hall. I desire to see this. Accordingly this desire puts all the ~~senses~~ into active operation. By my muscular power, I became transported thither. I am gratified at the sight of the effects of superior skill in needle-work, at the handling of the fancy articles which the ladies officiously put in my hands, at the smell of the perfume that is gaily sprinkled upon their dresses, and at the hearing of an eloquent speech delivered on the occasion extolling in the most extravagant terms the superior fineness and exquisiteness of the fabrics.

Now, it is evident that my desire to witness the exhibition has led to the exercise of the senses. Thus in the above example the superior authority of the desires over the ~~senses~~ is evinced. From a calculation of the consequences that would flow (which calculation must be gone through by reason) I refrain from attending a party of pleasure where I would witness the most exquisite and enchanting music that was ever performed. This is reason checking desire. And if we thus go over all the parts of the mind we would find an order regulating them.

It ought to be remarked that we by no means insinuate, that the powers and susceptibilities of the mind preserve the same

rank and the same order among them. All that we mean is that they are auxiliaries to one another. To proceed ; the desires and the affections are subject to the voice of conscience. I desire to wreak my vengeful feelings upon a certain individual. The moral principle interferes, and shews to me the awful criminality of the meditated deed ; and it is obeyed. Even the intellectual powers are or ought to be subject to the moral faculty. By the foul energy of my powers of conception and imagination, I particularly dwell on vicious and polluted scenes. Conscience with a magisterial and dictatorial air rebukes the vitiated intellectual powers, and presents before the mind's eye the awful turpitude of the crime ; and the warning is taken. All this ought to be the case in a sound and sane state of the mind.

There is no principle superior to *conscience* in *sacredness* or *authority*. It is the *sovereign faculty* of the mind. It is the *supreme*. But it will be said that all this is mere theory ; for the above description is not consistent with stubborn facts. Where, it is said with an air of triumph, is the boasted supremacy of conscience ? Where is the sovereign, the magisterial, and dictatorial authority of conscience ? Where is the dominion of the moral sense, the so-called Lord Paramount of the soul, to be found ? Where is his capital city ? Where is his throne ? Where are the badges, the ensigns, and the armorial bearings of his self-arrogated sovereignty ? Where is the potency of his voice that is fondly said to carry conviction in the human mind ? All this surely must be sought for in the heated brains of some frenzied dreamers. Look at human nature as it is. Look at the vast population of the globe. Where is the supremacy of conscience acknowledged. Do we not see every day in point of fact that the voice of the moral principle is drowned amid the deafening revelry of the appetites and passions ? Can any passion even the vilest, any affection or desire even the weakest, be named which does not rule over conscience ? Ambition, lust, avarice, anger, revenge, &c. and the whole family of the malignant passions bear rule over the moral sense. To the

it is of essential importance to show the common distinction between *power* and *authority*. In a proper state of things *power* and *authority* ought to be and are conjoined. In an improper state of things, the one is often disjoined from the other. We will illustrate this by reference to a kingdom. Now, in ordinary circumstances, the throne of the kingdom is possessed by the rightful heir. In this case power and authority are conjoined in one person. But in times of confusion, anarchy, misrule, and revolutions, the throne is taken possession of by one who has *might* but no *right* to the throne. In this case *might* and *right*, *power* and *authority* are disjoined the one from the other. The reigning monarch has not the authority, though he has the power, has not the right, though he has the might, to reign. The dispossessed sovereign, on the contrary, though he has not the might yet has the right, though not the power yet the authority to rule. *Might* and no *right* in the one case, and *right* and no *might* in the other. Or borrowing the language of lawyers, which is so felicitously and eloquently applied to this very subject by Dr. Chalmers, the reigning sovereign, in times of revolutions and misrule in the case supposed above, is sovereign *de facto* though not sovereign *de jure*, and on the contrary the deposed monarch is sovereign *de jure* though not sovereign *de facto*. Thus is illustrated the common though essentially important distinction between *power* and *authority*, *might* and *right*, sovereign *de facto* and sovereign *de jure*. Now let us apply this distinction to the subject in hand.

At the time of the creation of all things, man was made in the moral likeness of God. Man's soul was a mirror, in its own dimension and kind, of the moral effulgence of the Deity. The several elements of the human constitution were adjusted by the balance of the sanctuary. The exquisite harmony and concord of the mental mechanism were the admiration of angels. All the elements were disposed in due order and proportion. The principle of the subordination of ranks was in due prevalence. Conscience was consecrated king of the realm. It was then that his royal fiat with an irresistible effect from the Cornwall to the ~~extremes~~ ^{extremities} of the mental kingdom. It was then that the intelle-

tual powers, though holding important situations, rendered due and reasonable homage to the Supreme Sovereign.

It was then that the whole tribe of the desires and affections were in complete subjection to the authority of conscience. The *will* was then the Prime Minister of the State. He could do nothing but what was bidden and approved of by conscience. It was then in short that the human mind exhibited the perfect pattern of a well-organized government. Or varying the figure, the seat of conscience was the inner Sanctury—the Holy of Holies. It was inaccessible to the encroachments of the other inferior and unsanctified affections and desires, not one of the dwellers of the outer court had the audacity to tread that holy ground where the High Priest conscience could alone enter. In fine, the human mind exhibited a perfect pattern of the tabernacle afterwards set up by the Sense. Confusion, disorder, discord, dispeace, and revolutions had no place there.

While the human mind exhibited such a beautiful, pleasing, and ethereal spectacle, Satan, the author of all moral confusion and anarchy, was grieved at it. Presenting in himself a most doleful picture of the upturning and derangement of the moral economy—the veriest moral French Revolution, in which conscience was guillotined and the benevolent affections subjected to the horrors of inquisitorial fire, he could not possibly bear the sight of an inferior creature as man reflecting the moral effulgence of his thrice-glorious Author. Forthwith therefore he left his black domains—the infernal regions, and ascending to the beautiful Garden of Eden, infused an *insurgent* principle into the constitution of man. By fair speeches and fine flatteries he decoyed one of the passions, which heretofore being sanctified always served as handmaids to the reverend sovereign. This passion, then known by the name of *self-love*, but afterwards by the odious appellation of *selfishness*, being electrified with an overwhelming torrent of infernal energy and persuasiveness, entered into the peaceful kingdom of the mind, and easily succeeded in gaining over to her own side the whole race of the *desires, affections, and passions*. Her next object was to *destroy the intellectual power*.

and this she did by semblances and seeming arguments. But she has not as yet succeeded in gaining the *Will*, the Premier of the State. For this purpose, and it was a difficult undertaking in those days, she with her sister-affections, strayed with all that is outwardly fair, alluring, captivating, blandishing, and bewitching, in the universe, drives her golden tandem to the Premier's palace. She with her now infernalized sisters goes up to the private chamber of the *Will* and there pleads with unheard of earnestness and pathos. Her pathetic and bewitching appeals, joined with the blaze of exterior beauty and charm which peeped forth from her golden vestments, strike the premier with temporary madness. The will becomes spell-bound. Unable to break the charm, he submits and becomes a slave to her and her associates.

The old venerable king having lost his much endeared *family* —the affections, his *militia*, the intellectual powers, and his *premier* —the will, thus bereft of every thing and destitute of any assistance, and too weak to stand against the concentrated forces of the kingdom headed by an infernal king, is made to quit the throne and drudge a miserable life in a remote corner of the kingdom. This is the beginning of the dominion and reign of the malevolent passions over conscience; and to this day this dominion extends itself among a considerable part of the human species. And it may be remarked here in passing that one of the chief objects of the introduction of Christianity into the world was the deposition of the passions and the re-enthronement of conscience.

But the above *natural history*, so to speak, of conscience, may be objected to as being drawn from Revelation. How then can it be shewn that the moral faculty ought to be the Governor of the soul? How can it be shewn apart from revelation, that it has inherent authority in itself? This can be shewn, *a posteriori*, from the consciousness of men, and *a priori*, from the nature of the human mind.

It is indeed true as a matter of fact, that in most men any passion almost gets the mastery over the moral principle. It is true that when a red wine glass or brandy is put temptingly

before some men, its contents are emptied and wholly drunk notwithstanding the monitions of conscience. It is true that the desire to get riches, by fair or foul means, is gratified notwithstanding the clamours of the moral faculty. But then it ought to be remembered that the very supposition that the moral principle interferes with, and forbids the gratification of the passions proves its former sovereignty. Why does not any other passion or intellectual power interfere rather than conscience? Besides, is there not felt in the mind a conflict between the passions and conscience? We appeal to every sincere and candid man; does not the mind feel distressed when any passion is gratified in spite of the dissenting voice of the principle of right and wrong? Has not every person felt the almost intolerable weight of misery and wretchedness after such a gratification? Is not the biting of conscience felt? Does not *remorse* fill the soul with excruciating pain? Now, what is the meaning of this felt *remorse*? It is, we apprehend, a judicial retribution at the hand of an offended God for violating the eternal law of right whose assertor conscience is. It is a punishment inflicted for setting at nought the sacred authority of conscience. It is a notice, a general proclamation, that in the mind all is not well. It is a remonstrance of the sovereign of the mind on his dethronement. To illustrate the subject a little further, let us take an analogous case. Suppose a watch, the office of which is to keep time, to be disorganized, and all its parts to be not entire. Suppose we look at the remaining fragmentary and disordered parts, and observe especially the part called the Regulator. We observe its position, its construction, and its capabilities, and from all this, although the watch is not going, we conclude that the final cause of this particular part was to regulate time when fast or slow. Precisely parallel is the case in hand. The human mind is disorganized. The harmony of its several parts is lost. It does not possess any more that beauty the sight of which made the sons of God shout with joy, and the Creator to say "it is good." It exhibits a government eaten up by intestine divisions and revolutions, and distracted by the wildest anarchy. It exhib..

like the spectacle of a fair and mighty tree torn up by the roots by the overwhelming force of a fierce hurricane, an edifice tottering into ruins, a calm and unruffled sea broken into ten thousand mountain waves by the violence of a tempest. In this state of derangement and almost utter ruin, we observe, amongst other things, a certain faculty called conscience. We observe its position, so to speak in the mind, its capabilities, and particularly its disposition to reign supremely, and from all this we conclude that it is naturally endued with authority to bear rule over the other faculties of the soul. We think that the two cases are parallel, and the conclusion therefore is legitimate.

Moreover, every object in the physical world has its particular end and use for which it was created. The same principle holds true in the mental as well as in the moral world. There are the various passions and affections; and they have their objects. The appetite of hunger is satisfied with nought but food; food is therefore the object of hunger. The malevolent passion of malice is satisfied with nothing but the hurt of the person against whom it is conceived. The object of the passion of avarice is the collection of money by any means fair or foul. Truth in general is the object of the discursive faculty; and so of every other principle in the mind. Now, it is evident that the principle of right or wrong must also have an object. Now, what is this object? Does it rest merely on the decision that a certain course of action is right and a certain other wrong? No. Its language is, "I have decided that this line of conduct is right and is *therefore to be acted upon*; and that other line of conduct is wrong, and is *therefore to be avoided*." Until conscience attains this its object, its resting place, or terminus, it promises, entreats, threatens, roars, and when the wrong line of conduct is acted upon, it lashes the mind by the whip of remorse. Sovereignty is its proper object. Lastly, the arguments of the opponents of the supremacy of conscience prove the *wrong*. The whole mind is disorganized. Reason also is disorganized. It is admitted that reason should have command over the appetites. But is this the fact? Are the decisions of

reason in every case obeyed by the appetites? Do the passions never gain conquest over the faculty of reason? How many cases are there of this? Yea rather the cases on the opposite side are more numerous than those on this. All history may be regarded as a continuous commentary on the fact that lust, ambition, avarice, ~~and~~ indeed every passion even the weakest, gets the mastery over reason. Notwithstanding this we admit the supremacy of the discursive faculty over the passions. Why then not apply the same argument to the ascertainment of the supremacy of conscience? Before concluding this part of our subject, it may not be unnecessary to enquire into the cause of this supremacy.

Sir J. Mackintosh in his excellent treatise "On the Progress of Ethical Philosophy," when speaking of Bishop Butler—the discoverer, as he has been called, of conscience, says that that eminent prelate does not even attempt to account for the supremacy of conscience; and then himself launches out a most ingenious solution. It is, he says in substance, the close proximity, the *juxta-position*, or the actual contact of the moral sentiments with the will, nothing intervening between them, that constitutes their sovereignty or supremacy. Our objections to this most ingenious but partial and defective solution we have already. Most modern philosophers, however, have justly come to the conclusion, that this supremacy is inexplicable, that no account of it can be given, that it is a *fact* in the mental constitution of man. This conclusion seems to be arrived at after intense thought. It is one of those things which in the present state of things cannot be accounted for. Conscience is sovereign in its nature. It seems to be princelike in the necessity of things. From its nature it is destined to command. Sovereignty seems to be as inseparable from the idea of conscience as space is from the idea of extension. Deny space to extension, and it is no more extension; so deny sovereignty to the moral principle, and it is no more the moral principle. Abstract the idea of space from the idea of extension, and it is extension no more. Abstract the idea of superintendence, sovereign authority, direction, and government from that of con-

ience, and the result, whatever it may be, is not conscience. Supremacy is therefore an essential, inseparable, and *necessary* idea involved in that of conscience. We say *necessary* in reference to the appointed will of god. It is *sine qua non* to its constituting essence. Abstractly the principle of right and wrong is supreme in the universe. We have almost said, it is sovereign notwithstanding all opposition, and apart from the will of God. It has, so to speak, a *mathematical* existence. Existing in any being anywhere throughout the illimitable domains of the universe it is destined to command. It is inherently and necessarily prince-like. This necessity, be it observed, lest it should be misunderstood, arises from its being a mirror which faithfully reflects the will of God, which being an affluence, emanation, or procession, or expression, of His eternally and unchangeably holy nature, is eternally and unchangeably holy in itself. As is the fountain so are its streams. Thus much for what is meant by conscience.

(*To be continued*)

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

In consequence of the passing of the Royal Titles Act by the British Parliament, the full title of our august ruler has become "VICTORIA, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India." Her Imperial Majesty has in consequence issued the following Proclamation :—

"VICTORIA, R.

Whereas an Act has been passed in the present Session of Parliament entitled "An Act to enable Her Most Gracious Majesty to make an Addition to the Royal Style and Titles appertaining to the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom and its Dependencies," which act recites that, by the Act for the Union of Great Britain and Ireland, it was provided that after such Union the Royal Style and Titles appertaining to the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom and its Dependencies should be such as His Majesty by his Royal Proclamation under the Great Seal, of the United Kingdom should be

pleased to appoint; and which Act also recites that, by virtue of the said Act and of a Royal Proclamation under the Great Seal, dated the 1st day of January, 1801. Our present Style and Titles are " Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith;" and which Act also recites that, by the Act for the better Government of India, it was enacted that the Government of India, therefore vested in the East India Company in trust for Us, should become vested in Us, and that India should thenceforth be governed by Us and in Our name, and that it is expedient that there should be a recognition of the transfer of Government so made by means of an addition to be made to Our Style and, Titles : And which Act, after the said recitals, enacts that it shall be lawful for Us, with a view to such recognition as aforesaid, of the transfer of the Government of India by Our Royal Proclamation under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, to make such addition to the Style and Titles at present appertaining to the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom and its Dependencies as to us may seem meet ; we have thought fit, by and with the advice of our Privy Council, to appoint and declare, and we do hereby, by and with the said advice, appoint and declare that henceforth, so far as conveniently may be, on all occasions and in all instruments wherein Our Style and Titles are used, save and except all Charters, Commissions, Letters Patent, Grants, Writs, Appointments, and other like instrument, not extending in their operation beyond the United Kingdom, the following addition shall be made to the Style and Titles at present appertaining the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom and its Dependencies ; that is to say, in the Latin tongue in these words : " India Imperatrix." And in the English tongue in these words : " Empress of India."

And Our will and pleasure further is, that the said addition shall not be made in the Commissions, Charters, Letters Patent, Grants, Writs, Appointments, and other like instruments, herein before specially expected.

And Our will and pleasure further is, that all gold, silver, and copper moneys, now current and lawful moneys of the United Kingdom, and all gold, silver, and copper moneys which shall, on or after this day, be coined by Our authority with the like impressions, shall, notwithstanding such addition to Our Style and Titles, be deemed and taken to be current and lawful moneys of the said United Kingdom, and further that all moneys coined for and issued in any of the Dependencies of the said United Kingdom, and declared by Our Proclamation to be current and lawful money of such Dependencies, respectively bearing Our Style, or titles or any part or parts thereof, and all monies which shall hereafter be coined and issued according to such proclamation, shall, notwithstanding such addition, continue to be lawful and current money of such Dependencies respectively, until Our pleasure shall be further declared thereupon.

Given at Our Court at *Windsor*, the twenty-eighth day of *April*, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, in the thirty-ninth year of Our Reign.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Dukhasangini. Calcutta : New Bharat Press. 1282. B. E.

Why the author of these poems has not put his name to them, we do not know; but of this we are certain, that there is no Bengali poet living who would be ashamed of them. They are lyrical compositions of no mean order; they are not unworthy of that noble school of lyrical poetry of which Jayadeva must be acknowledged to be the master. The author has caught not a little of the spirit of Jayadeva, his melody, his vivacity, the rhythmical flow of his language, his poetical gaiety, his mysticism, his refined feeling. Indeed, we do not remember having read for many a day such odes in the Bengali language as are contained in this unpretending volume. The only fault in these otherwise excellent lyrical pieces is, that the expressions in some of the odes treating on love are somewhat broad, we had almost said coarse. But probably we are judging them by too severe a standard, Bengali lyrical poetry, like all eastern poetry, being somewhat warmer and more passionate than English lyrical poetry. But however this may be, there can be no question that our author is one of the best lyrical poets in Bengal.

Bharate-Suka. By Harishchandra Niyogi. Calcutta : Stanhope Press 1282. B. E.

This is another lyrical piece : it is an ode on the visit to India of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. We do not think that this ode equals, in melody, in felicity of expression, in poetic feeling, any one of the lyrical pieces contained in the volume noticed above. Probably the subject has something to do with this failure.

Ashtavinsati-tatva-Smriti. Tithitatava. By Raghunandan. Published by Kisori Mohan Raya Chaudhuri. Calcutta : Bharat Press. 1282. B. E.

Raghunandan Bhattachariya is acknowledged on all hands to have been the most profound jurist or rather canonist in Bengal. He is the highest authority in Bengal on all points relating to Hindu ecclesiastical law. We therefore rejoice to see an attempt made not only to reprint his great Sanskrit work, but to translate it into Bengali. The work is to be issued in monthly parts. The present part contains the text and a Bengali translation of the celebrated chapter called *Tithitattva*. The translation, so far as we have seen it, seems to be faithful. We wish the enterprizing Editor all success.

Ekakini. By Yasoda Nandan Sarkar. Calcutta : Samaj Darpan Press. 1876.

We have received three parts of this book which is said to be a novel. The author modestly tells us that the publication of the entire novel will take about ten years. As we have received only an infinitesimal fraction of the book, we cannot pronounce on its merits; we may do so at the end of the decade, should Providence be pleased to prolong our lives to that period.

Jayopal. An historical Novel. By Pramoth Nath Mitra. Calcutta : Albert Press. 1283. B. E.

Jayopal, the King of Lahore, had a beautiful daughter of the name of Svarnakuntala, whom he wished to give in marriage to Sangram Sinha, the prince of Nandanpur, then in the service of the Lahore King as the Commander-in-chief of his army. The princess, however, was of another mind. She had set her affections, not upon the Commander-in-chief, but upon the Deputy-Commander-in-chief, Vijayaketu. Strange to say, this Vijayaketu was not a man but a woman. She was the daughter of Birpal, the brother of Jayopal, who had been killed in a battle with Sultan Mahmud, to wreak vengeance on whom she had assumed the garb of a man and taken service in the king's army under the name of Vijayaketu, her original name having been Vijaya. The Deputy was desperately in love with her chief, who was mad after Svarnakuntala, who again was longing for the hand of the Deputy. In the mean time Sultan Mahmud attacked Lahore; the King was taken prisoner, and his general Sangram Sinha was killed.

Vijayakett, losing the object of her affections, threw off her disguise, fought with a Muhammadan chief and was killed. Jayapal, escaping from prison, agreeably to the advice of his counsellors burnt himself to death on a funeral pile into which his queen and his daughter Svarnakuntala threw themselves. Thus ended the appalling tragedy.

We wonder the king did not recognize his own niece in the person of the Deputy Commander. But however that might have been, the play has considerable merit, especially in the descriptions which are lively and graphic.

The Vedarthayatna, Or an attempt to interpret the Vedas. Bombay. 1876.

This is a very laudable attempt to make the contents of the Vedas known to the Mahrathi-speaking population of the Bombay Presidency in their own mother tongue. The Mahrathi version is also accompanied with an English translation.

Report of the Alexandra Native Girls' English Institution for the year 1875. Bombay : Education Society's Press. 1876.

We are glad to find that this institution is not only maintaining its high character, but increasing in efficiency. It is one of the most important institutions in the country. We wish for it what Father Paul wished for his country—*Esto perpetua.*

The Eighth Annual Report of the Chorebagan Female School. Calcutta : Presidency Press. 1876.

The originator of this Girls' School was the late Baboo Peary Churn Sircar, with a well-merited eulogy of whom the Report begins. We wish the school all prosperity.

A Free Enquiry After Truth. By Kisori Lal Roy. Calcutta : School Book Press.

In these days when there are so many "jesting Pilates" who care not to enquire after truth, it is refreshing to come across a tract with the title, "A Free Enquiry after Truth." Not that we agree with the writer in all his opinions, but we rejoice that there are some amongst our educated countrymen who enquire after truth. Our prayer is, that they may find TRUTH and receive it in the love of it.



THE
BENGAL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1876.

THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE HINDUS
OF BENGAL.

By A Hindu.

(Continued from page 349.)

We shall now consider the system of education pursued in the above institutions, with special reference to its influence on the characters of the recipients of the instruction imparted in them. In the Colleges and Schools supported wholly or in part by the Government, and which form the great bulk of the educational institutions in the country, instruction in the elements of general knowledge or of some particular sciences is given to the pupils through the medium of English, or of some of the vernacular languages of the people, up to a point which, in the case of the Colleges, prepares the alumni for the general business of life or for particular professions, and in the case of the Schools affords means for such preparation. As instruments of mental discipline these institutions are almost wholly directed to the cultivation of the intellectual faculties of their students, and have not much to do with the culture of their moral and spiritual powers. Herein lies the great defect of the system of education which obtains in these institutions, and which for shortness' sake we shall call the Government system of education, having been inaugurated and enforced by Government as being in accordance with its general policy. The great object of all systems of public education is, or ought to be, to qualify and enable a nation to accomplish the highest end of its existence,—the promotion and security of its highest

happiness. For the accomplishment of this end it is indispensably necessary to inculcate certain principles on the members of the nation, to form certain habits in them, and to communicate a certain kind and amount of knowledge to them. To the inculcation of such principles, the formation of such habits, and the communication of such knowledge it is essential to carry forth and develop all the faculties and powers of the nation, that is, of its individual members, whether intellectual, moral, or spiritual, or, in other words, to educate the members. We say "*all* the feelings and powers," for the cultivation of any one or of any one kind of these faculties and powers to the exclusion of the rest is worse than useless. Such cultivation is calculated to impair the usefulness and endanger the happiness of the members, and thus to defeat the highest end of the nation. There is a balance, an equilibrium, as it were, among the various faculties and powers of the human mind, established by nature, and which in its original state is conducive to a fair degree of happiness. The conditions of this equilibrium are so arranged that if proportional forces be applied to these faculties and powers to draw out and improve them, the resultant is an elevation of man's nature and an accession of his happiness. But if the forces applied be disproportional, or if some of the faculties and powers be suffered to lie dormant while the others are acted upon, the equilibrium is seriously disturbed, and the result is a distorted and awkward frame of the human mind, alike detrimental to the usefulness and happiness of man. Such a partial cultivation of the mind gives an undue development and preponderance to some of its faculties, which, to vary the figure, like overgrown trees in a forest, overshadow the rest and stint their growth. The culture of the whole mind, of all its faculties and powers, is as necessary to its healthy and useful development, as the exercise of the whole body, of all its limbs and parts, is to its vigorous and beautiful growth. We thus see how necessary it is that every system of public education should be such as can give due exercise to all the mental faculties and powers of those who are brought up under it. We also see how defective the Government system of education in this country

is. Under this system it is not the whole man that is educated, but a part of him. The intellectual powers of the pupils of the Government and aided schools and colleges receive by far the greatest share of the culture effected under this system, their moral faculties receive a very small share of it, and their religious principles are totally neglected. All that is cared for is a certain amount of knowledge, in the pupils, of certain specified subjects of a purely secular nature, and the passing by them of certain prescribed tests. When this amount is acquired, or appears to be acquired, and these tests are passed, the education of the passed pupils is considered as finished, and they are sent out into the world to shift for themselves. How their characters are formed, what habits they contract, what propensities they show, what their general conduct is while they are at school, what indication they give of what they may become in their after-life, what sort of men they turn out to be after they have entered the world, and how far they succeed in securing their own happiness, and the prosperity of the community to which they belong, are matters which this system wholly ignores, practically if not theoretically. It thus ignores the necessity for the moral and spiritual perfection of our nature. It is a sort of intellectual gymnasium, but is not what it more properly ought to be—a moral and spiritual palestra. Intellectual advancement is undoubtedly a very great thing, but only when pursued as a means to moral and spiritual culture. It is a shallow and mischievous notion that high literary and scientific attainments are by themselves great and worthy objects, and that they excuse the neglect of moral and spiritual improvement. Such attainments are very brilliant, and are very desirable embellishments to a morally and spiritually good and great man, and when subordinated and made subservient to moral goodness and spiritual excellence their utility and necessity to our happiness both here and hereafter are undeniable. But *per se*, that is apart from moral excellence and spiritual worth, the highest triumphs in literature and science are of little value, and may be productive of positive evil. Among the causes of the first French Revolution, whose horrors are perhaps "within the memory of"

men still living," are mentioned "the infidel writings of Voltaire and Rousseau," men whose infidelity was not, we suppose, owing to want of all mental cultivation, but to intellectual cultivation exclusive of proper moral and spiritual culture. Again, there is a very strong moral reason why we should not neglect to improve and turn to the best account every faculty and power with which our Maker has endowed us. The faculties and powers whether intellectual, moral, or spiritual, with which we are furnished, are so many talents—we use the word talent here in its original etymological sense—with which, as with so many pieces of money, we have been sent to this great market of the world, where we are to spend them, and on our return to the great Master who has sent us we have to render a faithful account of them to Him. While in this market we can make what use or abuse of these talents we please. We can spend them on objects that will make us happy while we are in the market, and, by securing the approbation of our Master, will also make us happy after we have returned from it; or on objects whose extrinsic appearance is tempting enough to deceive men into buying them, but which intrinsically are worthless, and like the Dead Sea apples disappoint and mortify us, and which make us unhappy for ever; or we can omit to make any use of many of them, whether good or bad. But the consequences which their use, abuse, or omission of use, involves, are very serious, being in the case of their good use our Master's smile of approbation which is eternal bliss to us, and in the case of their abuse or nonuse His frown of displeasure which is eternal misery to us. Such being the case, ought it to be a matter of indifference to us whether the faculties and powers we possess are drawn out, improved and used to the best advantage, or are suffered to lie dormant and be wasted unprofitably? Is it not clearly our duty and interest to make the best practicable use of them, to turn them to the best account—to spend them in the purchase of articles the sight of which will please Him whose we are, and thus procure us everlasting felicity?

But though we have been finding fault with the Government system of education in this country, we do not mean to say that

the Government is to blame for having adopted and enforced it. On the contrary considering the peculiar and difficult position in which it is placed we hardly see how it can safely pursue a better, a more complete system. As regards religion, customs, manners, prejudices, and social and domestic arrangements, the governed race has very little in common with the governing, and it is a mixed and heterogeneous community. The forming of measures affecting such a community under any circumstances is extremely difficult. A minister of religion experiences great difficulty in preaching to a mixed congregation, and a public speaker in speaking to a mixed audience. The difficulty in those cases arises chiefly from the necessity of making the sermon or the speech suitable to the different sects or parties that compose the congregation or the audience, so that it may inform the understanding, please the imagination, move the passions, or influence the will of every one of these sects or parties without hurting the feelings or prejudices of any one of them. Great as this difficulty is, it is often not insuperable, and the consequences of a failure to meet it are not ordinarily very serious. But the difficulties which a civilised and enlightened government has to encounter in devising and carrying out plans or systems affecting the interests of a mixed alien population, are very often insurmountable, and the consequences of a failure to guard against them are not unfrequently disastrous. Of such a nature are the difficulties that the British Government of India has to face in attempting the moral and spiritual training of the people of this country, and it is, therefore, in our humble opinion justified in pursuing the system which it has hitherto pursued in educational matters.

The Missionary Colleges and Schools in this country are the only institutions where religious instruction is given to the pupils. While the Government and grant-in-aid institutions cautiously avoid direct interference with the religious prejudices of their pupils, these Colleges and Schools boldly address themselves to the task of removing such prejudices, and require their students to devote a portion of their time to the study of the Bible. This, we need hardly say, is the distinction that we alluded to in a

former part of this paper, as existing between the colleges and schools supported by the Government and the people of the country, and those maintained by missionary bodies. There is not, however, a strong desire in the pupils of these missionary colleges and schools to benefit by their religious teaching ; and they are resorted to by native boys more for the ~~secular~~ knowledge they communicate than for the religious instruction they offer to convey.

We have thus far spoken of the institutions whose professed object is the instruction of the youth of the country, and whose influence on their character is direct and immediate. Besides these there are other institutions, which exercise an indirect but real influence, whether for good or for evil, on the formation of habits, and thus affect the national character of the people. Among such are the political constitution of the country—the peculiar arrangement of the three great branches of its sovereign power, the executive, the legislative, and the judicial,—the public offices, the courts of justice, the institutions and laws relating to life and property, the Telegraphic and Railway lines, the mercantile firms and shops &c. These institutions have, besides their direct effects, an indirect but decided moral effect on all persons whether young or old, and are thus instruments of public instruction in the widest sense of the term—of the instruction, namely, of not only the young but of persons of all ages. “The bearing of the constitution of a country upon its internal life,” says Dr. Arnold, “is twofold ; direct and indirect. For example, the effect of any particular arrangement of the judicial power is seen directly in the greater or less purity with which justice is administered ; but there is a further effect, and one of the highest importance, in its furnishing to a greater or less portion of the nation one of the best means of moral and intellectual culture, the opportunity, namely, of exercising the functions of a judge. I mean that to accustom a number of persons to the intellectual exercise of attending to, and weighing, and comparing evidence, and to the moral exercise of being placed in a high and responsible situation, invested with one of God’s own attributes, that of judg-

ment, and having to determine with authority between truth and falsehood, right and wrong, is to furnish them with very high means of moral and intellectual culture, in other words, it is providing them with one of the highest kinds of education. *** So in the same way different arrangements of the executive and legislative powers should be always regarded in this twofold aspect; as effecting their direct objects, good government and good legislation; and as educating the nation more or less extensively by affording to a greater or less number of persons practical lessons in governing and legislating." The twofold bearing of the rest of the institutions we have just mentioned, their effect, namely, in accomplishing their direct objects, and their tendency to influence the habits and to modify the character of the people, and thus to educate them, may be explained in the same way, but it is needless here to do so.

Let us now consider what results the institutions we have spoken of, and the system we have discussed, have produced, what influence they have been exercising on the national mind of the Hindus of Bengal, what modification of their national character they have effected. It is patent to all, even to the most careless observer, that since the period at which exertions for the education of the people of this country began to be made under the British Government, a great radical change, a mighty revolution, in fact, in the intellectual, moral, spiritual and social status of the population has been silently but steadily going on all over the country, similar in kind, though not in the mode of its occurrence and progress, to that which began to take place in Europe after the dismemberment of the Western Empire and the settlement in its provinces of the barbarian tribes who had brought about its destruction, and which having resulted in the state of things that we at present see in that quarter of the globe, has made the fall of that empire the line of demarcation, as it were, between the two great divisions of its history, respectively denominated *Ancient* and *Modern*. Our readers will perhaps understand us to mean, at any rate to imply, that the

revolution to which we are here alluding as going on in this country has, like the one to which we have compared it, devided our history into two distinct parts, ancient and modern. We do not mean, however, quite so. Our history up to this time is not, as the history of Europe certainly is, partly a record of a state of things that has long gone by, and partly a record of a state of things that still is going on,—partly a biography of nations long since dead and gone, and partly that of nations still living. Our history, on the contrary, is the history of a nation whose identity has continued unbroken through a series of ages, which began nobody knows when,—a nation which, from its hoar antiquity and peculiarity of character and institutions, stands out in bold relief, as it were, in the midst of the other nations of the world. True, a portion of our history has been called ancient by some European writers, but evidently not in the sense in which the earlier portion of the history of Europe is called ancient. These writers must have applied the epithet ancient to a portion of our history only because the events narrated in that portion took place in the period denominated ancient in the history of their own continent. But we do mean that, if the revolution under notice be allowed to take the course which it seems very likely to take, if it should bring about a fusion of races such as the European revolution we have referred to brought about, and by such fusion should give rise to a state of things similar to what has arisen in Europe, then our history will be divided into ancient and modern in the European sense of the words. But who can tell what a day may bring forth? Human foresight is limited, remarkably limited, and human calculations are not to be relied upon. Man proposes, but God disposes. Napoleon went to bed "that memorable night of frost" on his retreat from Moscow the virtual monarch of all Europe, but rose in the morning the commander of the shattared remains of his mighty army destroyed by the frost overnight, to be eventually defeated, captured and shut up as a close prisoner in a little island. But whatever may be the future course of the revolution going on in this country, and whatever may be its ultimate results, there is a singularly

fortunate and gratifying feature in it—it is unattended with civil disturbances and bloodshed. Civil wars have so generally marked the commencement and progress of revolutions and reformations that it has been said that “the ear of civilization has dripped with blood; those throes and throbings which mark every new birth of society have been wars.” But revolution in Bengal is a happy exception to the general rule of revolutions, a singular phenomenon in human history, and may well be held up to the admiration of the world as an agreeably surprising achievement, and to future revolutionists and reformers as an instructive lesson. Society in Bengal generally, and the Hindu society in it especially, is being revolutionised,—sacred rights are being invaded, immemorial customs are being violated, long established institutions are being abolished, long enjoyed privileges are being withdrawn, long standing prejudices are being outraged, tender feelings are being wounded, fondly cherished associations are being broken, ties of tender affection are being rudely torn asunder, dearest friends and nearest relatives are being separated, not locally but socially, brothers from brothers, sisters from sisters, husbands from wives, parents from children—but all the country is quiet, the routine of daily life is quietly followed, and scarcely any body seems to take notice of what is going on around him. To what, the question naturally arises, is this singularity, this exceptionality, of our revolution owing? It appears to us to be owing partly to the strength and prestige of the Government we live under, partly to the fact that the revolution is being brought about by intellectual and moral instruments, but chiefly, we make bold to say, to our moral and physical degeneracy. This great and exceptional revolution is the chief result achieved by the institutions and the systems we have noticed above; or, in other words, the educational measures that have been in operation in this country for the last fifty years have altered, either for the better or for the worse, the intellectual, moral, spiritual, and social condition of its people. The Hindus of this country have availed themselves of these measures the most, and, as a natural consequence, the change in their national cha-

racter has been the greatest and the most marked. Our business now is to trace this change.

(*To be continued.*)

WHEELER'S HISTORY OF INDIA, VOL. IV. PART I.

The scope of the fourth volume of Mr. Wheeler's History of India is variously stated in the preface to be "to tell the history of India under Mussulman rule," and "to treat of the Mussulman people." In the opening sentence of the book it is further stated, that "the history of Mussulman India is the record of a collision between two races, the Turks and the Hindus"—these different statements may not at first sight appear very much to militate against one another, but a perusal of Mr. Wheeler's book will shew that he has made the treatment of the history of India under the Mussulman rule quite subservient to a narration of the collision between the Turk and the Hindu. This collision, Mr. Wheeler conceives, is the cause of bringing about "four different stages in the development of the religion of the Koran—the Sunni, the Shiah, the Sufi and the Sunni revival." Mr. Wheeler labours to bring out prominently the characteristics of the four stages, and we must at the outset admit that, as a dissertation to prove the succession of these stages, his work is beyond all praise. It possesses all the merits, and we are sorry to add, most of the defects of a masterpiece of special pleading. All the facts which can in any way be made to prove the sequence are prominently and picturesquely set forth, while all others of whatever value as materials for histories of either the "drum and trumpet," or the social development class, are hurriedly swept out of view. Whole dynasties are passed over with scant, and in most cases, contemptuous recognition. Despots of the beneficent and the ogre type alike fail to attract attention, and the progression or the retrogression of the Turk or the Hindu, unlike their supposed collision, scarcely finds any place in the book.

Another division of the subject which Mr. Wheeler makes is, that into the Mussulman and the Moghul period. We will not say that there may not be some slight foundation for this division; but Mr. Wheeler's habit of making too much of a good thing betrays him here as elsewhere into arguments which it would be too ridiculous seriously to consider, were it not for the deliberate nonchalance with which he propounds them. A smile involuntarily rises to the reader's lips as he lights on one of Mr. Wheeler's model arguments; but he is staggered by the author's assurance, and thinks twice before he allows it full play. The arguments which Mr. Wheeler brings forward to prove that the Moghuls were no Mussulmans, are eminently of this description. They resolve themselves into the following. Taimur was no Mussulman, Baber was none, nor was Humayon, or any of those that succeeded him till we come to Aurangzeb. Taimur was no Mussulman, "because," says Mr. Wheeler, "no strict Mussulman would have made war upon a brother Mussulman. No strict Sunni would have attacked a brother Sunni. Taimur made war upon the Sultan of Delhi. The Sultan was a Sunni; he was maintaining the rule of Islam over idolators." (p. 126). The syllogism is complete, and is in Mr. Wheeler's best manner; but it has one vital defect. It is not based on a true major premise. It will be enough to say that, were Mr. Wheeler's assertion correct, the best part of his occupation, as far as this volume is concerned, would, like Othello's, be "gone." It may also be added that, on this supposition, the millennium will come not when Christ shall rule on earth, or when the Peace Society should have attained its goal but when the religion of the most red-handed of impostors, as Muhammad has so often been called, should overshadow all others.

Baber also was no Mussulman for the same reason. "He made war against Mussulmans and Sunnis. He confederated with the idolatrous Rana against Mussulmans. If ever he professed himself to be a Sunni, it was to ingratiate himself with the Afghans." (p. 131). This argument requires no answer, but, in connection with it, it may be proper to show with what coolness.

Mr. Wheeler can throw a fact overboard when it does not square with the place he would have assigned it in his theory. Mr. Wheeler makes sad havoc among the Mussulman historians of the Moghul period, yet he does not impeach the veracity of Baber's autobiography, and he expressly states that his history of Baber's reign is based on it, Ferishta and the fourth volume of Elliot's history. Now, in these memoirs Baber narrates that, at a critical point of his conflict with the Rana of Chitor, "he broke up his drinking vessels—he swore that he would never take wine." This fact, as far as it goes, would be a fatal blow to Mr. Wheeler's theory; and like many authors of his class, he does not, to prevent such a catastrophe, hesitate to say, "so much the worse for the fact." "The fact is open to question" is Mr. Wheeler's dogmatic verdict, for no other reason than that it has the misfortune not to fit into his theory.

Next we come to Humayun. Mr. Wheeler's verdict is the same with regard to him as with regard to his two predecessors. This time the verdict is founded on Humayun's "hankering after the religion of his Moghul ancestors. He divided his household affairs according to the four elements of fire, air, water and earth. He built a pavilion with seven apartments of different colours to represent the sun, moon and planets; he sat each day in a different apartment; he transacted business or took his pleasure according to the reigning luminary." It must be admitted that this is a stronger argument than any we have yet had the good fortune to meet with in our review of Mr. Wheeler's book. Humayun certainly was wedded to superstitions incompatible with a strict adherence to the religion of the Koran, though Mr. Wheeler will find it difficult to point out many Mussulman Sultans who did not on important occasions act in accordance with the advice of their astrologers. Whether Humayun's particular superstitions formed the old religion of the Moghuls, we are not sufficiently versed in the latter to decide. Mr. Wheeler has found various suggestive passages in the works of travellers, whereby he hopes in a subsequent work, to prove the Moghul origin of the Hindu people and the Vedic conceptions; and we have no doubt that he will per-

form this task as plausibly and as picturesquely as the one we have now before us. In the mean time we can only say that, we expected a different description of the Vedic people from one who has, not without some success, made the history of ancient India his special study. "The Vedic people," says Mr. Wheeler, "worshipped a thousand gods in turn; they prayed to one and all for the material blessings of this life. They did not pray for righteousness; they did not seek righteousness; they did not pray in behalf of others." (p. 125).

To return to Humayun, there was one passage in his life, which would to all but Mr. Wheeler have furnished a crucial test to ascertain his religious tendencies. When a refugee in Persia, Humayun was required by Shah Thamasp to adopt the Shiah creed. If he had been the nominal or no Mussulman, which Mr. Wheeler asserts all Moghuls to have been, he would not have exposed himself to all the indignity and danger that he did, before abjuring the Sunni tenets. Mr. Wheeler, of course, has nothing to do with this. No fact counts with him for anything, unless it can lend itself in support of his particular theory. The circumstances are fully narrated in the memoirs of Humayun, which he contemptuously throws aside as teaching "little respecting the man." His acquaintance with the work may however be judged from the fact that he believes it to have been written by Humayun himself. (p. 131, note 15.) He would not have been betrayed into this egregious blunder, if he had condescended to read even a page of the work on which he passes such a summary judgment.

We will conclude this lengthy discussion of Mr. Wheeler's division of his subject with a few words on the religious tendencies of Akbar. Akbar was certainly not a strict Mussulman; and, were it not presumptuous on our part to analyse the causes which led Mr. Wheeler to make this unfortunate division, we should say it was the hope of erecting a superstructure on the comparatively slight foundation of Akbar's heterodoxy, whereby to bring into prominence his European authorities and utterly to discredit all Mussulman historians who flourished in the Moghul period. Mr. Wheeler has laid his hand on certain European works, and unfor-

tunately considers himself bound entirely to remodel the history of Moghul India as it has hitherto been fashioned. This he can not however do unless he can free himself of the restraints imposed by the received conceptions on the subject; and he finds an easy way of doing this by saying, that Akbar's heterodoxy ruined the power and prestige of the ulama and rendered a trustworthy Mussulman history of India from that time forward an impossibility. We will not at this place compare the trustworthiness of the value of the European books of travel, and the Mussulman histories, but will only say that we congratulate Mr. Wheeler on the possession of his European authorities, but not on the use he has made of them.

We have not much to say against Mr. Wheeler's treatment of the period which he improperly designates as distinctively Mussulman. He has, of course, his theory of the sequence of the four stages, to which we have before alluded, to maintain, and according to his wont he does this by a prominent mention of the facts which support it and a total suppression of all others. All facts that he does mention, however, he narrates with a picturesqueness and an antithetic vigour which leaves little to be desired. But we have something to allege even against this antithetic vigour. His love for it frequently betrays him into sentences which do not possess the gravity proper for works of the class to which his belongs. We will take one example. Mr. Wheeler has to say that Subuktaghin was a real soldier, but cannot bear to say it in this bold matter-of-fact way. He drags an antithesis in and says that, slave or no slave, Subuktaghin was a soldier, (p. 24), as if there could be any doubt about Subuktaghin's original status, and as if there is any necessary connection between the facts which are brought forward in antithetic contrast. While speaking of the minor defects of the book we cannot forbear to say a word on Mr. Wheeler's method of spelling Indian words. To call the portion of India lying between Hindustan proper and the peninsula Dekhan, and neither Deckan, Dakhin, nor Dakshina, serves only to make confusion worse confounded. We can multiply examples of this kind, but they sink into utter insignificance

when compared with the more radical defects of the book. Another defect of Mr. Wheeler's book arises from his ambition to write a very smart style—an ambition which certainly overleaps itself. Mr. Wheeler's style is smart enough for any other writer, but he is always eager to add to it by factitious means. A paragraph frequently begins with a sentence which promises much, and looks as if it were a prelude to a subtle disquisition, a striking parallel, or, what is Mr. Wheeler's principal forte or foible, a marked antithesis. Thus, after saying, that "the wars of Mahammad Ghori and Kutubuddin may be likened to those of Mahmud," he impotently ends merely by saying that they destroyed idols and compelled the idolaters to pay Jaziya or tribute. Again, after being told with great pathos that the after-life of a particular Rajput Queen "can never be told," the reader while expecting to find between the lines something "more than meets the eye" as to her disastrous end, only discovers that she could not refuse to be the wife of her conqueror, and did indeed rise to that estate. Mr. Wheeler's parallels are also often most curious. The notable one between Asoka and Akbar which may hereafter be quoted as a counterpart of that between Alexander of Macedon and Harry of Monmouth will be noticed at its proper place. Another of a less startling character may be mentioned here. While speaking of the relations subsisting between the empires of Delhi and Gour, after Bakhtyar Khilji's conquest of the latter, Mr. Wheeler says that, "in one instance, which will appear hereafter, the Sultan of Gour (Sher Shah) conquered all Hindustan and the Punjab." Mr. Wheeler rather oracularly adds "the case is curious," and then says, "The British Government in like manner conquered Hindustan and the Punjab from the side of Bengal." We may remark *en passent* that "Hindustan and the Punjab" bears uncommonly like "quadrupeds and horses."

We will pass over Mr. Wheeler's treatment of Islam before the conquest of India, and will at once come to Mahmud of Ghazni's invasions. Mr. Wheeler prefaces these by what he calls the characteristics of the Hindus, the Rajputs and the Mussulmans. An enumeration of the first, however, is entirely out of

place, as our author is fain to admit, in a note that the Rujputs were the first Hindus the Mussulmans had to encounter ; and the characteristics he ascribes to the Hindus do not apply to them. The characteristics, however, were necessary to heighten the accounts of the collision with which Mr. Wheeler threatens us from the outset. The invasions are also selected with an eye to this, as those only find a place which resulted in the breaking of idols and the plunder of temples. Mr. Wheeler is however unwary enough to admit that, even in the first years of the collision, when Sunnism and orthodoxy were yet rampant, "Mahmud spared Kanouj because the Raja made his submission ; he even concluded an alliance with the Raja." It will be seen hereafter that this alliance with unbelievers forms a strong article in the indictment against the Moghuls.

The history of Mussulman India during the century and half which followed the death of Mahmud, Mr. Wheeler treats as a blank ; and at this place we cannot do otherwise than follow him. Like the invasions of Mahmud of Ghazni the conquests of Mahammad Ghori are narrated very briefly. Mr. Wheeler, however, gives some facts which are not to be found in the authorities on which he generally depends, and this without mentioning any particular source from which he derives them. The second invasion of Mahammad Ghori which resulted in the defeat of Prithvi Raja of Delhi in 1193 is said by one author to have been commenced at the instigation of Jaychand Roy of Kanouj. This is not however mentioned in the Sabakat-i-Nasiri or in Firishta, the only works to which Mr. Wheeler's research extends, and if we may judge from another case we have already mentioned, even with which his acquaintance is not of the deepest. The error, it appears to us, may be explained by the supposition that the author must have had a lingering memory of Mahamud of Ghazni's alliance with the prince who reigned at Kunouj in the time of the latter.

The reign of Kutubuddin Aibak and the establishment of the empire of Gour are hurriedly discussed, and then we come to a period "the annals of which are inexpressibly wearisome."

They tell of revolts which are without interest, and of reigns which are without significance." This 'significance' or 'interest' or 'association,' as it is variously termed, is merely another name to describe capability for use in illustrating and proving Mr. Wheeler's particular ideas. Altamsh, one of the emperors who reigned in this period, "suppressed," in Mr. Wheeler's own words, "all revolts and reigned supreme over both kingdoms of Delhi and Gour. He also established an ascendancy over the Rajpoots and brought the contests with the Hindus to an end." One would have thought that "association" and "significance" apart, there was a great deal for a historian to say about a reign which could merit such a summary. Altamsh was succeeded by his daughter Sultan Reziya, a woman who "throwing off the dress and veil of her sex" could, by her talents and capacity of government, surmount the inveterate aversion felt by all Mussulmans against female rulers, could suppress the revolts which sprung up around her throne, and, when worsted and imprisoned by her turbulent nobles, could induce her jailor to espouse her and her cause, would, under other circumstances, have been surrounded with all the glamour which attaches to the name of Mary Stuart, and would have had a whole literature written about her. Yet she is here dismissed with a statement remarkable alike for its inaccuracy and curtness. But it is our business here to follow Mr. Wheeler, and the next Sultan that we have to notice is Alauddin Khilji.

The reign of Alauddin Khilji is one after Mr. Wheeler's heart, and he narrates the events that took place in it with great vigour. Here he lays aside for a moment his brief and curt way of describing matters and runs out into general remarks. There is, for instance, one paragraph about the indifference with "which murder and usurpation are passed over by the masses in oriental countries." There is however a confusion of ideas involved in this. That the masses in oriental countries are apathetic we do not deny, but the apathy arises from a sense of powerlessness and not from any lust of blood. It is beyond all doubt that Indians feel a greater horror of blood than almost any other nation.

Mr. Wheeler finds three points in the life of Alauddin which are specially suggestive. "He is the first Sultan of India who married a Hindu Princess; he is the first who set aside the authority of the Koran as upheld by the 'ulama'; he is the first who sought to become a prophet and found a new religion." "Possibly," continues Mr. Wheeler, drifting into a sea of speculation, "this Hindu wife upset his religious faith; he drifted into a sea of speculation." It is necessary here to weigh well the magnitude of the cause and of the effect assigned to it. For a Sultan of India a wife more or less was like a drop in the ocean, and it certainly is "farfetched," as the author fears it will seem, to make her responsible for any changes in the faith of her husband. She does not seem to have had any great influence over him in political matters, and Alauddin was not the man to hold communion with his queens on points of faith and doctrine. The influence of a Hindu wife was not moreover considered at any period of the contact between the Hindus and Mussulmans to have been peculiarly dangerous or deleterious; for it will be remembered that two Hindu women were sent to the harem of the Amir-ul-Manninji himself as the first fruits of the Mussulman conquest of Sindh. But the cause is not only inadequate; it had nothing whatever to do with the effect. Alauddin set aside the authority of the 'ulama' because he was self-willed and could not brook restraint; because he was ignorant and could not comprehend the technicalities of the law. He set up for a prophet because he was elated with his success; because he knew no superior in temporal, and was unwilling to acknowledge any in spiritual matters. This we venture to think is a more rational explanation of the three points noticed by Mr. Wheeler than the one he offers. Deval Devi was a captive, and became an inmate of the seraglio solely on account of her personal charms. She is not credited with any mental superiority, and it is certain that she could not speak Alauddin's language with eloquence or even with the fluency which is necessary to produce conviction in the mind of a hearer. That her power over him, if she ever possessed any, was not of a permanent character, is evident from the fact that she was imprisoned

at the instigation of Malik Kafur towards the close of Alauddin's reign. That such a woman should have been instrumental in producing any change in the religious faith of Alauddin is, to say the least of it, extremely improbable.

It would be needless to notice the troublous times that followed the death of Alauddin, were it not for the strange inferences which Mr. Wheeler draws from the acts of a senseless mob. One sentence however will suffice to show the correctness of Mr. Wheeler's reasoning. Speaking of the marriage of Deval Devi with Khusrav Khan who reigned rather than ruled for five months in Delhi, Mr. Wheeler says that "this marriage was contrary to Hindu usage; possibly it raised him in Hindu opinion." How an act contrary to Hindu usage can raise the perpetrator of it in Hindu opinion we are unable to discover.

Mr. Wheeler narrates the rule of the Tughlaks with tolerable accuracy, though even here there is much left to describe in his treatment of the subject. The eccentricities of Muhammad Tughlak are duly chronicled, but the beneficent rule of Firoz Shah which improved the resources of the country almost for all time, and raised the condition of the people has, according to Mr. Wheeler, no historical interest. Yet what this Emperor did is thus summarised by our author. "He defeated the Moghuls and drove them back to their own country. He abolished all unlawful cesses. He brought waste lands under cultivation. He dug canals and built many dams and bridges. The ryots grew rich and were satisfied. Every man had grain and horses; every woman had jewels and ornaments; every house had beds and furniture. Firuz Shah forbade all torture and mutilation of criminals. He put down heresy and false doctrine; he destroyed idol temples with all their books, vessels and images." (p. 74.)

There is one fact to be noticed in the reign of Firoz Shah. "Firoz Shah was very strict with the Brahmins. Hitherto they had been exempted from paying Jizya or pole tax; the Sultan declared that they were the keys to the chambers of idolatry, and could no longer be excused. One Brahman especially kindled the anger of the Sultan..... The Sultan declared he must either

accept Islam or be burnt alive. The Brahman was obstinate and would not embrace the faith. He was bound hand and foot; he was burnt to death before all the people" (pp. 74-5). The general course of Mr. Wheeler's arguments is to prove that the religion of the Koran underwent a gradual deterioration in India which culminated in the reign of Akbar. Yet we find a Sultan almost at the close of the Afghan rule, who rigorously enforces all the penal laws against the Hindus, and who even burns one Brahman alive for not embracing Islam. It is also remarkable that this Sultan was the son of a Rajput mother, a fact which deals a fatal blow to all Mr. Wheeler's long drawn theories about the influence of Hindu women. Two apocryphal stories about his setting up two ancient stone pillars in Delhi and about his holding an umbrella over a Hindu idol do not in the least mend matters, and only serve to show, to what straits Mr. Wheeler is often reduced in fighting for his hobbies. We do not however wish to press this argument. We would be only imitating one of the cardinal defects of Mr. Wheeler's method if we attempted rashly to generalize from one isolated instance.

The third chapter is one of the most curious in Mr. Wheeler's book. The opening sentences lead us to expect some of Mr. Wheeler's peculiarities in a more than ordinarily exaggerated form. "So long," say Mr. Wheeler, "as the Mussulmans stayed in the Punjab and Hindustan, they were recruited from the hotbeds of Islam in Central Asia; they were held tightly together in the brother-hood of the faith; they continued to be orthodox, bigoted and intolerant. There was no tampering with Hinduism, no intermarrying with Hindu princesses, no development of Hindu influences at the court and capital at Delhi. From the moment the Mussulmans struck into the south, their political and religious life entered upon a new phase. Their history widened out into unexplored countries; they came in contact with fresh races and languages; they became isolated from their fellow Mussulmans of the Punjab and Hindustan; they probably formed connections with Hindu women of the South; they leaned towards Hinduism and Hindus." (p. 80). We will briefly

consider these arguments. Deoghar was not further from the hot-bed of Islam than Lakhnauti,* and yet Mr. Wheeler shows no reason why the events that took place in the former did not happen in the latter. Moreover, there was continuous intercourse between Delhi and Deoghar which were, up to the starting point of this chapter, under the same rule, whereas Lakhnauti was the capital of a separate empire. The only other argument deserving of notice in these sentences is that about the influence of Hindu women. We have discussed this topic on a previous occasion and it is difficult here to point out that our author is candid enough to say that the Mussulmans of the Dekan *probably* formed connections with the Hindu women of the south. The word "probably" proves that there is not a little of evidence for the surmise, which is hazarded merely because it serves to round off Mr. Wheeler's arguments such as they are. We do not notice the other arguments because they are mere platitudes unworthy of a writer of Mr. Wheeler's ability.

Now, for the history of the Deckan which is adduced in support of Mr. Wheeler's theory. We will narrate it briefly. In 1320 the Rajas of the Deckan rebelled against Delhi, and the army sent against Warangal fled from its neighbourhood in a panic. A second army was more successful, it captured Warangal. In spite of all that Mr. Wheeler has to say, we can see nothing extraordinary in this. In 1320 anarchy and misrule were the order of the day at Delhi; and nothing was more likely than that the newly conquered Rajas of the Deckan should endeavour to regain their liberty. The panic of the Delhi army is as easily explained. As soon as order was reinstated at Delhi under the Tughlaks, Warangal was captured and the Raja

* Mr. Wheeler says in a note that phenomena similar to those which occurred in the Deckan may be traced in Bengal. 'The Mussulmans of Bengal,' says he, 'were quite as isolated as those of the Deckan, quite as ready to revolt against Delhi.' There is no doubt of this, Bengal was in fact a separate Mussulman Kingdom long before the Deckan was conquered, but the separation of both arose not from the influence of the Hindus, but because an empire comprising Bengal and the Deckan could only be kept together by an emperor of more than ordinary genius.

brought under subjection. The same phenomenon was repeated in 1347, under the eccentric rule of Muhammad Tughlak. But the results were vastly different. The panic of the Mussulman army was changed into mutiny, and Deekan became a separate Mussulman kingdom. Up to this point we have found no religious antagonism at play. But Hasan Ganga, the first Sultan of the Deekan happened to be a Shiah. Mr. Wheeler eagerly seizes upon this fact, and makes it the point d'^roi vi for an extensive system of theories. Hasan Ganga was "o^wardly," says Mr. Wheeler, "a Mussulman and a Shiah. In reality he was perhaps half a Mussalman, half a Hindu." It must be admitted that facts are "fearfully and wonderfully" manufactured by Mr. Wheeler. "Perhaps" and "probably" are potent instruments in his hands. But let us see what evidence there is for doubting that Hasan Ganga was a good Mussulman. He had been brought up by a Brahman, and he made the latter his finance minister. So insignificant however was the influence of the Brahman that, as Mr. Wheeler himself admits, he is not once heard of after his installation as a minister. Then, at the outset of his reign, Hasan Ganga trimmed between the Hindu and the Mussulmans. This his position compelled him to do, and later on, as he felt greater security he "left off trimming." This is absolutely the whole evidence for proving Hasan Ganga a Hindu, and we need hardly point out that it is of the flimsiest description. But Mr. Wheeler has yet another resource left. If Hasan can not be proved to have been a Hindu, the whole of his sect can." They (the Shias) we are told "believe in God as the supreme spirit....They believe in a succession at once hereditary and apostolic through Ali and his two sons. Their distinctive dogmas then approximated to those of Brahmanism; they were worked upon by Bramanism." (p. 86) the metaphysical portion of this description will be new to most Shias, and will be indignantly disclaimed by them; and the fact that they resort to "fisticuffs, cudgels and swords" in their encounters with Hindus with certainly as much alacrity as in those with Sunnis, shows that the approximation of their dogmas

to those of Brahmanism, if it is at all a fact, is productive of no appreciable effect on their conduct.

Hasan Ganga was succeeded by a Sunni who "still maintained a show of friendship with his Hindu neighbours;" but this "was only to secure himself upon the throne." One could have thought that his father had more need to secure himself upon the throne. From the accession of Muhammad the son of Hasan, the very heading of the chapter "Shiah Revolt in the Dekhan" became a misnomer, and it is difficult to understand why Mr. Wheeler goes on with the "chronicle of the Sultans which can scarcely be called history," except on the supposition that he considers himself bound to make something of the title of the chapter. The successive Sultans were all orthodox Sunnis and went on waging sanguinary wars with the Hindus. Ismail Adil-Shah founder of the Kingdom of Bijapore, which rose on the ruins of the Bahmani empire, was the first potentate after Hasan Ganga who was a professed Shiah. But even in Bijapore the Shiahls were not predominant, and it was only after a doubtful struggle that they gained a shortlived triumph. Ismail Adil Shah was however succeeded by a Sunni, and here, as in the annals of the Bahmani kingdom, the very name of Shiah disappeared. We can not but conclude our review of the third chapter with the remark that its title is as misleading and, we might almost say, as irrelevant as those of the three-volume novels of the day.

We have already discussed Mr. Wheeler's division of the history of Mussulman India, into those of Mussulman India and Moghal India. It will be remembered by all, who have read Erskine's translation of Baber's Memoirs, that Baber was a Moghal only by the mother's side, and that he never spoke of the Moghal nation but with contempt and aversion. "Under these circumstances," observes Mr. Erskine, "it may seem one of the strangest caprices of fortune that the empire which he founded in India should have been called both in the country and by foreigners the empire of the Moghals" (p. 236) The reason is, says Elphinstone, that the Indians call all Northern Mussulmans,

except the Afghans, Moghals; but whatever may be the reason, the fact is clear, that 'Moghal', as applied to Baber and his dynasty, is a misnomer; and now that it ceases to be a mere name and acquires significance in Mr. Wheeler's hand it is necessary at once to correct it. But the question naturally arises what was Baber if not a Moghal, and the answer is clear. He was a Turk, being a lineal descendant of Taimur; about whose nationality there is little or no doubt. The line of demarkation between Turk and Moghal is very obscure and can only be traced with the greater difficulty. Elphinstone gives an excellent resume of all that can be said with certainty on the subject. Unlike him Mr. Wheeler has only got some confused notions on the subject. "The Moghals of historic times," he says in one place, "have three epochs in their history: three stages in their development. They may be distinguished as the Tartar, the Turk and the Persian." The paragraph in which this statement occurs is however headed "Three epochs in Moghal history—Tartar, Turk and Moghal," and in the next page we find that "the Moghals were the ruling tribe among the Tartars." These statements are difficult to reconcile, and demonstrate the hopeless confusion which prevails in Mr. Wheeler's Mongolian ethnology. There is however one point about the Moghals which Mr. Wheeler has grasped with a tenacious hold. It is their religion, in which Mr. Wheeler finds a striking resemblance to that of the Vedic people (Mr. Wheeler evidently is afraid of calling them Aryans), but fails to see that an equally striking resemblance may be traced between the religious ideas and ceremonies of nations which are ethnologically quite distinct. Moreover, even if Mr. Wheeler's premises were correct, the Moghals would be predisposed to Vedic institutions and customs and not to those of the Hindus. All Mr. Wheeler's examples, many of them fanciful enough, point to the latter conclusion, and thus do not in the least support his theory. Mr. Wheeler says of Taimur, "He feasted his court on roasted horse-flesh, after the manner of the Hindu Rajas of the Mahabharat and Ramayana." He might with equal or perhaps even greater truth have said like the chiefs of the Arabian desert.

Were it even allowed to draw any inference from a custom so universal among all nomadic people, it would only prove that the Moghals were akin to the Hindus of the Brahman period, whom Mr. Wheeler conceives to have been essentially different from the Vedic people. In fact Mr. Wheeler seems to think that Brahmins formed a separate and posterior immigration into India (See Vol. III.)

We have already had occasion to notice the meagre details Mr. Wheeler gives of the reigns of Baber and Humayun. Sher Shah is also discussed in the compass of two pages, and in a note to this reign, Mr. Wheeler propounds a strange canon of historical criticism. He disbelieves in Sher Shah's reforms, because "experience teaches (him) that an Afghan like Sher Shah could not have been the beneficent sovereign he is described." Against this experience, the evidence not only of Abbas Khan the kinsman and historian of Sher Shah, but of Ferishta and other historians counts for nothing. Abbas Khan was a Sunni and a kinsman of Sher Shah, but there were plenty of Shiah historians, who would have found it to their interest to confute him, if he had unduly belauded the Afghan and usurping Sultan. Nor is Abbas Khan always laudatory. "The account," says M. H. Elliot, "which he gives of what the Governors did and did not, shew a fearful state of existing anarchy." Most of Sher Shah's improvements were moreover of the material kind, and could not have been palmed off on the historians of Akbar's reign. This is the evidence; the grounds of Mr. Wheeler's experience, he thus states.—"Sher Khan was an Afghan freebooter; he had seized an empire; he only reigned for five years; he was constantly at war with the Rajpoots. It is monstrous to suppose that such a man would have had the time or inclination to dig wells, to plant fruit-trees, or to build mosques and caravanserais. He did one thing which reveals his real character. A Rajpoot garrison had surrendered on condition of marching out with their arms and property. Sher Khan broke faith and slaughtered every man." To take this to pieces Sher Khan was never a freebooter; he did seize the empire, and he did reign only five years, being frequently engaged

in wars during that period. But the digging of wells and the planting of fruit-trees did not require the presence of the Sultan ; he had but to issue his mandate, and the improvements would appear as at the waving of a magician's wand. Other sovereigns equally occupied with wars have effected not only physical improvements, but also legal reforms, which demand more of the sovereign's time. There is also no reason to doubt that, in common with many of his Afghan predecessors, Sher Shah possessed an inclination for constructing works of public utility and convenience. The massacre of the garrison of Raisin is indeed a foul blot on his fair fame, but it ought to be remembered that it was perpetrated with the sanction of the Ulâma, who adjudged the commander of the garrison to death for his cruelty towards Mussulman prisoners.

Mr. Wheeler gives a pretty long account of the reign of Akber and does not by any means underrate its importance. "It is," says he, "one of the most important in the history of the world." This promises much, but the reader is in the next sentence startled with the statement that it bears a strong resemblance to that of Asoka. "Asoka was putting down revolt in the Punjab when his father died ; so was Akber. Asoka was occupied for years in conquering and consolidating his empire ; so was Akber. Asoka conquered all India to the north of the Nerbudda ; so did Akber. Asoka was tolerant of other religions ; so was Akber. Asoka went against the priests ; so did Akber. Asoka taught a religion of his own ; so did Akber. Asoka abstained from flesh-meat ; so did Akber. In the end Asoka took refuge in Buddha, the law and the assembly. In the end Akbar recited the formula of Islam :—‘there is but one God, and Muhammad is his prophet’" (p. 136). The resemblance may be rendered still more striking as the *Saturday Review* has remarked. "Asoka begins with an A ; so does Akber. Asoka is written with five letters ; so is Akber." Arguments like these would have no need to be ashamed of themselves, if they were marshalled with those Mr. Wheeler brings forward. Mr. Wheeler somewhat mars the effect of these striking parallels by admitting that "some of these coincidents

are mere accidents," though he still comes by some occult process to the conclusion that "they add a new chapter to the history of mankind."

Mr. Wheeler gives a graphic and correct account of Akbar's policy with regard to the Rajputs. He has however an evident dislike for the Rajput marriages, and he has no difficulty in making out that they formed the weak points in the system. There is no evidence in history to prove that they were disliked by the Mussulmans; but Mr. Wheeler has the faculty of inferring a great deal "more than meets the eye." He concludes that the Rajput marriages were disliked by the Mussulmans, because the Rajput brides are not named by the Mussulman historians. The only example cited is that of Jahangir who does not name his mother. If any dislike can be inferred from such an apparently irrelevant and unimportant fact, even that seems to have died out in the second generation when there was no more reserve in naming the Rajput brides. The consideration of Akbar's Rajput nobility leads to a description of the Moghal aristocracy; and here we are startled with the statement that preferment and power were in the Moghal system the rewards of a white complexion and not of ability or valour or loyalty. We can easily suppose that, as the Amirs and Mausavdárs would be mostly drawn from beyond the North-Western frontier, white would be the predominant complexion among them; but Mr. Wheeler goes a great deal further than this. He says, that "in the third generation the complexion became brown. The grand sons of the greatest Amirs were thus ineligible for command." An astounding statement like this requires to be supported by the clearest evidence, whereas Mr. Wheeler furnishes no evidence at all. There is besides *prima facie* evidence that the system could not have existed at the beginning or indeed till the very end of Akbar's reign. The nobles who had accompanied Baber in 1526 could not have seen through their generations till after Akbar had ceased to reign.

The description of Akbar's military policy is followed by a disquisition on his religious system. Akbar was a typical Moghal, and consequently, according to Mr. Wheeler's theory, a lax Mus-

sulman. His latitudinarianism was converted into open hostility by Abul Fazl who had his own wrongs to revenge. Abul Fazl suggested that the Ulama should hold discussions in the presence of the Padshah, and thus lay bare their ignorance, bigotry and schisms and earn his contempt. After describing this preconcerted and well-arranged plot, Mr. Wheeler is in the next paragraph fain to admit, that there is no evidence for it. It is entirely the outcome of his experience of human nature. The discussions meanwhile were carried on and Akbar's faith in Islam gradually faded away. He got the Ulama to sign a paper which broke up their power. Up to this point Akbar's opposition to Islam was only passive, but after removing his capital to Lahore he broke out into open hostility. Of this however there is no evidence except in the European authorities summarised by Purchas. Mr. Wheeler says Abul Fazl is directly silent, but does not give any reason why Badanni, a Musulman historian after Mr. Wheeler's own heart, should do the same. It is not intended to discredit the European travellers on whom Mr. Wheeler bases a portion of his history of Akbar, and nearly the whole of those of the subsequent Moghal emperors. Still one ought to remember the dictum of the Persian poet that "those who have seen the world tell many lies," or at all events much that is not true. It is simply absurd to expect that travellers who only sojourned in the country for a short time, who knew nothing of its language, and who were accustomed to scenes and events diametrically opposed to those they saw in the new country, should understand anything of the intricacies of its politics, or should be able to see any but the most superficial traits in the character of its leading men. Even at the present day, there is nothing more irritating than the learned ignorance of special correspondents and travelled bookmakers; but the sad havoc which they must have made with contemporary history at the period we are now treating of, it is almost too horrible to imagine. Even supposing that the travellers could understand the real character of the events and men they saw, what does their accumulated information amount to? One man lived at Jahangir's court for two years; and

another followed the same potentate about, in hopes of extracting a treaty on the principle now sanctioned by the practice of a country, of taking all and giving nothing. There was one indeed who resided in the country for forty-eight years and made extracts from the Moghul chronicles. But he has left us no historical legacy. There is indeed a French History based on his Portuguese translation of the extracts. But how much of the accuracy and freedom of the original has survived this double process can only be matter of conjecture now.

To resume the discussion of the last phase of Akbar's religious faith, nothing explicit can be gathered from Mr. Wheeler's text; but we read in a note that Akbar suffered himself to be worshipped as Deity. "The Portuguese saw the people worship Akbar." No inference can however be drawn from this as to Akbar's own thoughts on the subject. The writer of this article as an Assistant Magistrate of the latest importation can scarcely compare with Akbar in power and prestige. Yet he can remember having been addressed as "Deity" times out of number. There is nothing personal in this. It is merely an exaggeration, a very reprehensible one there can be no doubt—of the sentiment that every earthly ruler engaged in the administration of justice is a vicegerent of God, that he has something of what "is mightiest in the mightiest."

We may remark in passing that Mr. Wheeler brings a most foul charge against the character of Akbar without producing a tittle of evidence in support of it. He accuses Akbar with having not only "kept a prisoner in his pay," but with having with his own hand poisoned an "unknown" number of obnoxious Amirs. The paragraph in which this extraordinary accusation is brought forward wants even the vague and meagre reference which Mr. Wheeler generally considers sufficient. It is quite unnecessary to say that a statement so diametrically opposed to everything that is known of Akbar should not have been put forth except on the clearest evidence.

The history of the reign of Jahangir opens with an incidental disquisition on the bar which shuts the people of India

out of Christianity. "Christianity can not give him (a converted Hindu already married as a boy) a wife without breaking the law of marriage. Whether he marries or whether he refrains, the girl to whom he is bound for life is the sufferer.....When a Hindu becomes a Mussulman he makes no such sacrifices." It is difficult to see this. The law of marriage referred to in the first sentence is ignored by Protestant missionaries as Mr. Wheeler admits in a note; and the fate of the girl wife is the same whether her husband becomes a Christian or a Mussulman. The difference, therefore, in the proselytising success of Mussulmans and Christians, if any, must be referred to some other than the marriage difficulty.

The interest of Jahangir's reign circles round the intrigues and machinations of Nurjahan of which Mr. Wheeler gives a tolerably accurate account, though he falls into the absurd mistake of supposing that the Mahabat Khan who figured in those intrigues was a Rajput. This startling statement is made on the authority of Herbert, and it furnishes a notable illustration of what can be expected of the travelled tribe. Jahangir in his autobiography says that Mahabat Khan was an Afghan, but Mr. Wheeler decides that he must refer to some other Mahabat Khan, because "Mahabat Khan commanded Rajputs; the Rajputs would obey no one but their own Raja." Mr. Wheeler somewhere speaks of his fifteen years' official residence in India and Burma. In that time he may have heard of some thousands of Rajputs who are commanded by British officers in the British army. It will be seen hereafter (p. 253 text and note 6) that this mistake lands Mr. Wheeler on the horns of a dilemma.

Mr. Wheeler is specially strong in the history of Shahjehan. He depends entirely on his travellers, and the result is no better than it should be. He falls into mistakes which, however common in special correspondents, are quite unpardonable in one who boasts of fifteen years' official residence in India, and who pooh-poohs philology so persistently. If he has learned as much of the history and people of India as of its languages, he can not have learned much. Following one of his learned guides, he

renders "begum" "free from care," because forsooth the begum of Shah Jahan's harem were supplied with cooked food. A mistake like this can only be compared with Miss Cumming's "Gram deotas" (*i. e.* gram-devata's); elegantly translated as "Corn Gods :" such mistakes are not only supremely ridiculous, but they underhinge all confidence in the writer who makes them.

The history of Shah Jahan's reign opens with the usual discussion of his religious opinions. He at first affected to be a Mussulman. "He spit his hatred against Christians and Christianity." He punished the Portuguese at Hughli. It is curious to compare Mr. Wheeler's views on the attack on Hughli as expressed in the third and fourth volumes. In the former we were told that Shah Jahan was a "Mussulman Prince" who "could not be expected to permit foreigners to settle in his dominions, who persisted not only in enslaving his own subjects but in forcibly converting them to a religion which was regarded with hatred and contempt." (Vol. III. p. 252) But in the interval between writing the two volumes the veil has fallen from Mr. Wheeler's eyes. He sees things in a new light. He now opines that a prince like Shah Jahan could not feel for his subjects. The attack was instigated by Mumtaj Mahal, two of whose daughters had been converted to Christianity in the previous reign. It is remarkable however that there is no new authority whom Mr. Wheeler can cite. He depends on Bernier in both volumes. We have not much to say against the changes which Mr. Wheeler's views have undergone. One of them at least is of undeniable value. He has ceased to think that Aurungzeb was the elder brother of Sujah as he did, while writing the third volume (Vol. III. p. 253). It is however very discouraging to contemplate the uncertainty and worthlessness of history as conceived by Mr. Wheeler, when the same fact narrated by the same writer can be made the groundwork of such divergent theoreics, and that, be it remembered, by the same theorist.

The remainder of Mr. Wheeler's history consists of fragmentary notices of facts which "teach nothing," which "illustrate nothing" except perhaps his own crotchets. Shah Jahan

was growing despicable in the eyes of the Rajputs, though "the Rajpoots fought bravely against the Afghans." When Khan Jahan revolted, though they helped Shah Jahan when he rebelled against Jahangir, though "they paid him homage and mounted guard in their turn." Shah Jahan was daily becoming treacherous, cowardly, childish, imbecile. In support of this, Mr. Wheeler cites some absurd anecdotes. Catron comments on one of these in the following words: "the wisdom of the monarch was the admiration of the whole empire;" this is not agreeable to Mr. Wheeler, and he at once lays down that "neither Catron nor Manonchi, nor any other European would have written such nonsense." So that what agrees with Mr. Wheeler's standard of the sensible is to be ascribed to Catron and Manonchi, while every thing else is the foul flattery of an Asiatic, though Catron and Manonchi may claim it under their hand and seal. This is an example of another of Mr. Wheeler's many wonderful canons of historical criticism. It enables him to cull out the real sentiments of a writer and to reject those which he may not wish to consider as such.

After describing Shah Jahan's imbecility, Mr. Wheeler proceeds to trace its cause. It arose from his "unbounded sensualities." This furnishes a pretext for dragging in a long description of the harem, which contains the requisite piece of oriental etymology we have already noticed. From the harem Mr. Wheeler passes on to the Taj Mahal on which he passes a most unique judgment. The whole world has hitherto been unanimous about the chasteness of the design and the expression of this edifice; but Mr. Wheeler does not herd with the world. He finds the Taj Mahal "lovely beyond description. But the loveliness is feminine." So we thought was all loveliness. In the next sentence Mr. Wheeler leaves solemn truisms aside. He becomes more than ever original. "It (the Taj Mahal) is not the tomb of a wife; it is the shrine of a mistress." So it may be in Mr. Wheeler's imagination. By way of putting the cornerstone to his description, Mr. Wheeler tells a horrible scandal with evident gusto; but ordinary people will fail to see what connection it has with the Taj Mahal.

The description of the Taj Mahal is followed by some more anecdotes, and the itineraries of John Albert de Mandeville, a very presentable young gentleman, and of Bernier the well-known traveller, and the book closes with the evil days of Shah Jahan when he is immured in prison by his rebellious son Aurangzeb. We will not enter into the contests of the rival brothers except to say that Aurangzeb was assisted by his sister "Roshan Rai Begum." This name is unique and may hereafter puzzle antiquaries. We believe it is intended for "Raushan Ara Begam."

BRAJENDRANATH DE.

P. S.—Mr. Wheeler has lately declared that as far as the *Saturday Reviewer* is concerned he can see no reason to blot a word or mar a line. (*Pioneer*, June 1st.) We cannot hope to receive more consideration than the *Saturday Reviewer*; but we will be sincerely pleased to see that Mr. Wheeler can uphold every word and line in his book.

B. D.

THE FOLK-TALES OF BENGAL.

By Mother Goose.

I. PHAKIR CHAND.

"The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw."

Kubla Khan.

There was a king's son, and there was a minister's son. They loved each other dearly; they sat together, they stood up together, they walked together, they ate together, they slept together, they got up together. In this way they spent many years in each other's company, till they both felt a desire to see foreign lands. So one day they set out on their journey. Though very rich, the

one being the son of a king, and the other the son of his chief minister; they did not take any servants with them; they went by themselves on horse-back. The horses were beautiful to look at. They were *pakshirajes*, or kings of birds. The king's son and the minister's son rode together many days. They passed through extensive plains covered with paddy; through cities, towns and villages; through waterless, treeless deserts; through dense forests which were the abode of the tiger and the bear. One evening they were overtaken by night in a region where human habitations were not seen; and as it was getting darker and darker, they dismounted beneath a lofty tree, tied their horses to its trunk, and climbing up, sat on its branches covered with thick foliage. The tree grew near a large tank, the water of which was as clear as the eye of a crow. The king's son and the minister's son made themselves as comfortable as they could on the tree, being determined to spend on its branches the livelong night. They sometimes chatted together in whispers on account of the lonely terrors of the region; they sometimes sat demurely silent for some minutes; and anon they were falling into a doze, when their attention was arrested by a terrible sight.

A sound like the rush of many waters was heard from the middle of the tank. A huge serpent was seen leaping up from under the water with its hood of enormous size. It "lay floating many a road;" then it swam ashore, and went about hissing. What most of all attracted the attention of the king's son and the minister's son was a brilliant *manikya* (precious stone) on the crested hood of the serpent. It shone like a thousand diamonds. It lit up the tank, its embankments, and the objects round about. The serpent doffed the jewel from its crest and threw it on the ground; and then it went about hissing in search of food. The two friends sitting on the tree greatly admired the wonderful brilliant shedding ineffable lustre on every thing around. They had never before seen anything like it; they had only heard of it as equalling the treasures of seven kings. Their admiration, however, was soon changed into sorrow and fear; for the serpent came hissing to the foot of the tree on the branches of which they

were seated, and swallowed up one by one the horses tied to the trunk. They feared that they themselves would be the next victims, when to their infinite relief the gigantic Cobra turned away from the tree, and went about roaming to a great distance. The minister's son seeing this bethought himself of taking possession of the lustrous stone. He had heard that the only way to hide the brilliant light of the jewel was to cover it with cow-dung or horse-dung, a quantity of which latter article he perceived lying at the foot of the tree. He came down from the tree softly, picked up the horse-dung, threw it upon the precious stone, and again climbed into the tree. The serpent, not perceiving the light of its head-jewel, rushed with great fury to the spot where it had left it. Its hissings, groans and convulsions were terrible. It went round and round the jewel covered with horse-dung, and at last breathed its last. Early next morning the king's son and the minister's son alighted from the tree, and went to the spot where the crest-jewel was. The mighty serpent lay there perfectly lifeless. The minister's son took up in his hand the jewel covered with horse-dung; and both of them went to the tank to wash it. When all the horse-dung had been washed off, the jewel shone as brilliantly as before. It lit up the entire bed of the tank, and exposed to their view the innumerable fishes swimming about in the waters. But what was their astonishment when they saw, by the light of the jewel, in the bottom of the tank the lofty walls of what seemed a magnificent palace. The venturesome son of the minister proposed to the prince that they should dive into the waters and get at the palace below. They both dived into the waters,—the jewel being in the hand of the minister's son,—and in a moment stood at the gate of the palace. The gate was open. They saw no being, human or superhuman. They went inside the gate, and saw a beautiful garden laid out on the ample grounds round about the house which was in the centre. The king's son and the minister's son had never seen such a profusion of flowers. The rose with its many varieties, the jessamine, the *bol*, the *mallika*, the *king of smells*, the lily of the valley, the *Champaka*, and a thousand other sorts of sweet-scented

flowers were there. And of each of these flowers there seemed to be a large number. Here were a hundred rose-bushes, there many acres covered with the delicious jessamine, while yonder were extensive plantations of all sorts of flowers. As all the plants were begemmed with flowers, and as the flowers were in full bloom, the air was loaded with rich perfume. It was a wilderness of sweets. Through this paradise of perfumery they proceeded towards the house which was surrounded by banks of lofty trees. They stood at the door of the house. It was a fairy palace. The walls were of burnished gold, and here and there shone diamonds of dazzling hue which were stuck into the walls. They did not meet with any beings, human or other. They went inside which was richly furnished. They went from room to room, but they did not see any one. It seemed to be a deserted house. At last, however, they found in one room a young lady lying down, apparently in sleep, on a bed of golden frame-work. She was of exquisite beauty; her complexion was a mixture of red and white; and she was apparently in her sweet sixteen. The king's son and the minister's son gazed upon her with rapture; but they did not stand long when the young lady of superb beauty opened her eyes, which seemed like those of a gazelle. On seeing the strangers she said—"How have you come here, ye unfortunate men? Begone, begone! This is the abode of a mighty serpent which has devoured my father, my mother, my brothers and all my relatives; I am the only one of my family that it has spared. Flee for your lives, or else the serpent will put you both in its capacious maw." The minister's son told the princess how the serpent had breathed its last, how he and his friend had got possession of its head-jewel, and by its light had come to her palace. She thanked the strangers for delivering her from the infernal serpent, and begged of them to live in the house, and never to desert her. The king's son, and the minister's son gladly accepted the invitation. The king's son, smitten with the charms of the peerless princess, married her after a short time; and as there was no priest there, the hymeneal knot was tied by a simple exchange of garlands of flowers.

The king's son became inexpressibly happy in the company of the princess who was as amiable in her disposition, as she was beautiful in her person; and though the wife of the minister's son was living in the upper world, he too participated in his friend's happiness. Thus passed merrily when the king's son bethought himself of returning to his native country; and as it was fit that he should go with his princess in due pomp, it was determined that the minister's son should first ascend from the subaqueous regions, go to the king, and bring with him attendants, horses and elephants for the happy pair. The snake-jewel was therefore had in requisition. The prince, with the jewel in hand, accompanied the minister's son to the upper world, and bidding adieu to his friend returned to his lovely wife in the enchanted palace. Before leaving, the minister's son appointed the day and the hour when he would stand on the high embankments of the tank with horses, elephants and attendants, and wait upon the prince and the princess who were to join him in the upper world by means of the jewel.

Leaving the minister's son to wend his way to his country and to make preparations for the return of his king's son, let us see how the happy couple in the subterranean palace were passing their time. One day, while the prince was sleeping after his noonday meal, the princess, who had never seen the upper regions, felt the desire of visiting them, and the rather as the snake-jewel, which alone could give her safe conduct through the waters, was at that moment shedding its bright effulgence in the room. She took up the jewel in her hand, left the palace, and successfully reached the upper world. No mortal caught her sight. She sat on the flights of steps with which the tank was furnished for the convenience of bathers, scrubbed her body, washed her hair, disported in the waters, walked about on the water's edge, admired all the scenery around, and returned to her palace where she found her husband still locked in the embrace of sleep. When the prince woke up, she did not tell him a word about her adventure. The following day at the same hour, when her husband was asleep, she paid a second visit to the upper world,

and went back unnoticed by mortal man. As success made her bold, she repeated her adventure a third time. It so chanced that on that day the son of the Rajah, in whose territories the tank was situated, was out on a hunting excursion, and had pitched his tent not far from the place. While his attendants were engaged in cooking their noon-day meal, the Rajah's son sauntered about on the embankments of the tank, near which an old woman was gathering sticks and dried branches of trees for purposes of fuel. It was while the Rajah's son and the old woman were near the tank that the princess paid her third visit to the upper world. She rose up from the waters, gazed around and seeing a man and a woman on the banks again went down. The Rajah's son caught a momentary glimpse of the princess, and so did the old woman gathering sticks. The Rajah's son stood gazing on the waters. He had never seen such a beauty. She seemed to him to be one of those *deva-kanyas*, heavenly goddesses, of whom he had read in old books, and who are said now and then to favour the lower world with their visits which, like angel-visits, are "few and far between." The unearthly beauty of the princess, though he had seen her only for a moment, made a deep impression on his heart, and distracted his mind. He stood there like a statue, for hours, gazing on the waters, in the hope of seeing the lovely figure again. But in vain. The princess did not appear again. The Rajah's son became mad with love. He kept muttering—"Now here, now gone!" "Now here, now gone!" He would not leave the place, till he was forcibly removed by his attendants who had now come to him. He was taken to his father's palace in a state of hopeless insanity. He spoke to nobody; he always sobbed heavily; and the only words which proceeded out of his mouth—and he was muttering them every minute—were, "Now here, now gone!" "Now here, now gone!" The Rajah's grief may well be conceived. He could not imagine what should have deranged his son's mind. The words, "Now here, now gone," which ever and anon issued from his son's lips were a mystery to him; he could not unravel their meaning; neither could the attendants throw any light on the subject. The

best physicians of the country were consulted ; but to no effect. The sons of Æsculapius could not ascertain the cause of the madness, far less could they cure it. To the many enquiries of the physicians, the only reply made by the Rajah's son was the stereotyped words—"Now here, now gone!" "Now here, now gone?"

The Rajah, distracted with grief on account of the obscuration of his son's intellects, caused a proclamation to be made in the capital, by beat of drum, to the effect that, if any person could explain the cause of his son's madness and cure it, such a person would be rewarded with the hand of the Rajah's daughter and with the possession of half his kingdom. The drum was beaten round most parts of the city but no one touched it, as no one knew the cause of the madness of the Rajah's son. At last an old woman touched the drum, and declared that she would not only discover the cause of the madness but cure it. This woman, who was the identical woman that was gathering sticks near the tank at the time the Rajah's son lost his reason, had a crack-brained son of the name of Phakir Chand, and was in consequence called Phakir's mother, or more familiarly Phakre's mother. When the woman was brought before the Rajah, the following conversation took place :—

Rajah.—You are the woman that touched the drum—You know the cause of my son's madness?

Phakir's mother.—Yes, oh, incarnation of justice ! I know the cause, but I will not mention it, till I have cured your son.

Rajah.—How can I believe that you are able to cure my son, when the best physicians of the land have failed ?

Phakir's mother.—You need not now believe, my lord, till I have performed the cure. Many an old woman knows secrets with which wise men are unacquainted.

Rajah.—Very well, let me see what you can do. In what time will you perform the cure ?

Phakir's mother.—It is impossible to fix the time at present ; but I will begin work immediately with your lordship's assistance.

Rajah.—What help do you require from me?

Phakir's mother.—Your lordship will please order a hut to be raised on the embankment of the tank where your son first caught the disease. I mean to live in that hut for a few days. And your lordship will also please order some of your servants to be in attendance at a distance of about a hundred yards from the hut so that they might be within call.

Rajah.—Very well; I will order that to be immediately done. Do you want any thing else?

Phakir's mother.—Nothing else, my lord, in the way of preparations. But it is as well to remind your lordship of the conditions on which I undertake the cure. Your lordship has promised to give to the performer of the cure the hand of your daughter and half your kingdom. As I am a woman and cannot marry your daughter, I beg that, in case I perform the cure, my son Phakir Chand will marry your daughter and take possession of half your kingdom.

Rajah.—Agreed, agreed.

A temporary hut was in a few hours erected on the embankment of the tank, and Phakir's mother took up her abode in it. An outpost was also erected at some distance for servants in attendance who might be required to give help to the woman. Strict orders were given by Phakir's mother that no human being should go near the tank excepting herself. Let us leave Phakir's mother keeping watch at the tank, and hasten down into the subterranean palace to see what the prince and the princess are about. After the mishap which had occurred on her last visit to the upper world, the princess had given up the idea of a fourth visit. But women generally have greater curiosity than men; and the princess of the under-ground palace was no exception to the general rule. One day, while her husband was asleep as usual after his noonday meal, she rushed out of the palace with the snake-jewel in her hand, and came to the upper-world. The moment the upheaval of the waters in the middle of the tank took place,

Phakir's mother, who was on the alert, concealed herself in the hut and began looking through the chinks of the matted wall. The princess seeing no mortal near came to the bank, and sitting there began to scrub her body. Phakir's mother showed herself outside the hut, and addressing the princess, said in a winning tone—"Come, my child, thou queen of beauty, come to me, and I will help you to bathe." So saying, she approached the princess who, seeing that it was only a woman, made no resistance. The old woman, while in the act of washing the hair of the princess, noticed the bright jewel in her hand, and said—"Put the jewel here till you are bathed." In a moment the jewel was in the possession of Phakir's mother, who wrapped it up in the cloth that was round her waist. Knowing the princess to be unable to escape, she gave the signal to the attendants in waiting, who rushed to the tank and made the princess a captive.

Great were the rejoicings of the people when the tidings reached the city that Phakir's mother had captured a water-nymph from the nether regions. The whole city came to see the 'daughter of the immortals', as they called the princess. When she was brought to the palace and confronted with the Rajah's son of obscured intellect, the latter said with a shout of exultation—"I have found! I have found!" The cloud which had settled on his brain was dissipated in a moment. The eyes, meanwhile vacant and lustreless, now glowed with the fire of intelligence; his tongue, of which he had almost lost the use—the only words which he used to utter being, "Now here, now gone!"—was now relaxed: in a word, he was restored to his senses. The joy of the Rajah knew no bounds. There was great festivity in the city; and the people who showered benedictions on the head of Phakir Chand's mother, expected the speedy celebration of the marriage of the Rajah's son with the beauty of the nether world. The princess, however, told the Rajah, through Phakir's mother, that she had made a vow to the effect that she would not, for one whole year, look at the face of another man than that of her husband who was dwelling beneath the waters, and that therefore the marriage could not be performed during that period. Though the Rajah's

son was somewhat disappointed, he readily agreed to the delay, believing, agreeably to the proverb, that delay would greatly enhance the sweetness of those pleasures which were in store for him.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the princess spent her days and her nights in sorrowing and sighing. She lamented that idle curiosity which had led her to come to the upper world, leaving her husband below. When she recollects that her husband was all alone below the waters she wept bitter tears. She wished she could run away. But that was impossible, as she was immured within walls, and there were walls within walls. Besides, if she could get out of the palace and of the city, of what avail would it be? She could not gain her husband, as the serpent jewel was not in her possession. The ladies of the palace and Phakir's mother tried to divert her mind, but in vain. She took pleasure in nothing; she would hardly speak to any one; she wept day and night. The year of her vow was drawing to a close, and yet she was disconsolate. The marriage, however, must be celebrated. The Rajah consulted the astrologers, and the day and the hour in which the nuptial knot was to be tied were fixed. Great preparations were made. The confectioners of the city busied themselves day and night in preparing sweet-meats; milkmen took contracts for supplying the palace with tanks of curds; gun-powder was being manufactured for a grand display of fire-works; bands of musicians were placed on sheds erected over the palace-gate, who ever and anon sent forth many "a bout of linked sweetness;" and the whole city assumed an air of mirth and festivity.

It is time we should think of the minister's son who, leaving his friend in the subterranean palace, had gone to his country to bring horses, elephants and attendants, for the return of the king's son and his lovely princess with due pomp. The preparations took him many months; and when every thing was ready, he started on his journey, accompanied by a long train of elephants, horses and attendants. He reached the tank two or three days before the appointed day. Tents were

pitched in the mango-topes adjoining the tank for the accommodation of men and cattle; and the minister's son always kept his eyes fixed on the tank. The sun of the appointed day sank below the horizon; but the prince and the princess dwelling beneath the waters made no sign. He waited two or three days longer; still the prince did not make his appearance. What could have happened to his friend and his beautiful wife? Were they dead? Had another serpent, possibly the mate of the one that had died, beaten the prince and the princess to death? Have they somehow lost the serpent-jewel? Or have they been captured when they were once on a visit to the upper world? Such were the reflections of the minister's son. He was overwhelmed with grief. Ever since he had come to the tank he had heard at regular intervals the sound of music coming from the city which was not distant. He enquired of passers-by what that music meant. He was told that the Rajah's son was about to be married to some wonderful young lady, who had come out of the waters of that very tank on the bank of which he was now seated, and that the marriage ceremony was to be performed on the day following the next. The minister's son immediately concluded that the wonderful young lady of the lake that was to be married was none other than the wife of his friend the king's son. He resolved therefore to go into the city to learn the details of the affair, and try if possible to rescue the princess. He told the attendants to go home, taking with them the elephants and the horses; and he himself went to the city, and took up his abode in the house of a Brahman.

After he had rested and taken his dinner, the minister's son asked the Brahman what the meaning was of the music that was heard in the city at regular intervals. The Brahman asked, From what part of the world have you come that you have not heard of the wonderful circumstance that a young lady of heavenly beauty rose out of the waters of a tank in the suburbs, and that she is going to be married day after to-morrow to the son of our Rajah?"

Minister's son.—No, I have heard nothing. I have come from

a distant country whither the story has not reached. Will you kindly tell me the particulars ?

Brahman. The Rajah's son went out a hunting about this time last year. He pitched his tents close to a tank in the suburbs. One day while the Rajah's son was walking near the tank, he saw a young woman, or rather goddess, of uncommon beauty rise from the waters of the tank. She gazed about for a minute or two and disappeared. The Rajah's son, however, who had seen her, was so struck with her heavenly beauty that he became desperately enamoured of her. Indeed, so intense was his passion, that his reason gave away ; and he was carried home hopelessly mad. The only words he uttered day and night were—" Now here, now gone !" The Rajah sent for all the best physicians of the country for restoring his son to his reason ; but the physicians were powerless. At last he caused a proclamation to be made by beat of drum to the effect that if any one could cure the Rajah's son, he would be the Rajah's son-in-law and the owner of half his kingdom. An old woman, who went by the name of Phakir's mother, took hold of the drum, and declared her ability to cure the Rajah's son. On the tank where the princess had appeared was raised for Phakir's mother a hut in which she took up her abode ; and not far from her hut another hut was erected for the accommodation of attendants who might be required to help her. It seems the goddess rose from the waters ; Phakir's mother seized her with the help of the attendants, and carried her in a *palki* to the palace. At the sight of her, the Rajah's son was restored to his senses ; and the marriage would have been celebrated at that time but for a vow which the goddess had made that she would not look at the face of any male person till the lapse of a year. The year of the vow is now over ; and the music which you have heard is from the gate of the Rajah's palace. This, in brief, is the story.

Minister's son.—A truly wonderful story ! And has Phakir's mother, or rather Phakir Chand himself, been rewarded with the hand of the Rajah's daughter and with the possession of half the kingdom ?

Brahman. No, not yet. Phakir has not been got hold of. He is a half witted lad, or rather quite mad. He has been away for more than a year from his home, and no one knows where he is. That is his manner ; he stays away for a long time, suddenly comes home, and again disappears. I believe his mother expects him soon.

Minister's son.—What like is he ? and what does he do when he returns home ?

Brahman.—Why, he is about your height, though he is somewhat younger than you. He puts on a small piece of cloth round his waist, rubs his body with ashes, takes the branch of a tree in his hand, and, at the door of the hut in which his mother lives, dances to the tune of *dhoop ! dhoop ! dhoop !* His articulation is very indistinct ; and when his mother says—"Phakir ! stay with me for some days," he invariably answers in his usual unintelligible manner, "No, I won't remain, I won't remain." And when he wishes to give an affirmative answer, he says, "hoom," which means "yes."

The above conversation with the Brahman poured a flood of light into the mind of the minister's son. He saw how matters stood. He perceived that the princess of the subterranean palace must have alone ventured out into the tank by means of the snake-jewel ; that she must have been captured alone without the king's son ; that the snake-jewel must be in the possession of Phakir's mother ; and that his friend, the king's son, must be alone below the waters without any means of escape. The desolate and apparently hopeless state of his friend filled him with unutterable grief. He was in deep musings during most part of the night. Is it impossible, thought he, to rescue the king's son from the nether regions ? What if, by some means or other, I contrive to get the jewel from the old woman ? And can I not do it by personating Phakir Chand himself who is expected by his mother shortly ? And possibly by the same means I may be able to rescue the princess from the Rajah's palace. He resolved to act the rôle of Phakir Chand the following day. In the morning he left

the Brahman's house, went to the outskirts of the city, divested himself of his usual clothing, put round his waist a short and narrow piece of cloth which scarcely reached his knee-joints, rubbed his body well with ashes, took in his hand a twig which he broke off a tree, and thus accoutred, presented himself before the door of the hut of Phakir's mother. He commenced operation by dancing, in a most violent manner, to the tune of *dhoop! dhoop! dhoop!* The dancing attracted the notice of the old woman who, supposing that her son had come, said—"My son Phakir, are you come? Come my darling; the gods have at last become propitious to us." The supposed Phakir Chand uttered the mono-syllable "hoom," and went on dancing in a still more violent manner than before, waving the twig in his hand. "This time you must not go away," said the old woman, "you must remain with me." "No, I won't remain, I won't remain," said the minister's son. "Remain with me, and I'll get you married to the Rajah's daughter. Will you marry, Phakir Chand?" The minister's son replied—"hoom, hoom," and danced on like a madman. "Will you come with me to the Rajah's house? I'll show you a princess of uncommon beauty who has risen from the waters?" "Hoom," "hoom," was the answer that issued from his lips, while his feet tripped it violently to the sound of *dhoop! dhoop!* "Do you wish to see a *manik*, Phakir, the crest jewel of the serpent, the treasure of seven kings?" "Hoom" "hoom," was the reply. The old woman brought out of the hut the snake-jewel, and put it into the hand of her supposed son. The minister's son took it, and carefully wrapped it up in the piece of cloth round his waist. Phakir's mother delighted beyond measure at the opportune appearance of her son, went to the Rajah's house, partly to announce to the Rajah the news of Phakir's appearance, and partly to show Phakir the princess of the waters. The supposed Phakir and his mother found ready access to the Rajah's palace, for the old woman had, since the capture of the princess, become the most important person in the kingdom. She took him into the room where the princess was, and introduced him to her. It is superfluous to remark that the princess was

by no means pleased with the company of a madcap, who was in a state of semi-nudity, whose body was rubbed with ashes, and who was ever and anon dancing in a wild manner. At sunset the old woman proposed to her son that they should leave the palace and go to their own house. But the supposed Phakir Chand refused to comply with the request ; he said he would stay there that night. His mother tried to persuade him to return with her, but he persisted in his determination. He said he would remain with the princess. Phakir's mother therefore went away, after giving instructions to the guards and attendants to take care of her son.

When all in the palace had retired to rest, the supposed Phakir coming towards the princess said in his own usual voice—“Princess ! do you not recognize me ? I am the minister's son, the friend of your princely husband.” The princess, astonished, at the announcement, said—“Who ? The minister's son ? Oh, my husband's best friend, do rescue me from this terrible captivity, from this worse than death. O, fate ! it is by my own fault that I am reduced to this wretched state. Oh, rescue me, rescue me, thou best of friends !” She then burst into tears. The minister's son said, “Do not be disconsolate. I will try my best to rescue you this very night ; only you must do whatever I tell you.” “I will do any thing you tell me, minister's son ; any thing you tell me.” After this the supposed Phakir left the room, and passed through the courtyard of the palace. Some of the guards challenged him, to which he replied, “hoom” “hoom”; “I will just go out for a minute and again come in presently.” They understood that it was the madcap Phakir. True to his word he did come back shortly, and went to the princess. An hour afterwards he again went out and was again challenged, on which he made the same reply as at the first time. The guards who challenged him began to mutter between their teeth—“This madcap of a Phakir will, we suppose, go out and come in all night. Let the fellow alone ; let him do what he likes. Who can be sitting up all night for him ?” The minister's son was going out and coming in with the view of accustoming the guards to his constant egress and

engress, and also of watching for a favourable opportunity to escape with the princess. About three o'clock in the morning the minister's son again passed through the courtyard, but this time no one challenged him as all the guards had fallen asleep. Overjoyed at the auspicious circumstance, he went to the princess—"Now, princess, is the time for escape. The guards are all asleep. Mount on my back, and tie the locks of your hair round my neck, and keep tight hold of me." The princess did as she was told. He passed unchallanged through the courtyard with the lovely burden on his back, passed out of the gate of the palace—no one challenging him, passed on to the outskirts of the city, and reached the tank from which the princess had risen.

The princess stood on her legs, rejoicing at her escape, and at the same time trembling. The minister's son untied the snake-jewel from his waist-cloth, and descending into the waters, both he and she found their way to the subterranean palace. The reception which the prince in the subaqueous palace gave to his wife and his friend may be easily imagined. He had nearly died of grief; but now he suffered a resurrection. The three were now mad with joy. During the three days that they remained in the palace they again and again told the story of the egress of the princess into the upper world, of her seizure, of her captivity in the palace, of the preparations for marriage, of the old woman, of the minister's son personating Phakir Chand, and of the successful deliverance. It is unnecessary to add that the prince and the princess expressed their gratitude to the minister's son in the warmest terms, declared him to be their best and greatest friend, and vowed to abide always, till the day of their death, by his advice, and to follow his counsel.

Being resolved to return to their native country, the king's son, the minister's son and the princess left the subterranean palace, and, lighted in the passage by the snake-jewel, made their way good to the upper world. As they had neither elephants nor horses, they were under the necessity of travelling on foot; and though this mode of travelling was troublesome to both the king's son and the minister's son, as they were bred in the lap of luxury,

it was infinitely more troublesome to the princess, as the stones of the rough road

“Wounded the invisible

Palms of her tender feet wher'er they fell.”

When her feet became very sore, the king's son sometimes took her up on his broad shoulders on which she sat astride; but the load, however lovely, was too heavy to be carried any great distance. She, therefore, for the most part, travelled on foot.

One evening they bivouacked beneath a tree, as no human habitations were visible. The minister's son said to the prince and princess, “Both of you go to sleep, and I will keep watch in order to prevent any danger.” The royal couple were soon locked in the arms of sleep. The faithful son of the minister did not sleep, but sat up watching. It so happened that on that tree swung the nest of the two immortal birds, Bihangama and Bihangami, who were not only endowed with the power of human speech, but who could see into the future. To the no little astonishment of the minister's son the two prophetic birds joined in the following conversation :—

Bihangama.—The minister's son has already risked his own life for the safety of his friend the king's son; but he will find it difficult to save the prince at last.

Bihangami.—Why so?

Bihangama.—Many dangers await the king's son. The prince's father, when he hears of the approach of his son, will send for him an elephant, some horses and attendants. When the king's son rides on the elephant, he will fall down and die.

Bihangami.—But suppose some one prevents the king's son from riding on the elephant, and makes him ride on horseback, will he not in that case be saved?

Bihangama.—Yes, he will in that case escape that danger, but a fresh danger awaits him. When the king's son is in sight of his father's palace, and when he is in the act of passing through its lion-gate, the lion-gate will fall upon him and crush him to death.

Bihangami.—But suppose some one destroys the lion-gate before the king's son goes up to it; will not the king's son in that case be saved?

Bihangama.—Yes, in that case he will escape that particular danger; but a fresh danger awaits him. When the king's son reaches the palace and sits at a feast prepared for him, and when he takes into his mouth the head of a fish cooked for him, the head of the fish will stick in his throat and choke him to death.

Bihangami.—But suppose some one sitting at the feast snatches the head of the fish from the prince's plate, and thus prevents him from putting it into his mouth, will not the king's son in that case be saved?

Bihangama.—Yes, in that case he will escape that particular danger; but a fresh danger awaits him. When the prince and the princess after dinner retire into their sleeping apartment, and they lie together in bed, a terrible cobra will come into the room and bite the king's son to death.

Bihangami.—But suppose some one lying in wait in the room cut the snake into pieces, will not the king's son in that case be saved?

Bihangama.—Yes, in that case the life of the king's son will be saved; but if the man who kills the snake repeats to the king's son the conversation between you and me, that man will be turned into a marble statue.

Bihagami.—But is there no means of restoring the marble statue to life?

Bihangama.—Yes, the marble statue may be restored to life if it is washed with the life-blood of the infant, which the princess will give birth to, immediately after it is ushered into the world.

The conversation of the prophetic birds had extended thus far, when the crows began to caw, the east put on a reddish hue, and the travellers beneath the tree bestirred themselves. The conversation stopped; but the minister's son had heard it all.

The prince, the princess, and the minister's son pursued their journey in the morning ; but they had not walked many hours, when they met a procession consisting of an elephant, a horse, a *palki*, and a large number of attendants. Those animals and men had been sent by the king who had heard that his son, together with his newly married wife and his friend the minister's son, were not far from the capital on their journey homewards. The elephant which was richly caparisoned, was intended for the prince ; the *palki*, the framework of which was silver, and was gaudily adorned, was meant for the princess ; and the horse for the minister's son. As the prince was about to mount on the elephant, the minister's son went up to him and said—"Allow me to ride on the elephant, and you please ride on horse-back." The prince was not a little surprised at the coolness of the proposal. He thought his friend was presuming too much on the services he had rendered ; he was therefore nettled, but remembering that his friend had saved both him and his wife, he said nothing but quietly mounted the horse, though his mind became somewhat alienated from him. The procession started and after sometime came in sight of the palace, the Lion-gate of which had been gaily adorned for the reception of the prince and the princess. The minister's son told the prince that the Lion-gate should be broken down before the prince could enter the palace. The prince was astounded at the proposal, especially as the minister's son gave no reasons for so extraordinary a request, his mind became still more estranged from him ; but in consideration of the services the minister's son had rendered, his request was complied with, and the beautiful Lion-gate with its gay decorations was broken down.

The party now went into the palace where the King gave a warm reception to his son, to his daughter-in-law, and to the minister's son. When the story of their adventures was related, the king and his courtiers expressed great astonishment, and they all with one voice extolled the sagacity, prudence and devotedness of the minister's son. The ladies of the palace were struck with the extraordinary beauty of the new comer ; her complexion

was milk and vermillion mixed together ; her neck was like that of a swan ; her eyes were like those of a gazelle ; her lips were as red as the berry *bimba* ; her cheeks were lovely ; her nose was straight and high ; her hair reached her ankles ; her walk was as graceful as that of a young elephant—such were the terms in which the connoisseurs of beauty praised the princess whom destiny had brought into the midst of them. They sat around her and put her a thousand questions regarding her parents, regarding the subterranean palace in which she formerly lived, and the serpent which had killed all her relatives. It was now time that the new arrivals should have their dinner. The dinner was served up in dishes of gold. All sorts of delicacies were there, amongst which the most conspicuous was the large head of a *rohita* fish placed in a golden cup near the prince's plate. While they were eating, the minister's son suddenly snatched the head of the fish from the prince's plate and said, "Let me, prince, eat this *rohita*'s head." The king's son was quite indignant. He said nothing, however. The minister's son perceived that his friend was in a terrible rage ; but he could not help it, as his conduct, however strange, was necessary to the safety of his friend's life ; neither could he clear himself by stating the reason of his behaviour, as in that case he himself would be transformed into a marble statue. The dinner over, the minister's son expressed his desire to go to his own house. At other times the king's son would not allow his friend to go away in that fashion ; but being shocked at his strange conduct, he readily agreed to the proposal. The minister's son, however, had not the slightest notion of going to his own house ; he was resolved to avert the last peril that was to threaten the life of his friend. Accordingly, with a sword in his hand, he stealthily entered the room in which the prince and the princess were to sleep that night, and ensconced himself under the bedstead, which was furnished with mattrasses of down and canopied with mosquito curtains of the richest silk and gold-lace. Soon after dinner, the prince and princess came into the bed room, and undressing themselves went to bed. At midnight, while the royal couple were asleep, the minister's son perceived a snake of gi-

gantic size enter the room through one of the water-passages, and climb up the tester-frame of the bed. He rushed out of his hiding place, killed the serpent, cut it up in pieces, and put the pieces in the dish for holding betel leaves and spices. It so happened, however, that as the minister's son was cutting the serpent into pieces, a drop of blood fell on the breast of the princess, and the rather as the mosquito curtains had not been let down. Thinking that the drop of blood might injure the fair princess, he resolved to lick it up. But as he regarded it as a great sin to look upon a young woman lying asleep half naked, he blindfolded himself with seven-fold cloth, and licked up the drop of blood. But while he was in the act of licking it, the princess awoke and screamed; and her scream roused her husband lying beside her. The prince seeing the minister's son, who, he thought, had gone away to his own house, bending over the body of his wife, fell into a great rage, and would have got up and killed him, had not the minister's son besought him to restrain his anger, adding—"Friend, I have done this only in order to save your life." "I do not understand what you mean;" said the prince, "ever since we came out of the subterranean palace, you have been behaving in a most extraordinary way. In the first place, you prevented me from getting upon the richly caparisoned elephant, though my father, the king, had purposely sent it for me. I thought, however, that a sense of the services you had rendered to me had made you exceedingly vain; I therefore let the matter pass, and mounted the horse. In the second place, you insisted on the destruction of the fine Lion-gate, which my father had adorned with gay decorations; and I let that matter also pass. Then, again, at dinner you snatched away, in a most shameful manner, the *rohilla*'s head which was on my plate, and devoured it yourself, thinking, no doubt, that you were entitled to higher honours than I. You then pretended that you were going home for which I was not at all sorry, as you had made yourself very disagreeable to me. And now, you are actually in my bedroom, bending over the naked bosom of my wife. You must have had some evil design; and you pretend that you have done this to

save my life. I fancy, it was not for saving my life, but for destroying my wife's chastity." "Oh, do not harbour such thoughts in your mind against me. The gods know that I have done all this for the preservation of your life. You would see the reasonableness of my conduct throughout, if I had the liberty of stating my reasons." "And why are you not at liberty," asked the prince, "who has shut up your mouth?" "It is destiny that has shut up my mouth;" answered the minister's son, "if I were to tell it all, I should be transformed into a marble statue." "You would be transformed into a marble statue!" exclaimed the prince, "you must take me to be a simpleton to believe this nonsense." "Do you wish me, then, friend," said the minister's son, "to tell you all? You must then make up your mind to see your friend turned into stone." "Come, out with it," said the prince, "or else you are a dead man." The minister's son, in order to clear himself of the foul accusation brought against him, deemed it his duty to reveal the secret at the risk of his life. He again and again warned the prince not to press him. But the prince remained inexorable. The minister's son then went on to say that, while bivouacking under a lofty tree one night, he had overheard a conversation between Bihangama and Bihangami, in which the former predicted all the dangers that were to threaten the life of the prince. When the minister's son had related the prediction concerning the mounting upon the elephant, his lower parts were turned into stone. He then turning to the prince said, "See, friend, my lower parts have been already turned into stone." "Go on, go on," said the prince, "with your story." The minister's son then related the prophecy regarding the destruction of the Lion-gate, when half of his body was converted into stone. He, then, related the prediction regarding the eating of the head of the fish, when his body up to his neck was petrified. "Now, friend," said the minister's son, "the whole of my body, excepting my neck and head, is petrified; if I tell the rest, I shall assuredly become a man of stone. Do you wish me still to go on?" "Go on," answered the prince, "go on." "Very well, I will go on to the end," said the minister's son, "but in case

you repent after I have become turned into stone, and wish me to be restored to life, I will tell you of the manner in which it may be effected. The princess after a few months will be delivered of a child ; if immediately after the birth of the infant you kill it and besmear my marble body with its blood, I shall be restored to life." He then related the prediction regarding the serpent in the bed-room ; and when the last word was on his lips, the rest of his body was turned into stone ; and he dropped on the floor a marble image. The princess jumped out of bed, opened the vessel for betel-leaves and spices, and saw there pieces of a serpent. Both the prince and the princess now became convinced of the good faith and benevolence of their departed friend. They went to the marble figure but it was lifeless. They set up a loud lamentation ; but it was to no purpose, as the marble moved not. They then resolved to keep the marble figure concealed in a safe place, and to besmear it with the blood of their first-born child when it should be ushered into existence.

In process of time the hour of the princess' travail came on, and she was delivered of a beautiful boy, a perfect image of the mother. Both the father and the mother were struck with the beauty of their child, and would fain spare its life ; but recollecting the vows they had made on behalf of their best friend now lying in a corner of the room a lifeless stone, and the inestimable services he had rendered to both of them, they cut the child into two, and besmeared the marble figure of the minister's son with its blood. The marble became animated in a moment. The minister's son stood before the prince and princess, who became exceedingly glad to see their old friend again in life. But the minister's son, who saw the lovely new-born babe lying in a pool of blood, was overwhelmed with grief. He took up the dead infant, carefully wrapped it up in a towel, and resolved to get it restored to life.

The minister's son, intent on the re-animation of his friend's child, consulted all the physicians of the country ; but they said that they would undertake to cure any person of any disease so long as life was in him ; but when life was extinct, the case was

beyond their jurisdiction. The minister's son at last bethought himself of his own wife who was living in a distant town, and who was a devoted worshipper of the goddess Kali, who, through his wife's intercession, might be prevailed upon to give life to the dead child. He, accordingly, set out on a journey to the town in which his wife was living in her father's house. Adjoining that house there was a garden where upon a tree he hung the dead child wrapped up in a towel. His wife was overjoyed to see her husband after so long a time; but to her surprise she found that he was very melancholy, that he spoke very little, and that he was brooding over something in his mind. She asked the reason of his melancholy, but he kept quiet. One night while they were lying together in bed, the wife got up and opening the door went out. The husband, who had little sleep any night in consequence of the weight of anxiety regarding the re-animation of his friend's child, perceiving his wife to go out at that dead hour of night, determined to follow her without being noticed. She went to a temple of the goddess Kali which was at no great distance from her house. She worshipped the goddess with flowers and sandal-wood perfume, and said, "Oh, mother Kali! have mercy upon me, and deliver me out of all my troubles." The goddess replied, "Why, what further grievance have you? You long prayed for the return of your husband, and he has returned; what aileth thee now?" The woman answered, "True, Oh Mother, my husband has come to me, but he is very moody and melancholy, hardly speaks to me, takes no delight in me, only sits moping in a corner." To which the goddess rejoined, "Ask your husband what the reason of his melancholy is, and let me know it." The minister's son over-heard the conversation between the goddess and his wife, but he did not make his appearance; he quietly slunk away before his wife and went to bed. The following day the wife asked her husband of the cause of his melancholy; and he related all the particulars regarding the killing of the infant child of the prince. Next night at the same dead hour the wife proceeded to Kali's temple and mentioned to the goddess the reason of her husband's melancholy; on which

the goddess said, "Bring here the child and I will restore it to life." On the succeeding night, the child was produced before the goddess Kali, and she called it back to life. Entranced with joy, the minister's son took up the re-animated child, went as fast as his legs could carry him to the prince and princess, and presented to them their child revivified to life. They all rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and lived together happily till the day of their death.

MOTHER GOOSE.

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LITERATURE OF BENGAL.

By Areydae.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PERIOD OF EUROPEAN INFLUENCE.

We now enter upon the brightest period in the annals of Bengali literature. The conquest of Bengal by the English was only a political revolution, but it ushered in a greater revolution in thoughts and ideas, in religion and society. We cannot describe the great change better than by stating that English conquest and English education may be supposed to have removed Bengal from the moral atmosphere of Asia, and added her to Europe. All the great events which have influenced European thought within the last 100 years have also told, however feeble their effect may be, on the formation of the intellect of modern Bengal. The independence of America, the French revolution, the war of Italian independence, the teachings of History and modern Science, the vigour and freedom of English literature and English thought, the great efforts of the French intellect of the 18th century, the results of German labor in the field of philology and ancient history, Positivism, Utilitarianism, Darwinism, all these have influenced and shaped the intellect of modern Bengal. In the same degree, all the great influences which told on the Bengali mind in previous centuries, the faith of Krishna, the faith of Chandi and Kali, the preachings of Chaitanya, the belief in the truth of Hinduism and the sacredness of the Shastras, the unquestioning obedience to despotic power in all its aspects, the faith in the divine right of royalty and in the innate greatness of princes and

princesses,—all these ancient habits and creeds have exercised feeble and yet feebler influences on the modern Bengali intellect. In habits, in tastes, in feeling, freedom and vigour and individuality have taken the place of submission and patriarchal institutions. Our literature therefore has undergone a corresponding change. The classical Sanscrit taste has given place to the European. From the stories of gods and goddesses, kings and queens, princes and princesses, we have learnt to descend to the humble walks of life,—to sympathise with a common citizen or even a common peasant. From an admiration of a symmetrical uniformity, we have descended to an appreciation of the strength and freedom of individuality. From admiring the grandeur and glory of the great, we would now willingly turn to appreciate liberty and resistance in the lowly. Are we wrong in stating that English conquest and English education may almost be supposed to have removed Bengal from the moral atmosphere of Asia, and subjected her to European influences?

Every revolution is attended with vigour, and the present one is no exception to the rule. Nowhere in the annals of Bengali literature are so many or such bright names found crowded together in the limited space of one century as those of Rani Mohun Roy, Akhay Kumar Datta, Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, Iswar Chandra Gupta, Madhu Sudan Datta, Hem Chandra Banerjee, Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, and Dina Baudhu Mittra. Within the three quarters of the present century, Prose, Blank verse, Historical fiction and Drama have been introduced for the first time in the Bengali literature, and works of imagination have been written which have left the highest and best efforts of previous centuries far behind. We now proceed to take a general view of these splendid results of the present century.

The illustrious Raja Ram Mohun Rai was the first of those who have worked and thought and written under European influences. Doubts as regards the sacredness of the ancient religion of the country had already begun to be felt, when the illustrious Raja gave them a definite and tangible shape, and boldly questioned the first principles of the Pouranik religion. Under the

pretence of reviving the religions of the Vedanta, he virtually borrowed his ideas from Europe, and openly denounced the idol worship and the caste system of modern Hinduism. It is impossible in the present day to realize the tumult of feelings and the array of opposition that met the Raja. That earnest worker, however, disregarded all opposition and gave first a great blow to Hinduism and its varied influences. He was a friend of Mr. David Hare and English education, he was a friend of Dr. Duff and Christian Missions, he brought his vast influences and varied resources of mind to bear on his great work, he published work after work to prove the falsehood of idolatry, and in his songs,—so earnest, so feeling, so thrilling as to be almost overpowering,—he roused his countrymen to earnest thought, and earnest work. He was the founder of the Brahmo Somaj of India, and that institution has lived to the present day as the first and strongest protest against Hinduism and its influences.

Raja Ram Mohun Rai died in 1833, A. D. His songs constitute an important portion of the literature of the 19th century, but he has done a yet more signal service to the cause of literature. *He has formed the Prose literature of Bengal.* His exhortations and arguments, his earnest thoughts and feelings could not be conveyed in poetry,—he had to preach a new religion, to persuade and convince his countrymen, and he had necessarily to resort to prose. He did so and formed the Bengali Prose. His prose works are পৌত্রলিঙ্গের ধৰ্মপ্ৰণালী, বেদাস্ত্রের অনুবাদ, কঠোপনিষৎ, বাজমনেয় সংহিতোপনিষৎ, ঘাণ্ডক্যোপনিষৎ, পথ্য প্ৰদান &c. His example was immediately followed by the twin workers Akhay Kumar Datta and Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar. Both of them were born in the same year 1820 A. D., both have written works of religious and popular instruction, both are yet living, and to both of them the Bengali Prose equally owes its modern dress. Akhay Kumar enlisted himself in the cause of Brahmoism, and for a long time edited that able religious paper the Tatwabodhini Patrika. It is scarcely possible to adequately describe how eagerly the moral instructions and earnest exhortations of Akhay Kumar, conveyed in that famous paper, were devoured

by a large circle of thinking and enlightened public : people all over Bengal awaited every issue of that paper with eagerness, and the silent and sickly but indefatigable worker at his desk swayed for a number of years the thoughts and opinions of the thinking portion of the people of Bengal. Discoveries of European science, moral instruction, accounts of different nations and tribes, of the animate and inanimate creation, all that could enlighten the expanding intellect of Bengal and dispel darkness and prejudices found a convenient vehicle in the Tatwabodhini Patrika. Akhay Kumar worked indefatigably, and gave himself scarcely any recreation. Nature could sustain no longer, he was prostrated by a head disease which still prevents him from doing any work. All Bengal laments the loss of this great man, for though living he is lost to literature. Reprints from his paper in the shape of চারপাঠ (3 part) ধর্মবীতি, বাহ্য বন্ধুর সহিত আমর প্রকৃতির সমস্ত, পদাৰ্থবিদ্যা, আৱৰ্বণীয় উপাসক সম্পূর্ণান &c., form the best text books for students all over Bengal, and among tho best specimens of Bengali prose.

Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar without enlisting himself in the cause of Brahmoism has virtually set before himself the same aims which actuated his colleague Akhay Kumar, viz., the moral instruction of the people, the reform of social evils, the development of Bengali prose. His noble attempt to introduce widow marriage (disallowed by the rules of Bengali society) is but too wellknown to need a detailed description. The failure of the attempt shews tolerably well the deplorable prejudices and moral cowardliness which still mark our society. Another attempt of a similar nature, viz., to abolish the system of polygamy by penal legislation is, we must say, to a certain extent out of place and uncalled for, in as much as the system is already nearly extinct in Bengal. Vidyasagar's works সীতার বন্দাস, সেতোলপঞ্জবিশ্বতি কথা-গলা, গোদোদুর, চরিত্রাবলি, বাঙ্গলার ইতিহাস, mostly free translations or compilations from English and Sanscrit works, but serve as admirable school books, and are among the best specimens of Bengali Prose which he has developed and beautified to a very great extent.

Thus next to Ram Mohan Rai, Akhay Kumar Dutt and Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar are the two great writers to whom the Bengali prose owes its formation. Neither of those two writers have written any thing original or given any evidence of creative intellect or great power of mind. All that they have written are compilations and translations from English and Sanscrit, but yet Bengal will not soon forget those who have enriched the Bengali Prose, striven for social reforms, and done more, than other writers, for the spread of knowledge all over the country.

In the department of poetry, Iswar Chandra Gupta took the lead and for a time exerted as much influence in his line as Akhay Kumar did in prose. Born in 1809 A. D. he displayed very early a taste for versification, and in 1830 A. D., started the *Sangbad Prabhakar* newspaper as a vehicle for his numerous prose and poetical compositions ; and a few years after he also started a monthly *Prabhakar* for the same purpose. For a time his influence knew no bounds, the *Prabhakar* was eagerly sought for everywhere, and Iswar Chandra's witty and flowing verse was learnt by rote by a large class of readers. Writers of great talent and merit served apprenticeship under Iswar Chandra in the *Prabhakar*, while theatrical companies vied with each other in honoring the poet whose light, witty, pointed and satirical songs and poetry were eagerly sought and intensely admired.

Iswar Chandra's *Hita Prabhakar* is a free translation of the Sanscrit work *Hitapadesa* in Bengali prose and verse. *Bodhendu Bikas* is also a translation of the Sanscrit drama *Prabodha Chandrodya*. *Prabodha Prabhakar* is a dialogue between a father and son on happiness and misery, virtues and sins and cognate subjects. *Kalinatak* is a drama which the poet did not live to finish. These are the four big works of Iswar Chandra ; but his fame rests on his smaller poems alone which sparkle with true wit, and are very popular. His subjects are the every day occurrences of life, and specially of Hindu life in all its phases. The turmoil and joys and sorrows of the Hindu household during the Puja season or during the Pous Parban in winter, the amiability as well as the faults of Hindu ladies, their hopes and fond wishes, and

ardent love, their jealousies and disputes and tears, the vices of young Bengal, their pride and pretensions, all these and much more have been described with a faithful minuteness really striking. It is only necessary to read the poems to see, as it were, the scenes which the author paints, to live and move among the imaginary actors and speakers. Satire is the *forte* of Iswar Chandra, and the richest wit sparkles in every line of his easy and flowing poetry. In all the great qualities of a poet however, pathos and true sublimity, for instance, Iswar Chandra is sadly wanting.

But the fame of Iswar Chandra Gupta as well as of all other poets that Bengal has ever produced has been completely eclipsed by the works of a truly great poet. We mean of course Madhu Sudan Datta. Nothing in the entire range of Bengali literature can approach the sublimity of the *Meghnathbadh Kalya* which is a master-piece of epic poetry. The reader, who can feel, and appreciate the sublime, will rise from a study of this great work, with mixed sensations of veneration and awe with which few poets can inspire him, and will candidly pronounce the bold enchanter to be indeed a genius of a very high order,—second only to the highest and greatest that have ever lived, like Vyasa and Valmiki, Homer, Dante and Shakespere.

Born in 1828 A. D. in the District of Jessore, he embraced Christianity at the age of 16, and after studying for four years at the Bishop's College went over to Madras. There his talents and learning soon procured for him a professorship in a college. In 1856 A. D. he returned to Bengal, and in a few years he composed three dramas (କୃଷ୍ଣମାରୀ, ଶଙ୍ଖପାତା, ପାତାବତୀ) two farces (ଏକେଇ କି ବଲେ ମହାତୀ, ବୁଦ୍ଧ ଶାନ୍ତିକେର ସାତେ ରୋଗୀ) three works in blank verse (ତିଳୋତ୍ୟା ମହାବିଦ୍ୟା, ମେଘନାଥବିଦ୍ୟା, ବିରାଜନା) and one in rhyme (ବ୍ରଜାଜନା କାବ୍ୟ). He then went to England, was called to the bar, and returned to his country where he died in 1874. His death is universally lamented, and his loss has created a vacuum in the world of literature which will not soon be filled up.

Meghnathbadh Kalya is, as its name indicates, a story from the Ramayana and relates to the death of Meghnath or Indrajit, the most renowned and powerful of the sons of Ravana. Ravana

stole the wife of Rama in his absence, and Rama with his brother Lakshmana with a large army crossed over to Ceylon, and invaded *Lanka the capital of Ravana. That great king sent army after army against the besiegers, but the adamantine chain was not broken, and every army and every general, sent against the besieging force, perished.

The first book opens with a description of Ravana's court, Ravana being sunk in sorrow at the news of the death of his son Birbahu and the destruction of the force sent with him against Rama. Unless we wrote a separate work on the beauties of this epic, it is impossible that we should be able to notice every sublime thought and beautiful passage in a work so full of beauties, a work in which every page and almost every line breathes the truest sublimity, and every portion bears the impress of a lofty and soaring imagination,—in which similes are crowded together as roses in a parterre or rather wild-scouted flowers in a hedge row, and breathe a still sweeter fragrance. We must therefore be allowed simply to indicate the place of the work. In the depth of his woe Ravana laments the death of all the great warriors who have fallen fighting against the foe, and compares his great city to a festive house in which the lights are one by one extinguished, the flowers faded, and the merry sound of the harp and flute hushed into silence. At his request the wounded soldier who had given him the sad message recounts once more the deeds of his son in a spirited and martial description of the war which rouses Ravana from his grief. He mounts the wall of Lanka, reproaches the great ocean for having worn a fetter stone (bridge) to cross over Rama's army, and bursts into grief at the sight of Birbahu's corse, stretched in the field of battle. He returned to his palace which is suddenly filled with the voice of woe, Chitrangada the bereaved mother of Birbahu enters. She had been blessed, she says, with one priceless treasure, and had deposited it with the king, even as the dove deposits her young in the dark hollow of trees. The king is the protector of poor men's property, where has he kept poor Chitrangada's jewel? Some conversation ensues, and Ravana stung with the reproach of his queen determines on instant

war. At his command the city resounds with the sound of war, and horses and elephants and cars and serried ranks of warriors fill the streets amid the sound of drum and martial music. Indrajit or Meghnath, the sole surviving son of Ravana, hears that his father had resolved to go to war in person. He hastens to Lanka from his country retreat, and asks and is permitted by his father to lead the army. Ravana gives the command to him, and hero closes the first book.

The second book is a description of the heavens, according to the Pouranik mythology. Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver and Siva the destroyer, are the three supreme deities, while Indra is the head of the minor gods, fire, air, death &c. Indra is informed of the resolution Meghnath had taken to fight with Rama the next day. Meghnath was invincible in war and had beaten Indra himself (whence his other name Indrajit), and Indra therefore repairs with his wife Sachi to Kailasa, the seat of Siva and his wife Uma, to pray for the defeat and death of Meghnath and the safety of Rama. The conversation that ensues breathes the truest pathos and softness. Indra pleads the cause of the virtuous Rama whose humble hut was brightened by one radiant jewel,—Sita. Alas! Ravana robbed him of that. Sachi the wife of Indra takes up the tale and expatiates on the woes of Sita, now confined in an Asoka forest in Lanka where she weeps day and night for her virtuous lord. With a pride which befits the queen of heavens, she is justly jealous of the power of Meghnath who had beaten her lord in battle. Uma (her lord being absent) answers them with a gracious smile that her lord Siva favored the family of Ravana, and she is powerless to aid Rama. Suddenly a sweet fragrance fills Kailasa and the sweet sound of distant bells is wafted on the air. Rama in distant Lanka is worshipping the great Uma for safety. Uma can resist no longer. She repairs to her husband Siva, interrupts him in the midst of his devotions with the help of Love, and extorts a promise that Lakshmana with the help of the godless Maya would kill Meghnath the next day. A message is sent to Maya who sends down celestial arms to Rama. Rama is full of gratitude to the god and enquires how

this debt can ever be repaid. Gratitude to gods truly, replies the celestial messenger, consisting in supporting and cherishing the poor, in restraining the passions, in living in the paths of virtue and in adherence to truth. The gift of sandal and flower and silken cloth is despised by gods if the giver is evil minded.

The third book is one of the most striking and beautiful in the whole work and shews in the poet a gorgeous creative imagination. Pramila the wife of Meghnath is disconsolate at the absence of her lord, and longs to leave her country seat, and repairs to Lanka where her lord had gone. But the way lies through Rama's army, how can Pramila go to her lord? enquires a hand-maid. Pramila, no less favored with valour than with beauty, answers with pride and indignation—"When the mountain stream leaves her home for the ocean who can obstruct her course?" At her command, her maids and attendants, all valiant warriors, conceal or heighten their charms by donning armour and grasping the martial spear, and martial music proclaims the march of the haughty and proud heroine. Female valour has always been a favorite theme of poets, but nothing that we can remember, can for a moment compare with the third book of this work. The whole book, replete with the most gorgeous descriptions of the haughty grace, the pride of deportment, the splendour of queenly charms, which mark the female warriors on horse back whose eyes darted a keener lustre than the spears which they bore. Rama will not fight with women, he willingly and even respectfully lends a passage, and the radiant file of valour and beauty pass by, illumining the darkness of the night. Rama, struck with the sight, can scarcely believe that it is not a gorgeous dream.

In fine contrast to the martial and spirited descriptions in the third book, the fourth is full of soft pathos and true tenderness, and dwells on the woes of poor Sita, now a captive of Ravana. One lady alone of Ravana's family,—Sarama the wife of Bibhisana, sympathises with her, and repairs to her, and listens to her tales of former days. Sita narrates how after leaving Oude with Rama and Lakshmana she dwelt in the forest of Panchabati and enjoyed that rural life, how wild flowers round her cottage, and the

sweet and joyous chirping of forest birds waked her every morning, how wild peacocks danced before her and wild deer came in herds as her guests, and how she hospitably entertained these innocent dwellers of the forest. She adorned herself by the margin of the lake with sweet flowers, and her dear lord ravished at her new dress would address her as the fairy of the forest ! Will poor Sita again meet her lord and serve him with her affection ? The narrator can proceed no further, she weeps bitter tears in better woe. Sarama entreats her with tears not to proceed further if those recollections give her pain, but who will weep in this world, Sita enquires, if she will not ? The river filled with rains finds relief in pouring water on both sides, and even so the heart that is full of grief finds relief in narrating her grief to others. Sarama cannot choose but listen. In the forest of Panchabati Sita heard the music of fairies in the sounds of the forest, and their dance in the glimmer of the moon beams on the lake. Sometimes she would walk with Rama on the river bank and view in her spacious bosom new heavens, new stars, new radiant moons ; sometimes she would climb the neighbouring hill, and there sit at the feet of Rama, even as a creeper winds round a tree. There she heard of him various discourses on various subjects even as Uma hears the Vedas, the Puranas, the Panchatantra from the immortal lips of Siva on the mountain of Kailasa. Will poor Sita again hear the music of that voice ? Even now in the solitude where she lives she thinks she hears that voice.— Will she never hear that voice again ? Thus Sita's story goes on ; she narrates how in that quiet forest Ravana went in the disguise of a beggar and stole her, how Jatayu obstructed his passage, and she fell into a swoon, and dreamt a dream, how Ravana was victorious and brought Sita to Lanka.

In the fifth book Maya sends a dream to Lakshmana who appears to him in the guise of his mother and asks him to worship Chandi at her temple situated at the north of Lanka. He meets with a number of adventures on his way to the temple where Uma appears in person and blesses Lakshmana. Meghnath also rises with the dawn from the embraces of Pramila, takes an af-

seeking leave of his mother, and repairs to a temple to finish *Nikumbhila* worship before going to war.

The sixth book describes the death of Meghnath and is, in our opinion, about the weakest in the whole work, though not devoid of beautiful thoughts. Rama has not the heart to let his brother go and do battle with the terrible foe, but at last consents, and Lakshmana dressed in celestial armour and accompanied by Bibhisan go to Lanka, where Meghnath is engaged in worship. Meghnath sees his foe in the house of worship and mistakes him for a god in disguise, but Lakshmana undeceives him. He will not allow Meghnath to don his armour or furnish himself with arms, but Meghnath throws a cup which causes Lakshmana to fall in a swoon. Maya revives him. Meghnath though without armour attacks Lakshmana, but is bewildered with strange sights by Maya, and Lakshmana kills him. It is this portion of the work which we regret the most. The death of Meghnath is not worthy of him. In his anxiety to magnify the prowess of his hero, the poet forgets that Lakshmana himself is also a warrior. In the original Ramayana, Lakshmana kills Meghnath in fair fight. Our poet arms Lakshmana with celestial arms, conducts him with another warrior Bibhisan to where Meghnath was perfectly unprepared and even then, Lakshmana is struck down by a cup being thrown at him. He forgets that a girl would scarcely be struck down by such a blow; he forgets that the prowess of a warrior is magnified by representing his foeman as worthy of his steel, not by representing him as a child. Homer, from whom our poet frequently borrows his ideas, has not represented Hector to be a boy in order to magnify the prowess of Achilles.

The seventh book is in many respects the sublimest in the work, and perhaps the sublimest in the entire range of Bengali literature. Siva, who is always inclined in favor of Ravana, is affected at the death of Meghnath, and sends messenger to tell Ravana with his prowess to give him a day for revenge. The minor gods descend in a body to assist Rama's forces, nor are they unworthy of celestial assistance. Indra gazes on Rama as on a

rival king of the heavens, and Kartikeya sees his own image in the young and bold Lakshmana. Rama's address to his army, Ravana's few dignified yet affecting words of consolation to the bereaved mother of Meghnath, Ravana's address to his army, the spirited conduct and replies of both armies, and the striving and warlike description of the furious battle that ensues find no parallel in the literature of Bengal, and are among the sublimest passages in the literature of the world. Nowhere, except in the pages of Homer, has battle between more than mortal combatants been so vividly, so gorgiously described. Ravana is intent on killing Lakshmana the slayer of his son, and vain are the attempts to resist his resistless course. Indra, the king of heavens, cannot hurl his thunder, for Krisna has deprived him of his prowess, Kartikeya retires wounded and smiling when it is whispered to him that Siva had filled Ravana with his own prowess, Rama comes forward but Ravana wants his brother Lakshmana, and will not fight with the elder brother, Hanuman, Sugriba, and the other leaders of Rama's forces quail before Ravana, till the latter at last finds out Lakshmana fighting like a young lion, and they both eagerly mingle in a dubious combat. Gods and men who had quailed before Ravana gaze with wonder on the furious battle, even Ravana in the midst of the fray pauses in admiration of the valour and prowess of his foe and compliments him. But nothing can oppose him to-day, and Lakshmana falls as a falling star, the celestial arms sounding at his fall.

Who shall describe the woes of Rama on the dreadful night succeeding the day of battle when Lakshmana lay with the great warriors dead on the field? The eighth book commences with this touching scene. Stars twinkle in the sky, the battle field is lighted by the fire here and there, and Rama bemoans the death of Lakshmana, the companion of all his toils, the affectionate brother who left his home and his kingdom to attend on Rama. Umpa can bear it no more, with the permission of her lord Siva, she sends Maya to take Rama to the realm of shades where Rama's father will give him the means of reviving Lakshmana to life again. Our author borrows from Homer as

well as from the Hindu mythology in his description of hell. Maya takes Rama over a portion of those regions, and the descriptions of sinners and punishments are vivid. He then passes over to those happy regions where the good and virtuous live after death, and meets his father who tells him of a medicine by which Lakshmana is eventually saved.

The last book describes the funeral of Meghnath. A truce of seven days is granted by Rama at Ravana's request. Pramila mounts the pyre with the corpse of her lord after taking an affecting farewell of her maids and companions, and Ravana bursts into an exclamation of bitter heart-felt grief, at the loss of the bravest of warriors and the dearest of sons.

We have been detained longer than we expected, but considering that this is the greatest work in the language, we do not regret the length. Madhu Sudan's *forte* lies in sublimity of thought and grandeur of conception. His imagination too is rich and gorgeous and almost inexhaustible, while in tenderness and of pathos, in richness of imagery, and in splendour and variety of descriptions, Madhu Sudan stands equally at the head of all the poets of Bengal. Besides the Meghnathbadh Kabya, the poet has composed two other works in blank verse of which he is the originator. The *Tilottoma Sanubhaba* describes a war between gods and Asoors; the former triumphed in the end by means of a damsel of excessive beauty who inspired hatred and jealousy between the two brother Asoor kings which ended in the death of both. The *Birangana* consists of nine epistles from as many heroines sent to their lovers. Both these works are marked by the same beauties though not to the same extent, which we have pointed out in the Meghnathbadh Kabya. The plays of Madhu Sudon, *Sarmista*, *Padmarati*, and *Krishna Kumari*, though inferior to his poetry, occasionally display deep feeling, and are among the best in the language.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPHIN SOULARY—THE FRENCH POET.

From the French of M. Léon De Wailly.

Every epoch has its physiognomy ; the characteristic of our's is celerity. Celerity has good points. To contest it, would be to misunderstand the value of time; it would be over-acted modesty, it would be positive ingratitude in an age of railways, of electric telegraphs and of photography. But it is not sufficient to do quickly ; the essential,—it is too often forgotten,—is to do well. It is necessary to recall this to those who manipulate matter, and it is especially necessary to recall this to those who manipulate mind.

The liberty of the press, and the liberty of speech,—(Heaven preserve us from blaspheming them for it !) have rendered this evil service to literature, that they have made it raise, it also, into merit supreme two qualities very secondary, facility and abundance. By means of the journal and by means of the tribune, the palm to-day is given to improvisation. It is hardly needful, indeed, to meditate, to combine, to weigh terms! Ideas, style and composition your pen will find all this of itself in the bottom of your inkstand. Trust in the hazards of inspiration. The important is to do quickly and to do a great deal. No success if one does not incessantly occupy the public mind with one's self! Mind sells by the yard like cloth !

No species of literature escapes this influenza ; the book does not any more than the journal ; verse does not any more than prose. The first of our poets is not, properly speaking, any thing but an improvisatore. The choice of the example ought to absolve us from any intention of vilifying this agreeable faculty, but permit the delicate,—who are not so unfortunate as La Fontaine the Janus of moralists would fain make out,—to reserve a corner apart in their hearts, for talents scrupulous and careful, that know to resist this profitable contagion.

Justice insists that we should place the name of M. Josephin Soulary in the first rank of these scrupulous talents.

It is evident that M. Soulary has no pretensions to fecundity,

that quality which is so desired in our days and which costs so dear. Though he is upwards of sixty years of age, excepting some publications of little importance and which can hardly be considered any thing but trials, he does not bring to the great exhibition of the products of French Poetry, any thing but a single volume of verse, but it is a volume which has already been three times amorously retouched and completed, and which from edition to edition has passed from beauty to greater beauty, and may well furnish some day to the library of the fastidious and delicate connoisseur, a worthy pendant to the seven editions of the "Caracteres de Notre Siecle" that Labruyere passed his life entire (and it appears he need not regret for his glory, having done so) in ameliorating and enlarging.

But before we speak of the work, let us say logically and chronologically some words on the man.

M. Josephin Soulary was born on the 23rd of February 1815 from Jean Baptiste Soulary and from Dame Anne-Joséphine-Constance Deléglise. His family was of Genoese origin. It expatriated itself to escape from the Guelfs or the Gibelins or perhaps from both, and brought to Lyons the industry of velvet embroidered with gold and silver. During the Revolution of 1793 the grand father of the poet married "Demoiselle Jeanne" countess of "Barancy De Sandar," whose parchments even then, were not useless to her new family,—for they appear to have served for a long time to cover pots of comfits!

There exists to this day at Simonest near Lyons a historic chateau of the name of Sandar. •

Of the children of this issue, two, the father of the poet and one of his uncles have continued the paternal traditions in the commerce of velvet. A third, at present Director of the School of Fine Arts of St Etienne, formerly pupil of David and of Gros is not without reputation as a historical painter, and the Museum of Lyons possesses a most valuable picture by him representing Ugolino in prison.

After these conscientious details which the "Bulletin du Bouquiniste" will perhaps gather up with avidity some centuries

hence, let us come to the poet who is the object of this notice.

A poet,—a true poet,—what a gift of Nature ! But we should deceive ourselves very much if we imagined that Nature has no need of assistance in this creation. She needs to be seconded in the difficult delivery. There are measures and proceeding to be taken. Would you know how a poet is made, for example, such a poet as M. Josephin Soualary ? We shall give you a receipt. It is not the only one in existence ; there are other prescriptions. But we guarantee this as good, and the proof of it is in the results.

Take away a child from its family as soon as it is born, and send it out to nurse. You cannot be too quick about it. There, at nurse, in some out-of-the-way place leave the little thing seven years. It is a very long time you may think perhaps. Well, in truth, you might manage with less ; but the case that we cite has succeeded so well, that it is better to hold by it as a model, than to launch forth in the hazardous path of conjectures.

We do not know if from these premises you have already understood that it is the system of culture which gives to the precious germ all the development that is needed. As we do not wish to propound enigmas however, we shall suppose that you have not understood the matter fully, and we shall explain it as plainly as possible. The system, lies in a nutshell,—in one word, —privation. Privation ! What an admirable method ! Look at the system of public instruction. How it stimulates our intellectual appetites by the sobriety of its teachings ! And in politics too ! It is there, more than any where else, that the marvellous effects of negative education burst forth with brilliancy. Is there any thing like despotism to give a taste for liberty ?

During this exile of seven years, far from his own, and in the hands of mercenary people, the child must have learned to appreciate all that the family is worth. But at seven years, at that age when discretion awakens, to leave him in the country, in the midst of flowers, and birds, and animals, was fraught with a danger,—and a great danger. Suppose he should get tired of

nature, and look upon her with the eyes of a peasant! Fortunately the Muse watched this budding flower of poesy with maternal care and with that intelligent severity which is said to be the best mark of affection. She transplanted the nursling to a sombre school, the master of which charged himself with the duty of inspiring the child,—always by the same method,—with a love of free air and sunlight.

Victor Hugo has compared the soul of the poet to a sonorous echo placed in the centre of the universe. The image is beautiful and just; sonorousness has its value in music, and even in poesy,—provided only that one does not abuse or make too much of the thing, and provided also that it be not the symptoms of a vexatious hollowness or emptiness. Shakespeare saw in art—a mirror, which is still the same idea. The fact is comparisons apart and quite prosaically, that the poet must be very impressionable,—all sensibility and noble appetite; and that to awaken and excite in him this indispensable susceptibility of organs, this craving need to seize and lay hold of, like the Marie of M. Lebrun, nature entire, nothing is of so much value as suffering and privation.

He was so convinced, this worthy teacher, of the efficacy of this method of education, from the frequent use of it, and he had so well divined the vocation of his pupil, and the necessity of a salutary severity incumbent upon himself as a duty, by this charge of a naturally gifted soul, that at the risk of being misunderstood by the object of his pious cares, and even of some other people also perhaps, he did not hesitate to call forth from this young heart the poetic spark, by the process now a days somewhat old and out-of-fashion, by which fire is called forth from flint. It was in truth an act of the purest disinterestedness, for even now when his ungrateful pupil reaps all the benefit, he does not feel or appreciate the value of this mode of instruction. “From my seventh year when I was withdrawn from my nurse to my eleventh year when I fled from my school,”—he writes in reply to a demand from us for some information on his private life,—“my life was a veritable martyrdom. As I was a wild little child

incapable of explaining to myself why my nurse was not my mother, and why I was robbed of my grand liberty in the fields, of my black cow, and of my blonde foster-sister, and why I was made to study a barbarous and unknown language in the detested book of M. Lhomond, and as all my difficulties and troubles were manifest in my face and in my actions, the principal of the college of Montluel (Ain), a man of the old school, took me in singular aversion, and revenged himself upon me by the most unusual torments; for my idleness by stripes in the place of the '*que retranche*'; for my extreme passion for lizards, grasshoppers and other insects, by blows on the ends of the fingers administered with an enormous ferule of boxwood; and for sundry offences, not now in my memory, by repeated applications of a cat-o'-nine-tails armed with knots, that reddened, blistered and disfigured both my arms. Sometimes with his boot furnished with a bit of iron which was a veritable surgical instrument he tortured me on the ribs and stomach, while I literally rolled on the earth. Sometimes he kept me for hours entire, rigid on one foot, the arms crossed, and a big vocabulary on each hand. And sometimes by way of variety, he made me kneel down with the hands under the knees, and heavy weights of rough iron in the hands. These cruel inflictions which might well have made me an idiot, have left in my character a great fund of sadness, which has ever since pervaded my entire existence."

And his poetry also, happily: blessed be the principal of the college of Montluel (Ain)! The intelligent teacher knew what he was doing. In order that this predestined pupil might have the aureole of glory on his forehead it was imperatively necessary that he should first be a martyr; and though the worthy instructor felt sure he would be calumniated, his lofty soul vowed to fulfil the task, never flinched from it. 'Perish my memory if need be,' he must have said to himself like the Mountaineers of old. At all hazards it was necessary to teach this child the grammar of Lhomond by stripes on the *que retranche*! At all hazards it was necessary to implant in this young heart a passionate love of nature and of liberty!

He succeeded. He implanted this love so well that one fine morning, in company of a school-fellow of a kindred nature, Master Josephin fled from his college to practice *sub die* the excellent lessons that had been given to him. They passed eight days in the woods. Oh, the happy, happy days! The life of a savage under the great trees! What a poem in action!

The immense forests have always some resemblance to great temples. Ask the Druids. Ask architects. With the sylvan predilections of our student were mingled some ascetic inspirations, and this disposition of mind might have been prejudicial to the germ, that it was desirable to develope in him. The poets have always a craving to be half pagan. Well, it was to combat this disposition, assuredly, that the vagabond instead of being brought back to his college, was made to enter a ‘seminaire’—the ‘Séminaire de Saint Jean.’

The love of nature alone, would not, moreover, have sufficed to form the future author of the ‘Sonnets humouristiques’. An artist in the highest degree, an artist above all things impregnated with Attic salt, and familiar with Greek, and Latin, and antiquity, was required. The seminary was therefore absolutely wanted for him; four years of the seminary and the regimen of the little tracts of l'ero Loriquet. If four years of this regimen, did not inspire him with a mad desire to instruct himself, if four years of this hospital soup did not give him a taste for substantial nourishment, it was a bad case indeed, and he might be given up in utter desperation.

If the Muso had not had quite particular and exceptional views for her nursling, she would have been quite content with these arrangements, and she would have held to them. There was enough in them to form a talent very presentable. But she had founded upon him hopes which demanded an increase of precautions and of further marks of her prudent solicitude, and accordingly she took two other measures very noticeable,—one temporary, which lasted six years, and one,—we would not say eternal,—but which nevertheless has lasted twenty years, and up to this moment.

At fifteen years of age the Muse took him away from the rhetoric class of the Abbé Loriquet to transport him to another seminary—in a barrack. It was in 1830. Under pretext that he had a relative as colonel—a colonel of the Empire whom the Bourbons had taken in service, she made him a child of the regiment.

It was at the barrack that the young plant commenced to bear, we shall not say its first fruits, that would be too much, but its first flowers. The literary tastes of the future poet which had already been hatched at the seminary took here their earliest trial-flights. The *Indicateur de Bordeaux*, the town where he first performed garrison duties welcomed and published several pieces that the beardless child of the regiment signed jauntily with this brave qualification “Grenadier in the 48th of the Line.”

At the end of six years in 1836, our grenadier notwithstanding the seducing perspective of the rank of a ‘sous-officier’ opened out before him, left the flag, and came back to his native country with a slow fever, which happily was driven off by the natal air, and with a grand fund of philosophy on the subject of military glory, which happily has remained with him, and has not been got rid of in his subsequent civil career.

But on his return, be assured, other miseries awaited him to continue his education. During four years he had to struggle against the brutal necessities of existence in subaltern positions, in those positions of which the salary permits one just to eat without being clothed, or to be clothed without having the wherewithal to eat.

And now behold! What happy results already appear! Results of this splendid system of education! It was at this interval that the poet published successively *A travers Champs*, *Les cinq Cordes du Luth*, *Une Mendiane au congrès scientifique*, *Le Chemin de fer*, &c. &c.

After this, the Muse, as a last pledge of her affection, and with a view to conserve for ever in her darling the taste for independence, put the finishing touch to her work. She had the ingenuous idea to make of him, by the intervention of M. Jayr then

Prefect of the Rhone, with whom it appears she had some credit, to make of him, we say,—what? A clerk. Do not laugh. Nothing is more propitious to inspiration than copying circulars and scribbling official notes on paper.

• And then was it nothing after four lustres of hard work to be able to change the title at the foot of his verses, from Grenadier of the 48th of the Line, to chief Clerk of the Prefecture of the Rhone?

Think also, moreover, what a just subject of pride it is for our dear country that a merit so rare is at its proper place in a condition so lowly! How rich must France be, in capacities and talents! And what a satisfaction, on the other hand, it must be for his superiors in the administrative hierarchy, to be able to say that they are above the poet of whom connoisseurs and critics make so much; that every day from ten o'clock to four, they dispose of his pen; that it is they who dictate, and it is he who writes! And do not lose sight of the beneficent effects of the system of privation;—what a satisfaction to be able to say all this and to do all this, without remorse and without scruple, nay with some complacent self-glory! The poet,—his book is at hand to prove it,—does not make but better and better verses at his hours of leisure. It appears there is no stimulant for poesy like administrative prose.

Kept in this propitious shadow, the poet is like the birds of which industrious trainers have put out the eyes, to preserve the poor creatures from distraction, and to concentrate all their attention on the art of song which it is the business of these trainers to teach. Unfortunately the unreasonable law does not permit man to exercise on man, the limitless power that it permits him to exercise on animals called useless, and he cannot apply this ingenious method of instruction in song, to the species of melodious birds yelept poets,—but art loses nothing by it, be at peace, for it is after all the same method as you see, only a little more circumlocutory.

We have now given some account of the system of culture; let us pass on to the results of it.

We hold cheap the first attempts of M. Soulary in his career. Until he wrote the Sonnets humouristiques, he had not found out his way. When he wrote them, he had hit the mark straight. He had achieved his chef-d'œuvre. He had passed the ordeal, and was acknowledged master.

We have related elsewhere in a journal to which we periodically contributed, what an agreeable surprise it was for us, some years ago, to meet in the midst of a heap of poesy signed by names known,—some very well known and some very little worthy to be so,—a volume not appertaining to either of these two categories,—a volume got up with taste, almost with coquetry, and of which the matter was still better than the outside appearance. This volume was the Sonnets humouristiques of M. Josephin Soulary. Let us go back a few years and see what was our impression under the first thrill of delighted surprise.

"There is no need to be of the trade"—we wrote, after having cited as specimens four sonnets, "to appreciate all that there is of sentiment, of grace, and of delicacy in these compositions. We use with a purpose the last word, bandied about too lavishly and inconsiderately now-a-days, for M. Soulary does compose, which is a very rare thing with modern poets,—and does compose exceedingly well. He is wholly bound in the conditions of his art, *ut pictura poesis*. Each of his ideas has passed through and submitted to the operation, which transforms prose to poetry. It has been clothed with a body. The Word,—we say it not in any irreverence,—has become flesh. The greater part of his sonnets form a little picture, or a little drama, and this with a measure perfect, without ever falling into the theatrical, or verging on the falsely romantic and sentimental.

M. Soulary has two merits in our eyes, two great merits albeit they be negative. He is not eloquent, and he is not abundant. People have complained under these heads of old, in reference to advocates in polities. How much more had they and have they reason to complain of the poets! Praised be the heavens, M. Soulary's verses do not flow as from a fountain, That which flows, flows, flows as from a fountain is only clear water, whereas his

verses are impregnated with thought. There is not a word which has not its value,—and which has not been carefully and curiously searched until happily it has almost always been found. M. Soulary is a delicate carver. He is the Benvenuto Cellini of the sonnet. Is there in a carver or chaser the stuff to make a sculptor? Why not? But after all, what does it matter? He does admirably what he does. What has the Perseus added to the glory of Cellini? Let people say if they will, that M. Soulary makes nothing but statuettes. We guarantee that these statuettes will fairly survive many statues that we know. Moreover, he appears to us to have too much sense to let himself be tempted out of his way. If he comes out of it, it will be in good earnest and with every advantage, and we shall stand security for his success.”

After saying thus much, we ventured to make a citation, *Primula Veris*, which we do not insert here, but which we shall take good care not to omit amongst our extracts, for now as formerly, this graceful ‘bacchanale’ appears to us of an exquisite taste, and this species of sonnet-ritournelle or redoubled, of which the form is M. Soulary’s special creation, suits the subject admirably. There is in the periodic return of the same verses, which cross and interlace like the balls in the hands of an Indian juggler, something intoxicating, something that makes the head giddy, and which represents marvellously the sparkling and crackling of human sap in the first outburst of spring; and there is throughout in this little piece a verve, a spirit, ‘*contenué*,’ that boils and bubbles but does not overflow, (as in too many pieces of the same sort in modern art) and is all the better for not so overflowing.

“As to a certain obscurity,” said we in conclusion, “that one may be tempted to reproach in some of M. Soulary’s sonnets, it has for us rather a charm. His idea, even then, is always just, and to find it out quite clearly, only a little closer inspection is required. Now, Poesy is a pleasure refined, and we do not hate to see her, like a goddess as she is, enveloped sometimes in a slight cloud to escape the eyes of the profane vulgar.”

We beg pardon for thus repeating our own words; but in truth, to what good vary terms when the sentiment has not changed, when repeated examinations have only confirmed our first impressions? We have just read, twice over, the Sonnets humouristiques, Hold! Dispense us from all analysis. We love the book too much to be able to resolve to dissect it. We have not even the slightest desire to make a propaganda in its favour. We feel in reading it the enjoyment of a ‘gourmet,’ the pleasure of a selfish individual, the satisfaction of a jealous man who dislikes promiscuity. Besides what better eulogium could we make on the book than to quote from it. Our prose has already over-occupied the space, that the number of poets to be noticed, makes us measure out to each, with a thrifty hand.

We proceed then without further remarks to our citations. Nevertheless one word more. It is simply to inform you that last year, Petrarch who has his reasons to be difficult to please in the matter of sonnets, sent M. Soulary from the Italian side of the Alps by the intervention of the Prince de Carignan, a very beautiful gold medal having this inscription

GIUSEPPE SOULARY.

Le Muse francesi guidò ad attingere alle itale fonti.

G. C. D.

Note by the Translator. Very few of Josephin Soulary's sonnets have been translated into English. The reason can scarcely be the difficulty of translating sonnets well, for we have Italian sonnets translated and well translated too, by the hundred, witness Lady Dacre's and the Revd. C. Strong's translations of Petrarch. The only specimens we have ever seen of Soulary's powers are in Miss Toru Dutta's recent book *A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields* (W. Newman & Co.) in which there are nine sonnets all rendered fairly and faithfully. Being desirous of appending to this article some further specimens, we applied to the Authoress of the Sheaf, as more accustomed to translate verses than ourselves, and have been favoured with the pieces which we give below.

SPECIMENS FROM JOSEPHIN SOULARY.

SONNET.

For days, weeks, months and long wearisome years,
The sculptor has used his art on the clay,—
Touched and retouched the shape :—toil thrown away !
Heavy, stiff, awkward, still, still it appears.
A young apprentice who a vexed man fears,
Laughing in secret, dares at last to say,
“A toy’s my forte,—oh, let me try, sir, pray,
I have a knaeck.”—Content the master hears.
The boy takes up the tool. O strange surprise !
Sudden the figure in the sculptor’s view
Takes lines of beauty ; gleam the glorious eyos,
And heaves the breast ! “It lives now sir ; adieu !
My name is Love,—remember me a little,
And guard your treasure, for though fair ’tis brittle.”

SONNET.—THE RETREAT.

It was a hidden corner in a hedge !
A thicket full of sap and sombre shade !
An eglantine and clematis that swayed
Upon a whitethorn, by the footpath’s edge,
A dome, with flowers upon its cornice-ledge,
For my delight, and mine alone, had made.
That was my house and desert. There I played
And there I dreamed. Oft mindless of the pledge
I left at home or school. There, eyes, ears and heart
Revelled in rays and sounds,—from men apart.
O nook retired ! O childhood’s best-loved goal !
Can I not stretch myself in thee once more ?
Ah me ! What mighty magic may restore
That puny figure, and that free great soul !

SONNET.—LA LAITIERE.

La Jeanne, my milkmaid, in her heart has springs
 Of smiles, that bubble to her lips of right ;
 Her eye is large, and her corset is tight,
 The bust has split the stuffs,—coarse, home-made things
 I see her when at mornings first she rings,
 Like a Dutch picture kneaded out of light,
 A breath of pasture-grounds with daisies bright
 Flows with her steps, as in the milk she brings.
 She glides as skins a bird, her speech is song ;
 She gives her heart at once, no art she knows ;
 To what may one compare her without wrong ?
 Wild flowers perhaps, or wood-fruits that enclose,
 In tissues rough, abundant sap and strong,
 And unknown perfumes sweeter than the rose.

AT THE FORD.

Hid I was behind the birch,
 When the ford before thee lay ;
 Thou wert coming from the church,
 Bound upon thy homeward way.

Blue the heavens. No breezes sweet.
 I'placid was the water's flow.
 Shoes were off ;—thy naked feet
 Trod a firmament below.

Smiling mirage, near and far,
 Cam'st thou out as of a cloud !
 For one instant evening's star
 Stayed upon thy forehead proud.

Such a seal and such a sign
 Might bedeck an angel's brow !
 Wherefore should it light up thine ?
 Strange doubts haunt me even now.

THE TWO ROSES.

In the arbour green and wild
 Rose was weeping,—tender child !
 Bending o'er a rose less fair :

What hath vexed thee ? Asked I mild,
 Tell me, O my undefiled !
 And she answered, whispering there :

Passing by, I heard a rose,
 This one, with my tears that glows,
 Say to me in softest tone :

“ Opened rose may never close ! ”
 Opened has my heart, and knows
 That its peace for aye is gone.

T. D.

LAND TENURE IN BENGAL.

Fourth Paper.

The next topic of the Rent Law which demands our attention is that of rent. Rent is the compensation which the land-lord is entitled to recover from his tenant for use and occupation of the former's lands by the latter. The measure of the compensation is regulated by contract, either express or implied. In the case of express contracts for the payment of rent, the courts have very little difficulty to cope with. It is the implied contract which gives them occasionally the greatest trouble. I refer to those cases where the tenure has passed from the tenant to a third party by an auction sale, and the auction purchaser has not come to an understanding with the land-lord relative to the payment of rent. In private sales there is an attornment of the rent to the vendee, and this keeps him strictly within the pale of representation in relation to the land-lord. But who is to attorn where the tenant's rights are sold at an ex-

cution sale? This the law does. The auction purchaser, by purchasing the tenure, accepts by implication the terms of the land-lord with the former tenant. But where the auction purchaser does not choose to take possession of landholding, it is doubtful whether there is a legal attornment of rent to him. In the same manner, the tenant has to pay rent to the purchaser of the land-lord's right, if there was an attornment, but if he was not aware of the purchase, he may refuse to make the payment. But of this, more hereafter.

In Bengal rent is either payable in money or in kind. Payment of rent in money argues a greater social advancement. It is a departure from the agriculture to the commercial stage, and with the progress of the agricultural classes is fast becoming prevalent. It is only where the tenant is extremely poor, or where land has doubtful fertility, or the crop is less secure, that the payment of the rent in kind is resorted to. In the outlying districts of Chota Nagpore and Sontalia, rent is paid by goats and other domestic animals. This is owing to the fact that the rule of exchange exists in those places in its primitive form. In Naldea and the districts, which abut large streams, tenants hold *bhag-jotes* in consequence of the comparative insecurity of the crops, which are liable to be swept away any time by the direction of the course of the stream. In Jessoro and the 24 Parganas, *bhag-jotes* are a necessity owing to the existence of so many salt lakes, which though embanked frequently burst and convert fertile lands into arid wastes. Intermediate between the *bhag-jote* and *jotes* paying rent in specie, there are the *odd-bandhi-jotes*. In the case of those latter holdings, the rent is assessed in money when the crop has become capable of being harvested, with the aid of the old Pargana rates.

Having enumerated some of the chief methods of payment, let us consider what constitutes the relationship of land-lord and tenant. This question resolves itself into two component parts:—first, what entitles the land-lord to claim rent, and second, what casts upon the tenant the obligation to pay rent. Where written contracts form the basis of the right to rent, the courts have

little difficulty to encounter. All that they have got to do is to refer to the contracts themselves and adjust any disputes that may arise between the lessor and the lessee. Such disputes are however very rare. It is where the subject matter of the lease has been lost to the tenant, that the lessee contests his liability to pay rent. To meet such contests the law enacts that where the lessee is evicted from his holding in consequence of any defect in the lessor's title, he is absolved from liability to pay rent. Again, if the lessor do not adopt the necessary means to put the lessee in possession, he cannot demand rent if the lessee was not in possession. In the same manner, if the lessee's land has been washed away by any stream, or has been taken up for any public purpose by the state, his liability ceases.

The respective positions of the lessor and lessee in the matter of the receipt and payment of rent, having been examined those of their representatives, heirs and assigns, remain to be considered. In the case of natural representation, the courts meet with no intricacy. A lessee's son is always considered as standing in the shoes of the lessee, and similarly with the lessor. It is when representation is the effect of an operation of law that complications manifest themselves. I refer to those cases where the lessor has alienated his land to a third party, and where it has passed to a third party by virtue of an execution sale. It is customary with the lessor at the time of alienation to attorn the tenant's rent to the alienee, and after this attornment has taken place, the ryot has nothing to complain of. In the absence of a lawful attornment, the tenant is completely in the dark as to who his land-lord is, and if the land-lord without apprising the tenant of his newly acquired right sues the tenant for rent, the tenant may justly plead ignorance and non-liability. In the case of purchasers of estates at execution sales, the fact of their being put in possession by the officer of Court is tantamount to a lawful attornment of the rent to them, and if after that the tenants continue to pay rent to the former land-lord, their liability to the auction purchasers does not abate. But if the auction purchaser sleep over his purchaser and do not take possession, the tenant is not bound to pay

him rent. While upon this subject I cannot pass over those cases of receipt of rent contested by rival proprietors, such cases were of frequent occurrence when Act X of 1859 was in force, and no Section of that enactment gave so much trouble to the judiciary as section 77. The Collector had to determine under that section, which of the rival proprietors was in *bona fide* receipt of rent from the tenant, a question which involved a judicial determination of conflicting rights. Act VIII of 1869 B. C. has repealed Sec. 77, but nevertheless such conflicting claims have not ceased. It was at one time doubted whether Sec. 73 of the Civil Procedure Code would apply to cases contemplated by Sec. 77 of Act. X, but it has been established by a uniform course of decisions that it would, and in a suit for recovery of rent, a third party may intervene on the ground that he and not the plaintiff is entitled to the receipt of the rent sued. But though the law on this subject seems to be fairly settled, it has given birth to another difficulty of no inconsiderable magnitude. I allude to the extent of jurisdiction of the courts in such cases—whether the Courts should go into the question of the payment and receipt of rent only, or determine the broader question of right and title. Some of the learned Judges of the High Court have held that there is nothing to bar a judicial determination of the question of right, while others have held contra. Without presuming to question the soundness of either view, we may state in general terms that a determination of the conflicting rights of parties is wide of the scope and object of a rent suit. We are willing to admit that the right to rent is a necessary condition of an action for rent, and it is impossible to conceive, how an action for rent can be sustained without a right to sustain it. But it should be borne in mind, at the same time, that this right is more restricted in its nature than the general right of ownership. A man may be the lawful proprietor of an estate, but that is no reason why he should be entitled to recover rent from another who happens to be in possession, for aught we know to the contrary, the latter may be a trespasser *quod the holding.*

Having reviewed the legal aspect of the question of repre-

sentation of the lessor, that of the lessee demands our next attention. The law on this subject appears to be in hopeless confusion. Sec. 26 Act VIII of 1869 B. C., provided for the registration of all transfers of dependant Talúqs and other under-tenures held by persons intermediate in *status* between the Zemindar and the cultivator, in the Sheristah of the Zemindar. The law, it will be seen, is merely permissive in its character. It ordains that in respect to a particular class of holding, the holder is to do a particular act or thing, but is not armed with the necessary sanction to make the act compulsory. It does not say what will take place if the transfer is not registered. There is one solitary section in the Act, viz., Sec. 63, which places the transferee at a disadvantage if the transfer be not registered, and this is where the under-tenure in his possession is attached at the land-lord's instance for any arrears of rent due in respect of such from the old tenant and the transferee put in a claim for its release. But even here the legislature have enacted a lenient clause under which the transferee may take shelter, if he can show sufficient cause for non-registration to the satisfaction of the court.

Registration of holdings being permissive, the land-lord has no right of re-entry if the transferee omits to register. All that he can do is to hold the transferer liable for the rent as if no transfer had taken place, and the transferee acquires no *status* to the holding transferred, as against the land-lord. But if the land-lord has once recognized the transferee as his tenant, or has taken rent from him, he cannot subsequently ignore the fact of transfer because there has been no registration.

It will be seen that section 26 has no application to agricultural *jotes* or to the holding of cultivators, and cultivators are not bound therefore to register transfers. Why this arbitrary distinction should be made between these and the superior holdings, it is not easy to understand. The object of registering holdings to apprise the Zemindar as to who his tenant is, and the tenant as to the party whom he has to pay rent to. Registration, therefore, is a much more convenient method of action than the entering into fresh contracts, though it is essentially

a contract and has all its elements. If that be the tendency of registration, and its principle be based upon expediency, it appears to be preposterous why agricultural *jotes* should be exempted from it. But, possibly, the framers of the Act had thought it expedient to exempt them upon grounds of public policy. Theoretically, registration of holdings has all the charms of refined legislation, but experience has attested that it has worked badly in throwing upon the tenant burdens which are of an oppressive character. In practice the registration of transfers of tenures implies the payment of so much money to the Zemindar as a fine, which, in the generality of cases, amounts to a positive extortion. The fine in some cases is almost equal to the value of the holding itself, and it is not the Zemindar only who has to be paid, but his Gomastah and underlings. Possibly these oppressive exactions have tempted the legislature to exempt by implication the actual cultivators from registering transfers of their holdings.

But though agricultural *jotes* are thus exempted from registration, there can be no dispute that it is the bounden duty of the transferee to acquaint his land-lord of the *suctum* of the transfer, and if that is not done, the liability of the old tenant remains intact. When the Zemindar becomes aware that a particular tenure is in the occupancy of a person other than the recorded or recognized tenant, but is not sure whether that person has acquired the recorded tenant's rights, it is competent for the Zemindar to sue both the recorded tenant and the person in possession of the tenure for rent. But this he should not do when he has himself brought the under-tenure to an execution sale, and has borne testimony to its being transferred to a third person by due course of law.

Having reviewed the law as bearing upon the question of representation, both of the land-lord or of the tenant, we proceed to consider that portion of it which regulates the TIME of payment of rent. If the time of payment be the offspring of express contract, there is no complication whatever. But in the absence of any such contract, the law has ordained that it shall be governed by "established local usage." This rule has done

more mischief to the interests of the Bengal tenantry than all the evils "their flesh is heir to," put together, pointing out to our rulers, in the clearest manner possible, that the time has come for doing away with custom altogether in matters of right and property. I allude to the numerous suits instituted in almost all the districts of lower Bengal for the recovery of monthly *kists* of rent on the ground that "established local usage" countenanced monthly payments. The evils which overtook the tenantry in consequence of the institution of these suits, surpass all description. The ryots had to contend in each and every case that the custom was not so, but notwithstanding their loud protestations, the cases were decreed against them with costs, sometimes ten times more than the amount claimed therein. These decrees became subsequently the props to support future suits of a similar nature, and thus some of the unscrupulous land-lords managed by means of subterfuge and low cunning to rear up a custom which did not at all exist. If the ryot had paid rent five or six times in a year of plenty, that payment was construed as having been made in obedience to local custom. If the ryot was prudent enough not to contest a suit for monthly payments, and allowed a decree to be passed against him *ex parte*, that decree was produced against another ryot as evidentiary of custom of monthly payment. The land-lord, in some cases, sued for rent of one year and one month, or one half year and one month, and if the ryot through ignorance did not contest the additional month's demand, or if he thought that to pay one year's rent was as good as to pay thirteen months rent, and there was no use disputing it, and allowed the land-lord to obtain a decree, the decree became evidence of the custom being in favor of monthly payments. In many instances, a land-lord, who wanted to introduce monthly payments in his estate and break into pieces the established custom, instituted fictitious and colorable suits against his own men or against parties who did not at all exist. These suits were decreed either *ex parte* or upon confession of judgment, and they were produced in subsequent suits as damning proof of monthly *kists* being current in his estate.

Our readers will be astounded to learn that within a radius of twelve miles from the metropolis, rent suits valued at half pice were instituted and decreed, in which the ryot had to pay law costs rising from three to ten Rupees. It is a great misfortune that these suits being insignificant in their character did not attract the attention of the Government, otherwise many Zamindars who now bask in the sunshine of civil honour, and who have been repeatedly thanked in the official Gazette as notably liberal and generous to their tenantry, would have been pilloried as heartless and execrable ruffians devoid of the ordinary skin of humanity.

Let that pass. These suits for monthly *kists* were not instituted for their own sake. They were merely the means for the attainment of certain specific ends. What those ends were, appear to be quite obvious. Ever since the crusade which Sir George Campbell waged against the levy of abwabs or illegal cesses, such exactions have become comparatively rare. The Zamindar's mother does not die so often now as was her wont, and his son is not perpetually married now as in the halcyon days of yore. Ryots have become so *mugra* that if the Gomasta wants something wherewith to purchase his betel, as the saying goes, and refuse to receive rent till the perquisition is paid the ryot laughs in his sleeve and reminds him that the *Hakim* will be glad to officiate for him in receiving the rent in Court. Then, again, enhancement of rent by pulling the legal machinery into motion has become almost impossible; and if the land-lord wants a trifle for increased rent, he would much rather appeal in imploring language to his ryot than resort to a Court of Justice for it. What with the impossibility of success in an enhancement suit, and the levying of illegal cesses, the land-lord despairs of increasing his income. At last a thought strikes him and he proceeds to execute it. He sees that if he can manage to worry the ryot by constant law-suits and make him incur law expenses, the ryot will come to terms at last, and so he goes to the constituted courts of the land, and files against the tenant forty-five rent suits for monthly *kists*, seven enhancement cases and three resumption cases to boot. The cases thus instituted drag their slow length, and, by

the time, they are finally decided, the poor ryot finds himself a ruined man, his farm neglected, his surplus grain consumed, his cattle and movables sold, his wife's ornaments mortgaged, and he involved in debt up to his throat.

If one were inclined to write a history of human depravity, I would suggest to him as a thesis, the mode in which a typical Bengal Zemindar conducts his law-suits against his tenantry. He institutes the suit and issues a bull to the Muffusil deputy to retain half a dozen of the best members of the Bar, to suborn as many witnesses by bribes, persuasions, threats or coercion, and to gain over as many of his adversary's pleaders and witnesses as he conveniently can. The agent is further instructed to spare no pains in throwing every obstacle in the way of the ryot's fairly contesting the suit. The agent is to lodge a false complaint in the Criminal Court against the ryot's widowed daughter of having caused abortion, and to keep the father in the custody of the Police that he may not conduct his case in the Civil Court.

THE FOLK-TALES OF BENGAL.

By Mother Goose.

LIFE'S SECRET.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
Shamed by the presence of that living Might,
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs.

Adonais.

There was a king who had two queens, Duo and Suo.* Both of them were childless. One day, a Faquir (mendicant) came to the palace-gate to ask for alms. The Suo queen went to the door with a handful of rice. The mendicant asked whether she had any children. On being answered in the negative, the holy mendicant refused to take alms, as the hands of a woman

* Kings in Bengali folk-tales, have invariably two queens—the older is called *duo*, that is not loved; and the younger is called *suo*, that is, loved.

unblessed with child are regarded as ceremonially unclean. He offered her a drug for removing her barrenness, and she expressing her willingness to receive it, he gave it to her with the following directions:—"Take this nostrum, swallow it with the juice of the pomegranate flower; if you do this, you will get a son in due time. The son will be exceedingly handsome, and his complexion will be of the colour of the pomegranate flower; and you shall call him Dalim Kumar.[†] As enemies will try to take away the life of your son, I may as well tell you that the life of the boy will be bound up in the life of a big *boal* fish which is in your tank, in front of the palace. In the heart of the fish is a small box of wood, in the box is a neck-lace of gold, that neck-lace is the life of your son. Farewell."

In the course of a month or so it was whispered in the palace that the Suo queen had become *enceinte*. Great was the joy of the king. Visions of an heir to the throne, and of a never-ending succession of powerful monarchs perpetuating his dynasty to the latest generations, floated before his mind, and made him glad as he had never been in his life. The usual ceremonies, performed at stated periods during pregnancy, were celebrated with great pomp; and the subjects made loud demonstrations of their joy at the anticipation of so auspicious an event as the birth of a prince. In the fulness of time, the Suo queen gave birth to a son of uncommon beauty. When the king the first time saw the face of the infant, his heart leaped with joy. The ceremony of the child's First Rice was celebrated with extraordinary pomp, and the whole kingdom was filled with gladness.

In course of time Dalim Kumar grew up a fine boy. Of all sports he was most addicted to playing with pigeons. Owing to his columbine proclivities, he often came in contact with his step-mother, the Duo queen, into whose apartments Dalim's pigeons had a trick of always flying. The first time the pigeons flew into her rooms, she readily gave them up to the owner; a second time they came into her rooms, she gave them up with some reluctance. The Duo queen, perceiving that Dalim's pigeons had

[†] *Dalim* or *dadimba* means a pomegranate, and *kumar*, son.

the happy knack of flying into her apartments, wished to take advantage of the fact for the furtherance of her own selfish views. She naturally hated the child, as the king, since his birth, neglected her more than ever, and idolized the fortunate mother of Dalim. She had heard, it is not known how, that the holy mendicant that had given the generative pill to the Duo queen had also told her of a secret connected with the child's life. She had heard that the child's life was bound up with something—she did not know with what. She determined to extort that secret from the boy. Accordingly, the next time the pigeons flew into her rooms, she refused to give them up, addressing the child thus:—"I won't give the pigeons up unless you tell me one thing."

Dalim.—What thing, Mamma?

Duo.—Nothing particular, my darling; I only want to know in what your life is.

Dalim.—What is that, Mamma? Where can my life be except in me?

Duo.—No, child; that is not what I mean. A holy mendicant told your mother that your life is bound up with something. I wish to know what that thing is.

Dalim.—I never heard of any such thing, Mamma.

Duo.—If you promise to enquire of your mother in what thing your life is, and if you tell me what your mother says, then I will let you have the pigeons, otherwise not.

Dalim.—Very well, I'll enquire, and let you know. Now, please, give me my pigeons.

Duo.—I'll give them on one condition more. Promise to me that you will not tell your mother that I want the information.

Dalim.—I promise.

The Duo queen let go the pigeons, and Dalim, overjoyed to find again his beloved birds, forgot every syllable of the conversation he had with her step-mother. The next day, however, the pigeons again flew into the Duo queen's rooms. Dalim went to his step-mother who asked him for the required information. The boy promised to ask his mother that very day, and begged

hard for the release of the pigeons.' The pigeons were at last delivered. After play, Dalini went to his mother and said—“Mamma, please tell me in what my life is contained.” “What do you mean, child?,” asked the mother, astonished beyond measure at the child's extraordinary question. “Yes, Mamma,” rejoined the child, “I have heard a holy mendicant told you that my life is contained in something. Tell me what that thing is.” “My pet, my darling, my treasure, my golden-moon, do not ask such an inauspicious question. Let the mouth of my enemies be covered with ashes, and let my Dalim live for ever,” said the mother earnestly. But the child insisted on being informed of the secret. He said he would not eat or drink any thing unless the information were given him. The Duo queen, pressed by the importunity of her son, in an evil hour, told the child the secret of his life. The next day the pigeons again, as fate would have it, flew into the Duo queen's rooms. Dalim went for them; the step-mother plied the boy with sugared words, and obtained the knowledge of the secret.

The Duo queen, on learning the secret of Dalim Kumar's life, lost no time in using it for the prosocution of her malicious design. She told her maid-servants to get for her some dried stalks of the hemp plant, which are very brittle, and which when pressed upon make a peculiar noise, not unlike the cracking of joints of bones in the human body. These hemp stalks she put under her bed, upon which she laid herself down and gave out that she was dangerously ill. The king, though he did not love her so well as his other queen, was in duty bound to visit her in her illness. The queen pretended that her bones were all cracking; and sure enough when she tossed from one side of her bed to the other, the hemp stalks made the noise wanted. The king believing that the Duo queen was seriously ill ordered his best physician to attend her. With that physician the Duo queen was in collusion. The physician said to the king that for the queen's complaint there was but one remedy, which consisted in the outward application of something to be found inside a large ~~long~~ fish which was in the tank before the palace. The king's fisherman

was accordingly called and ordered to catch the *boal* in question. On the first throw of the net the fish was caught. It so happened that Dalim Kumar along with other boys was playing not far from the tank. The moment the *boal* fish was caught in the net, that moment Dalim felt unwell ; and when the fish was brought up to land, Dalim fell down on the ground, and made as if he was about to breathe his last. He was immediately taken into his mother's room, and the king was astonished on hearing of the sudden illness of his son and heir. The fish was by the order of the physician taken into the room of the Duo queen, and as it lay on the floor striking its fins on the ground, Dalim in his mother's room was given up for lost. When the fish was cut open, a casket was found in it ; and in the casket lay a neck-lace of gold. The moment the neck-lace was worn by the queen, that very moment Dalim died in his mother's room.

When the news of the death of his son and heir reached the king he was plunged into an ocean of grief, which was not lessened in any degree by the intelligence of the recovery of the Duo queen. He wept over his dead Dalim so bitterly that his courtiers were apprehensive of a permanent derangement of his mental powers. The king would not allow the dead body of his son to be either buried or burnt. He could not realize the fact of his son's death ; it was so entirely causeless and so terribly sudden. He ordered the dead body to be removed to one of his garden-houses in the suburbs of the city, and to be laid there in state. He ordered that all sorts of provisions should be stowed away in that house, as if the young prince needed them for his refection. Orders were issued that the house should be kept locked up day and night, and that no one should go into it except Dalim's most intimate friend, the son of the king's prime minister, who was entrusted with the key of the house, and who obtained the privilege of entering it once in twenty-four hours.

As owing to her great loss, the Duo queen lived in retirement, the king gave up his nights entirely to the Duo queen. The latter in order to allay suspicion, used to put aside the gold neck-lace at night ; and, as fate had ordained that Dalim should be in-

the state of death only during the time that the neck-lace was round the neck of the queen, he passed into the state of life whenever the neck-lace was laid aside. Accordingly Dalim revived every night, as the Duo queen every night put away the neck-lace, and died again the next morning when the queen put it on. When Dalim became re-animated at night he ate whatever food he liked, for of such there was a plentiful stock in the garden-house, walked about on the premises, and meditated on the singularity of his lot. Dalim's friend, who visited him only during the day, found him, always lying a lifeless corpse; but what struck him after some days was the singular fact that the body remained in the same state in which he saw it on the first day of his visit. There was no sign of putrefaction. Except that it was lifeless and pale, there were no symptoms of corruption—it was apparently quite fresh. Unable to account for so strange a phenomenon, he determined to watch the corpse more closely, and to visit it not only during the day but sometimes also at night. The first night that he paid his visit he was astounded to see his dead friend sauntering about in the garden. At first he thought the figure might be only the ghost of his friend, but on feeling him and otherwise examining him, he found the apparition to be veritable flesh and blood. Dalim related to his friend all the circumstances connected with his death; and they both concluded that he revived at nights only because the Duo queen put aside her necklace when the king visited her. As the life of the prince depended on the neck-lace, the two friends laid their heads together to devise if possible some plans by which they might get possession of it. Night after night they consulted together, but they could not think of any feasible scheme. At length the gods brought about the deliverance of Dalim Kumar in a wonderful manner.

Some years before the time of which we are speaking, the sister of Bidhata-Purusha* was delivered of a daughter. The anxious mother asked her brother what he had written on her

*Bidhata-Purusha is the deity that predetermines all the events of the life of man or woman, and writes on the forehead of the child, on the sixth day of its birth, a brief record of them.

child's forehead ; to which Bidhata-Purush replied that she should get married to a dead bridegroom. Maddened as she became with grief at the prospect of such a dreary destiny for her daughter, she yet thought it useless to remonstrate with her brother, for she well knew that he never changed what he once wrote. As the child grew in years she became exceedingly beautiful, but the mother could not look upon her with pleasure in consequence of the portion allotted to her by her divine brother. When the girl came to marriageable age, the mother resolved to flee from the country with her, and thus avert her dreadful destiny. But the decrees of fate cannot thus be over-ruled. In the course of their wanderings, the mother and daughter arrived at the gate of that very garden-house in which Dalim Kumar lay. It was evening. The girl said she was thirsty and wanted to drink water. The mother told her daughter to sit at the gate, while she would go and search for drinking water in some neighbouring hut. In the meantime the girl through curiosity pushed the door of the garden-house which opened of itself. The girl went in and saw a beautiful palace and was wishing to come out when the door shut itself of its own accord, so that the girl could not get out. As night came on the prince revived, and walking about, saw a human figure near the gate. He went up to it, and found it was a girl of surpassing beauty. On being asked who she was, she told Dalim Kumar all the details of her little history,—how her uncle the divine Bidhata-Purusha wrote on her fore-head at her birth that she should get married to a dead bridegroom, how her mother had no pleasure in her life at the prospect of so terrible a destiny, how on the approach of her womanhood her mother with a view to avert so dreadful a catastrophe left her house with her and wandered in various places, how they came to the gate of the garden-house, and how her mother went in search of drinking water for her. Dalim Kumar hearing her simple and pathetic story said "I am the dead bridegroom, and you must get married to me, come with me to the house." "How can you be said to be a dead bridegroom when you are standing and speaking to me?" said the girl. "You will understand it afterwards," rejoined the

prince, "come now and follow me." The girl followed the prince into the house. As she had been fasting the whole day, the prince hospitably entertained her. As for the mother of the girl, the sister of the divine Bidhata-Purusha, she returned to the gate of the garden-house after it was dark, bawled out for her daughter, and getting no answer, went away in search of her in the huts in the neighbourhood. It is said that after this she was not seen anywhere.

While the niece of the divine Bidhata-Purusha was partaking of the hospitality of Dalim Kumar, his friend as usual made his appearance. He was surprised not a little at the sight of the fair stranger; and his surprise became greater when he heard the story of the young lady from her own lips. It was resolved forthwith to unite that very night the young couple in the bonds of matrimony. As priests were out of the question, the hymeneal rites were performed *a la Gandharva*.* The friend of the bridegroom took leave of the newly married couple and went away to his house. As the happy pair had spent the greater part of the night in wakefulness, it was long after sun-rise that they awoke from their sleep;—I should have said that the young wife woke from her sleep, for the prince had become a cold corpse, life having departed from him. The feelings of the young wife may be easily imagined. She shook her husband, imprinted warm kisses on his cold lips, but in vain. He was as lifeless as a marble statue. Stricken with horror, she smote her breast, struck her forehead with the palms of her hands, tore her hair and went about in the house and in the garden as if she had gone mad. Dalim's friend did not come into the house during the day, as he deemed it improper to pay a visit to her while her husband was lying dead. The day seemed to the poor girl as long as a year, but the longest day has its end, and when the shades of evening were descending upon the landscape, her dead husband was awakened into consciousness; he rose up from his bed, embraced his disconsolate wife, ate, drank and became merry. His friend

* There are eight forms of marriage spoken of in the Hindu Sastras, of which the *Gandharva* is one, consisting in the exchange of garlands.

made his appearance as usual, and the whole night was spent in gaiety and festivity. Amid this alternation of life and death did the prince and his lady spend some seven or eight years, during which time the princess presented her husband with two lovely boys who were the exact image of their father.

It is superfluous to remark that the king, the two queens, and other members of the royal household, did not know that Dalim Kumar was living, at any rate, was living at night. They all thought that he was long ago dead and his corpse burnt. But the heart of Dalim's wife was yearning after her mother-in-law whom she had never seen. She conceived a plan by which she might be able not only to have a sight of her mother-in-law, but also to get hold of the Duo queen's neck-lace on which her husband's life was dependent. With the consent of her husband and of his friend she disguised herself as a female barber. Like every female barber she took a bundle containing the following articles:—an iron instrument for pairing nails, another iron instrument for scraping off the superfluous flesh of the soles of the feet, a piece of *jhamra* or burnt brick for rubbing the soles of the feet with, and *alakta** for painting the edges of the feet and toes with. Taking this bundle in her hand she stood at the gate of the king's palace with her two boys. She declared herself to be a barber, and expressed a desire to see the Duo queen, who readily gave her an interview. The queen was quite taken up with the two little boys who, she declared, strongly reminded her of her darling Dalim Kunar. Tears fell profusely from her eyes at the recollection of her lost treasure; but she of course had not the remotest idea that the two little boys were the sons of her own dear Dalim. She told the supposed barber that she did not require her services as, since the death of her son, she had given up all terrestrial vanities and among others the practice of dyeing her feet red; but she added that, nevertheless, she would be glad now and then to see her and her two fine boys. The female barber, for so we must now call her, then went to the quarters of the Duo queen and offered her services. The queen allowed her to pair her

* *Alakta* is leaves or flimsy paper saturated with lac.

nails, to scrape off the superfluous flesh of her feet, and to paint them with *alakta*, and was so pleased with her skill and the sweet-ness of her disposition that she ordered her to wait upon her periodically. The female barber noticed with no little concern the neck-lace round the queen's neck. The day of her second visit came on, and she instructed the elder of her two sons to set up a loud cry in the palace and not to stop crying till he got into his hands the Duo queen's neck-lace. The female barber, according-ly, went again on the appointed day to the Duo queen's apart-ments. While she was engaged in painting the queen's feet, the elder boy set up a loud cry. On being asked the reason of the cry, the boy, as previously instructed, said that he wanted the queen's neck-lace. The queen said that it was impossible for her to part with that particular neck-lace, for it was the best and most valuable of all her jewels. To gratify the boy, however, she took it off her neck, and put it into the boy's hand. The boy stopped crying and held the neck-lace tight in his hand. As the female barber after she had done her work was about to go away, the queen wanted the neck-lace back. But the boy would not part with it. When his mother attempted to snatch it from him, he wept bitterly, and showed as if his heart would break. On which the female barber said—"Will your Grace be gracious enough to let the boy take the neck-lace home with him? When he falls asleep after drinking his milk, which he is sure to do in the course of an hour, I will carefully bring it back to you." The queen, seeing that the boy would not allow it to be taken away from him, agreed to the proposal of the female barber, especially reflecting that Dalim, whose life depended on it, had long ago gone to the abodes of death.

Thus possessed of the treasure on which the life of her hus-band depended, the woman went with breathless haste to the garden-house and presented the neck-lace to Dalim, who had been restored to life. Their joy knew no bounds, and by the advice of their friend they determined the next day to go to the palace in state, and present themselves to the king and the Suo queen. Due prepara-tions were made; an elephant, richly caparisoned, was brought for

the prince Dalim Kumar, a pair of ponies for the two little boys, and a *chaturdala** furnished with curtains of gold-lace for the princess. Word was sent to the king and the Suo queen that the prince Dalim Kumar was not only alive, but that he was coming to visit to his royal parents with his wife and sons. The king and Suo queen could hardly believe in the report, but being assured of its truth they were entranced with joy ; while the Duo queen, anticipating the disclosure of all her wiles, became overwhelmed with grief. The procession of Dalim Kumar, which was attended by a band of musicians, approached the palace-gate ; and the king and Suo queen went out to receive their long-lost son. It is needless to say that their joy was intense. They fell on each other's neck and wept. Dalim then related all the circumstances connected with his death. The king, enflamed with rage, ordered the Duo queen into his presence. A large hole, as deep as the height of a man, was dug in the ground. The Duo queen was put into it in a standing posture. Prickly thorn was heaped around her up to the crown of her head ; and in this manner she was buried alive.

Thus my story endeth,
 The Natiya-thorn withereth ;
 " Why, O Natiya-thorn, dost wither ?"
 " Why does thy cow on me browse ?"
 " Why, O cow, dost thou browse ?"
 " Why does they neat-herd not tend me ?"
 " Why O neat-herd, dost not tend the cow ?"
 " Why does thy daughter-in-law not give me rice ?"
 " Why, O daughter-in-law, dost not give rice ?"
 " Why does my child cry ?"
 " Why, O child, dost thou cry ?"
 " Why does the ant bite me ?"
 " Why, O ant, dost thou bite ?"
Koot ! koot ! koot !

MOTHER GOOSE.

* A sort of open *Palki* used generally for carrying the bridegroom and bride in marriage processions.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Cyclopedie of Practice of Medicine. That is, of Medicine, Surgery, Midwifery, Ophthalmic Medicine and Surgery &c. &c. Compiled by Jodu Nath Mukherje, L. M. S. Chinsurah : Chikitsaprakasa Press. 1876.

Baboo Jodu Nath Mukherje, medical practitioner at Chinsurah, Editor of a monthly medical journal called the *Chikitsa Prakasa*, and author of some useful medical books, has projected a Cyclopedie of Medicine in the Bengali language of which, the first part is before us. This part consists of 16 quarto pages well printed and neatly got up. It is also illustrated with wood engravings. There is evidence throughout of good, honest work. The enterprising Editor is worthy of encouragement, and we trust the public will lend him support. The price of each monthly part is one rupee, and the subscription per annum is only Rs. 6.

Abasor Sarojini. By Raj Krishna Raya. Calcutta : Albert Press. 1283 B. E.

This is a collection and reprint of about forty lyrical pieces which formerly appeared in Bengali periodicals. They are of great merit; indeed, they are second only to the compositions of the best lyrical poet of Bengal, Baboo Hem Chandra Banerjea. The author before us is certainly inferior to Baboo Hem Chander Banerjea in power and reach of thought, but probably he is superior in the melody of his versification.

Seshabandir Gan. By Rakhal Dass Sen. Calcutta : Sucharu Press. 1875.

This is a translation into Bengali of Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. As the composition of a very young man, it has considerable merit, but, like most poetical translations, it does not reproduce the spirit of the original.

Ekei bale Bangali Saheb. A Farce. By Giri-Gobardhana. Calcutta: New Bengali Press. 1282. B. E.

In this farce are ridiculed all those young Bengali gentlemen who visit England; as we regard most of those gentlemen

as an honour to their country and to their race, we do not sympathize with the writer's views. Besides, we do not see in these pages genuine humour.

1. *Hand-Book of Bengali Literature.* Compiled by Mahendra Nath Bhattacharjya, M. A. Third Edition. Parts I. and II. Calcutta. New Sanskrit Press. 1282 B. E.
2. *Hand-Book of Natural Philosophy.* By Mahendra Nath Bhattacharjya, M. A. Fifth Edition. Calcutta : New Sanskrit Press. 1282 B. E.
3. *Elements of Physics in Bengali.* By Mahendra Nath Bhattacharjya, M. A. Fourth Edition. Calcutta : New Sanskrit Press. 1876.
4. *A Manual of Chemistry in Bengali.* By Mahendra Nath Bhattacharjya, M. A. Calcutta: New Sanskrit Press. 1876.
5. *A Primer of Science.* By Mahendra Nath Bhattacharjya, M. A. Calcutta : New Sanskrit Press. 1282. B. E.

We cannot sufficiently admire Baboo Mahendra Nath Bhattacharjya, who is an M. A. of the Calcutta University, for the services he is rendering to the cause of education and to that of vernacular literature. The six volumes before us, for the first mentioned in the list is in two volumes, are all useful books ; and the editions some of them have gone through attest their popularity. We hope the indefatigable author will go on in his useful and beneficent career.

1. *Khrista-Sangita.* C. V. E. S. Calcutta: Chowringhee Road, No. 23.
2. *Rāg-Rāagini.* Calcutta: Calcutta Press. 1283 B. E.

The first of these two little books contains thirty-two hymns in the Bengali language which are used in connection with the Evangelistic Services held for some time past in the Calcutta Free Church Institution, and which have recently begun to be held also in the London Missionary Institution at Bhowanipore. The hymns which have been composed by a well-known Bengali Christian gentleman who does not wish his name to be mentioned, are, in our opinion, of extraordinary merit. They are remarkable, not only for their rich rythm, but also for their terseness, their delicacy of expression, and for their wealth of sentiment.

couched in the choicest language. We have ourselves heard some of those hymns sung with musical accompaniments, and the effect was striking. The second little book on *Ray* and *Ragini*, composed by the same gentleman, is, we believe, a perfectly original work,—the writer having, though in brief space, thrown a flood of light on a hitherto obscure subject. The author has musical genius of no mean order, and we should not be surprised if he effected a complete revolution in the psalmody of the "Christian Churches of Bengal. We wish him all success in the good and great work in which he is engaged.



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LITERATURE OF BENGAL.

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By Arcydae.

CHAPTER XVII. CONCLUDED.

THE PERIOD OF EUROPEAN INFLUENCE.

Second only to Madhu Sudan Datta stands Hem Chandra (Bandyopadhyay) among the Bengali poets of the present century. Babu Hem Chandra is a pleader of the High Court, Calcutta, and continues to favor us with his touching, melodious and spirited effusions. A fine sensibility, a quick sparkling imagination, an exquisite sense of the beautiful, as well as chasteness of thought and grandeur of conception, mark his poetry. Some of his smaller poems breathe a lofty spirit and intense feeling, his celebrated and admirable lines on India are an instance in point. He has written one great epic, the Britra Sanhara, but it is not yet completed.

Among the minor poets of the present century, we may mention the names of Madun Mohun Tarkalankar and Runga Lal Banerjea. Modun Mohun was born in Billogram in the District of Nuddea, and in 1856 was appointed a Deputy Magistrate, and died two years after. He is an imitator of Bharat Chandra and delights in artificial and alliterative though often sweet and melodious verse. His দুর্জন্যিতি is a translation, in the most melodious and soft Bengali verse, of short Sanscrit love stanzas. His other work বালকবিতা is a free translation of a Sanscrit work of the same name, and shows in the author no contemptible power of descriptive poetry. Runga Lal Banerjea is a living poet and a Deputy

Magistrate, and has written three spirited poems on Episodes from Rajput history. His পদ্মনী উপাধ্যায়, কর্ণদেবী and শুভমুক্তি, are full of spirited descriptions of war and heroism. No authentic history perhaps affords to the poet such stirring tales of heroism and valour as that of Rajasthan, and our poet has served his country well by embalming passages from the annals of Rajasthan in admirable verse.

We have now shown what has been done in the present century in the line of prose and poetry respectively. We must now hasten to Drama and Fiction.

The *Kulin Kula Sarvashwa Nataka*, written by Ram Narain Tarkaratna in 1854, A. D., may be considered as the first original dramatic work in the language. The work is full of witty passages, and expatiates on the evils of the system of Kulinism which still prevails in Bengal to some extent. Ram Narain has written two other original plays, *Nara Nataka*, and *Rukini Haran Natak*. His fame, however, has been completely eclipsed by that of Dina Bandhu Mitra.

Dina Bandhu Mitra was born in Chowberia in the District of Nuddea in 1829 A. D., and served government with distinction, and credit in the postal department. He died in 1873. Between 1860 and 1873 he wrote four dramas (নীলদর্পণ, রবীনতপচিন্তা, জীলাবতী, কঘলেকামিনী), three farce's (দিহেপাগলা বুড়ি, সখবার একাদশী, জামাই-নারিক) and two books of poetry (সুরধূমী, ধানশ কবিতা). His *Nil Darpan* is the first, the best known and the greatest of his works. It describes the cruelties of the Indigo Planters of the time towards the cultivators. The description is too fearful perhaps to be perfectly faithful, and all the various acts of oppression committed by planters are brought together in one short story to give it dramatic effect. At the same time, there can be no doubt that there was, at that time, a fearful degree of oppression which has been to some extent done away with since, partly owing to the publication of the drama. The drama was translated into English by the benevolent Reverend James Long for which he was fined and imprisoned! The indigo Commission published a report which made fearful disclosures, and Sir G. P. Grant

the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal did his best to put a stop to this oppression. Bengal is thankful to him for what he has done, but much yet remains to be done ; ryots are still compelled to produce indigo in many places of Bengal and yet more in Behar ; and what is still worse, these acts of oppression are known to, and tolerated by, the powers that be.

The literary beauties of the work are by no means insignificant, an honest family and its most amiable inmates enlist the sympathy of the readers from the beginning, and at last wake in him the keenest sorrow for their misfortunes. All the members of the family are well delineated. The old simple-minded, affectionate father, the two sons, the elder managing the state and the younger studying at a College in Calcutta, their wives the most innocent and amiable creatures in the world, all these have been well described. Clouds gather on the horizon of their felicity, and thicken as the story proceeds, and there are few readers who can read to the end without feeling deeply affected.

Nothing afterwards written can compare with *Nil Darpan* even from a literary point of view. In his *Navin Tapasini* and *Lilabati* there are undoubtedly passages displaying fine feeling, but still there is nothing to equal the sombre gloom which pervades the *Nil Darpan*. On the contrary, wit and witticisms seem to be his strong point, and though these have made his dramas and still more his farces immensely popular, they are not by any means the great qualifications of a poet or a dramatist, and Dina Bandhu has suffered in the estimation of all well educated men.

Indeed, we believe, we have a legitimate ground of complaint against Dina Bandhu Mitra. Levity in all its forms is the besetting sin of the dramatic literature of the present day, and we are grieved to have to state that Dina Bandhu Mitra has had a greater share than any other man in pandering to this defective taste. Whoever reads the *Nil Darpan* must regret that Dina Bandhu ever left the serious line to deal in trifles. We now turn to fiction fitly represented by Baboo Bankim Chunder Chattopadhyay.

Bankim Chunder Chatterjea was born in 1838 A. D., and after completing his education was appointed a Deputy Magistrate

and is at present one of the ablest members of the service. He possesses a powerful creative imagination, and has introduced the new school of fiction in the language.

Durgesa Nandini is the first and perhaps the best of Bankim Babu's novels. According to our custom, we shall briefly review this work to give our readers a general idea of Bankim Babu's powers of imagination.

The Emperor Akbar conquered the province of Bengal from the Pathans and brought it under the sway of the Moguls after a number of disastrous wars between the two warlike races. During these wars there lived, in a petty fort in Bengal, a chief of the name of Birendra Sinha and his daughter Tilottama, the heroine of the romance. Tilottama's mother was dead, and Birendra had married Bimala a sister of the deceased. Bimala was therefore the aunt as well as the step mother of Tilottama, and loved her affectionately. Bimala and Tilottama had gone one evening to a temple of Siva not far from the fort, and a strong evening gale accompanied with showers prevented them from returning. A solitary horseman overtaken by the gale had also to take shelter in the same temple,—he was no less a person than Jagat Sing, son of the celebrated Man Sing, who had been sent by Akbar to conquer Bengal from the Pathans. Jagat Sing and Tilottama fell in love.

Both returned to their respective places; but the tender girl still thought of the princely visitor in the temple of Siva, and the heart of the warrior heaved under the coat of iron with emotions unfelt before. Bimala true to her promise saw Jagat Sing once more in the temple and took him to the fort. The Pathan chief Osman was waiting for this opportunity,—he followed the Rajput unobserved into the fort, and suddenly fell on it with his forces, captured it and took Jagat Sing and Birendra Sing, Bimala and Tilottama captives.

Behold then Jagat Sing, the proud young Rajput prince, who had undertaken to beat back the Pathans with only 5000 troops, a wounded captive in the hands of the enemy. Tilottama, sweet, tender, love-stricken, was now an inmate of the harem of

Katlu Khan the Pathan commander, and drooped alas ! like a floweret torn from its stem. The proud undaunted Birendra was executed by order of Katlu Khan and faced death like a real hero, and to the last moment shewed that the unconquered spirit rises superior to earthly calamities and fear of death. Bimala, the witty, accomplished, charming Bimala ! Where are now thy charms, where thy angel voice, thy radiant smiles, thy winning, bewitching graces, thy coquettish glances ? The gayest and wildest of women was now a widow, bitterly sorrowing over the death of him for whom alone she had worn all her smiles and glances, nursing in her big heart, dreaded thoughts of revenge. There is yet one other person in Katlu Khan's palace whom we must notice. Ayesha, the daughter of Katlu Khan, nursed the wounded Jagat Sing with more than a sister's affection, and gazed on the sleeping warrior till her soul heaved within her. But her love was unrepaid, for Jagat Sing's heart was full of Tilottama and her thoughts. He dreamt that an angel from the heavens sat by him and tended him in his illness. He waked and enquired of Ayesha if it was not Tilottama who had sat by him and of whom he had dreamt. "It is likely you dreamt of Tilottama," was the only reply of broken-hearted Ayesha.

The birth day of Katlu Khan was celebrated with great *relat.* Songs and music and the voice of merriment, sweet-scented flowers, delicious wines, and women of transcendent loveliness,—their "body and bosom panting with youthful love"—filled the bright halls of Katlu Khan. In this bright throng, who was brighter or gayer than Bimala now an inmate of Katlu Khan's harem ? Who sang sweeter or danced with more voluptuous grace or sent keener darts from the quiver of her glances ? Katlu Khan could resist no longer,—the lights were extinguished, Bimala fell as if meeting, on Katlu Khan, and then,—stabbed him to the hilt of her poniard. "Fiend" "Satan" exclaimed the wounded Katlu Khan,—"I am neither a fiend," replied Bimala, "nor Satan,—I am the widow of the murdered Birendra Sinha!"

The remainder of the story is soon told. Tilottama and Bimala soon escaped from the palace of Katlu Khan now filled

with confusion ; the Pathans humbled by the death of Katlu Khan now asked for and obtained truce by setting Jagat Sing free ; that prince eventually married Tilottama the idol of his heart, while Ayesha, retired from the scene like a wounded dear, devoted her life to doing good to men and seeking comfort from Him who is the comforter of the distressed.

Bimala is the central figure in the above story, and no picture can be more graphic and superb, more gorgeous or complete. The conception is grand, and is possible only in a master mind. If Bankim Chandra had written no other novel than Durgesa Nandini, and no other character than that of Bimala, that one conception would have secured for him a high place in our literature. Bimala is a splendid, an inimitable woman, inimitable in her gaiety and accomplishments, inimitable in her devoted love towards her husband, inimitable in her fertility and presence of mind,—inimitable in the real greatness and heroism of her soul. She is an accomplished, charming, bewitching, almost a wicked woman ; she is a devoted and ever faithful wife, she is a real heroine at heart. In the festive hall or in the presence of her lord, she is almost a flirt, and her charms are irresistible ; in times of danger she is calm and bold, her brain fertile, her schemes and resources inexhaustible ; in sorrow and suffering she rises to a real heroine. And all these various phases of character are so well fused, so skilfully blended together, that we never feel that there is anything like contradiction in her, our sense of unity and harmony is never disturbed,—on the contrary, everywhere and in every position, we recognize her at once,—the same admirable and inimitable Bimala.

Tilottama is a tender love stricken girl, with an excessive uncontrollable fondness of heart. She is the stereotyped heroine of novels,—with too much feeling,—too little sense ! A child in her sense, she is also a child in the uncontrollable vehemence of her love.

Birendra Sinha, Jagat Sing, and Osman are all brave warriors, and yet there are shades of difference observable in their characters. Birendra is fiery and headlong and rash in his

courage ; Jagat Sing is young and calm and bold,—sedate, but always undaunted ; Osman is more sedate, more politic, and as a general is perhaps superior to Jagat Sing.

Ayesha is a gorgeous character, though we are constrained to state, the character is no original. Not only her character, but nearly all the incidents which befall her are close imitations of those of Rebecca in Scott's Ivanhoe. Like Rebecca she falls in love while tending her hero in illness, she at last retires from the scene with concealed anguish, and devotes her life to good works ; she even makes a present of jewellery to the happy bride of the object of her affection.

Thus we have attempted to give our reader an idea of the literature of the present century, the period of European Influence. Many of the writers of this period are yet living and producing new works year after year, so that the completest accounts of the present period would be incomplete ten years hence. We have therefore forsaken our old plan of devoting a chapter on each writer and noticing all his works, and have attempted to present within the limits of one chapter the true character and significance of the literature of the thought of the present epoch. What we have said however will, we believe, convince our readers that Bengal is even now undergoing a great revolution, a revolution in society and religion, thought and action, a revolution which is faithfully reflected in the broad bosom of our literature. It will convince the admirers of the "good old times" that the revolution has not been altogether fruitless or in a wrong direction. Only seventy years have passed since the commencement of the present century, and yet we are prepared to state that the literature and thought of these seven decades will compare not unfavorably with the whole mass of Bengali literature during the preceding seven centuries !

There may be a great deal of "sham" in what we call modern progress in Bengal, but all is not "sham." The poetry of Madhu Sudan and the prose of Bankim Chundra are not sham ; they indicate a degree of earnestness for which we may vainly seek in the older literature of Bengal ; and this earnestness is in the national

thought and society of the present day, concealed though it may be under a mass of pretentious and empty show. Yes, we shall assert despite contradiction and ridicule, that modern Bengali society with all its vices and follies, and hypocrisy, is an improvement on the past, that there is more of honesty, of truthfulness, of real earnestness, of genuine love of country in modern days than in the past. Yes, the good work has commenced, English education has already borne its rich fruit,—Young Bengal has already lived down the descriptions of his character in which Anglo-Indians delighted half a century ago. There is cause for pride and joy in this, but there is stronger reason for serious and earnest endeavour in future. Who can be more aware than we ourselves of our shortcomings,—of the vices, the vanity, the hypocrisy, which still pervade our society? And it rests entirely with ourselves to cleanse our society of these its many abuses; and by real, earnest unremitting work, to work out the great results already foreshadowed.

A BAD SIGN.

By A Hindustani.

Some months since the *Pioneer*, while condemning current systems of education, sorrowfully referred to the lamentable fact that our educated countrymen had not, in their onward march towards the goal of civilisation, “gone beyond the theological stage.” The Editor will be agreeably surprised to hear that his sorrows, though sincere and generous, are groundless. As a class the educated natives have gone as far beyond the theological, and even the metaphysical stage as he himself has done. Here and there an educated native may be found fool enough to cling to the antiquated and unfashionable belief in the existence of a God, or in what may be called the fact of a superintending Providence. Those who thus pertinaciously cling to old and exploded traditions may be counted on the fingers. The majority

of our College-brethren University-honored, English-speaking countrymen have gone even a few steps beyond the vantage-ground occupied by the most progressive thinkers of the School to which the *Pioneer* belongs. To turn God out of doors, to laugh at the very idea of a moral government of the universe, to satirize the ceremonies and rail at the doctrines of religion, to abuse the priesthood and represent all professors of the various forms of faith as children of credulity and superstition,—to look upon all phases of religious earnestness as behind the age, and to speak of such things as prayer, praise and worship with profane merriment,—these are among the favorite amusements of our educated countrymen as a class. If the Editor of the *Pioneer* had known them so well as we do, he would have looked upon them as heroes of the first water, and perhaps advocated their elevation to certain wellpaid and responsible posts from which he of all Newspaper writers is the most anxious to see them excluded.

Is there a Masonic Fraternity under the banner of universal scepticism in these parts of the world? Are there Lodges of Infidelity, somewhat like the Lodges of Free Masonry and Good-Templarism, wherein the Atheist, the Comtist, the Nihilist and the Antitheist spend some precious hours of their valuable time in mimicking the by-gone ceremonies of Knighthood, muttering the various parts of a pompous ritual, and pledging themselves to mutual assistance in the glorious work of suppressing religion and rooting out faith? That there are some in Europe is certain. The amiable and attractive features of the last French Revolution, the petroleum exhibitions amid which its different scenes were enacted, the trade-unions, the strikes, the Communistic meetings, and the "popular" demonstrations unmistakeably indicate their existence and power. But it is to be feared that Infidel Lodges do not exist in the country, or writers like the *Pioneer* would not publicly weep over the backward condition of educated natives, and curse all proposals having for their object the elevation of the most distinguished amongst them to merited honor in the Public Service.

But though Infidel Lodges have not yet been organized in India, Infidelity is making commendable progress within its precincts. There is a good deal of it among its European sojourners, in the civil and military services, as well as those classes of private individuals who would in former times be called interlopers. The fact that papers, which never let slip a precious opportunity of railing at the sacred traditions of religion, enjoy a large circulation and exercise an almost unlimited influence, together with the mighty demonstrations of scepticism got up as soon as an earnest attempt is made to uphold some cardinal article or formula of the Christian faith, shows that infidelity is rampant among some classes at least of the Anglo-Indian community. The indifference and apathy with which the Missionary enterprize is regarded by almost all classes of Anglo-Indians, and the gibes and sarcasms hurled at those engaged in pushing it forward by some, not only indicate the low ebb to which evangelical piety has come down, but the rush and the roar with which the tide of scepticism is flowing onwards. Our friend of Allahabad notoriety never complains of the backward condition of his own countrymen in this respect, and so we need not take the trouble of proving the existence and mighty influence of his antitheological views amongst them. We may however be allowed permission to say that the spread of ritualism, regarded everywhere with such pious horror, is itself a proof of the rapidity with which infidelity is making progress in and out of the country. Ritualism is a reaction against rationalism, and the excesses of superstition we notice within the Church are but counterparts of the excesses of infidelity we notice out of it.

Let us hasten back to our text. We have to prove by chapter and verse that our much maligned educated countrymen are by no means so far behind the age as the *Pioneer* assumes in his tirades against them. Nothing but ignorance of the worst type can lead any one to venture the assertion that they have not gone beyond the theological stage. Why—the most cherished beliefs and convictions of a theological age are the stockthemes of their sarcasm and abuse. They laugh at the very idea of religion. They are

not deficient in political wisdom; and so they look upon religion as a sort of earthly providence the perpetuation of which is necessitated by popular ignorance. Mankind in general, ignorant brutes that they are, cannot do without religion, its hopes and fears, its rewards and punishments. Did not Napoleon say that he would create a religion if there was none? So far as he himself was concerned, no further guidance than that of his star was needed. But how could the fickle, volatile people of France, with their hereditary and uncontrollable tendency to revolutionary changes, be managed without religion, a *positive* religion? And in the same way, our educated countrymen conclude that a religion is a necessity, an inevitable necessity, so far as the ignorant masses are concerned, the less of two evils, the evil of superstitious fear and that of lawlessness. But so far as their august selves are concerned, why the very idea of subjecting them to the restraints of superstition, of working upon them through the instrumentality of fictitious hopes and fears is absurd! Religion for ignorant men and little children is intelligible enough—but religion for educated people is something like medicine for the whole! Is there no God in the region of science and philosophy that our educated countrymen should go into that of superstition in quest of an object of adoration and law of evidence?

But hold! are our educated countrymen retrogressive enough to believe in the existence of a God? If they are, the assertion that they have not yet gone beyond the theological stage is not entirely groundless. It is a relief to find that, though a phantom-like being, called by a bold figure of speech the God of philosophy and science, does at times haunt their minds, they are enlightened enough to throw a personal and voluntary supreme Disposer of events to the moles and to the bats. Their position as regards the fundamental question of all religion is one of modest doubt, not one of unphilosophical negation. With the great Comte, they maintain that God may possibly exist behind the thick veil of natural laws; but with him also they affirm that we have nothing whatever to do with Him. God, if he exists at all, is "shut up,"—is in a condition worse than that to which He

was consigned by Comte's prototypes in the ancient world. The ancient philosopher of Comtist tendencies maintained that God, after the trouble of creation, had retired into some dormitory up above the heavens, determined to live in a state of repose and passivity for ever, and he most naturally called upon the rational creation, or rather the entire creation, both rational and irrational, to do without Him. But the modern philosopher has relegated God to a decidedly worse condition. God is not asleep, but imprisoned, bound from head to foot by the hard chains of a series of firm and inexorable laws! He can never act immediately in the sphere of life, can do us no good, do us no harm. The sequences of nature, the immutable laws of the mind, if there is a mind, and the body, are our rulers; and let us propitiate them, not with the blood of lambs and goats, but with right living and right doing.

Right living then is a condition, and our educated countrymen as a class believe in it. But as the fates will have it, some are fast abandoning this lofty platform. Having been called upon to cast aside the restraints of a superstitious faith in the supernatural, they do not see why they should be fettered by the laws of the right living which are after all natural laws. They point their fingers towards the heavens, and affirm in a firm, unfaltering tone that there is nothing there! God is a myth, religion a dream, the distinction between right and wrong a fiction, and heaven and hell are chimeras. Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die. They are, in our humble opinion, more enlightened and sensible than the advocates of right living. Right living requires a perpetual, ceaseless sacrifice, a perpetual saying *nay* to our wild and clamorous passions and appetites. For whom is this career of arduous vigilance and painful self-denial to be gone through! For a sleeping God who does not care a fig for the affairs of life? For a God, who, poor thing, is so completely bound by a number of natural laws that he could not possibly help us, even if he were willing to do so? For a number of blind, unfeeling, unbending forces and laws? For whom or for what is the principle of right living to be

adopted, and for what the hardships and privations of right living are to be encountered? Not certainly for a chimera? But it may be said that, if they will not follow the principles of right-living for the sake of a chimera, they will at least do so for the sake of good health and mental peace. But many of these principles may be set aside, many vices may be indulged in to some extent without injuring bodily health, while our mental peace need never be disturbed by sin, so long as our rulers cannot possibly take from us an account of the deeds done in the body! Those educated natives therefore who progress, and to some extent reduce to practice the principles of Epicurism are, in our humble opinion, wiser than those who are Nihilists in theory and Puritans in practice.

But even the champions of right-living advocate a variable rather than a fixed, immutable standard of morality. The recognized code of morality among a particular people, springs from their education, not from any innate ideas or intuitive principles. And therefore what is virtue among one people may be positive vice amongst another. To lie under particular or exceptional circumstances is no sin amongst people brought up amid the principles scattered in the pages of Manu's celebrated Institutes. There is no perfect, authoritative standard of morality, and therefore it is hardly fair to expect any thing like settled principles, fixed and permanent ideas of right and wrong mighty enough to secure and retain the homage of the educated community. The standard of morality they recognize varies as the education they receive; and so when some novel ideas are made to get in and intoxicate the minds of the advocates of right-living, they will sink in the gulf of practical epicurism into which an overwhelming majority of the educated community have fallen headlong.

Seriously speaking, the repulsive forms of atheism and anti-theism, which are destroying the faith and corrupting the morals of our educated countrymen, cannot but be contemplated by the patriot or the philanthropist with horror. The good poet Cowper traged the licentiousness and profligacy he noticed around

him to the utter absence of discipline in the Universities and Academies of England. We are happy to say that the evil he pathetically complained of does not exist here. Our Colleges and schools are models of discipline. The evil we have to complain of proceeds, not from lack of discipline, but from positive, sceptical teaching in Indian Colleges and schools. The Government system of education is not so decidedly free from or innocent of all connection with religion as at first sight we imagine it to be. It is announcedly, but not really *neutral* in matters of religion. It destroys with the certainty of a law of nature the faith of its pupils; and it substitutes by direct teaching some of the most repulsive forms of unbelief and disbelief, so current among some classes of Anglo-Indians, in its room. Christianity is not taught in Government institutions, because Christian teachers cannot conscientiously set aside the rules by which their proceedings are fettered. But the champions, of infidelity, who, by the way, are a hundred-fold more numerous, and therefore exercise a proportionately preponderant influence, are by no means so fastidious. And so they carefully instil into young, susceptible minds the wretched principles of unbelief, which monopolize their own homage. The source of the broad stream of theoretical and practical Epicurism which is sweeping the faith of the country, and some peculiarly amiable virtues associated with it, is direct infidel teaching in some at least of the Colleges and schools of India. A step further, and we have traced the forms of scepticism current among our educated countrymen to their "dam." The direct infidel teaching to which they are traceable is related to the different phases of free-thinking in vogue in the great Universities of the United Kingdom as a consequent is related to its antecedent. In plain English the great Universities of Europe are feeding rank scepticism among educated natives through the instrumentality of their representatives among our Professors and Teachers. Is the "School Master abroad" an unmixed blessing?

We have pointed out an evil of gigantic proportions, and we ought not to conclude without pointing out a remedy. The remedy,

we may be satisfied, will not proceed from the ruling body. Government has its hands tied by a number of laws and regulations, and, properly speaking, it cannot help spreading ritualism amongst its Christian subjects through the instrumentality of its chaplaincy and scepticism among its non-christian subjects through the instrumentality of its teaching staff. The remedy must spring in both these cases from private enterprize, not imperial action. The tide of ritualism must be checked by Churches raised on the voluntary system rather than by a determination on the part of Government to select its Chaplains only from the evangelical or Broad Church party. The tide of infidelity must be checked by private academies, not from a determination on the part of Government to select its teachers only from the community represented by men and women of decided piety. A good deal of the remedy fitted to cure the gigantic evil we have pointed out is in the hands of the Missionaries. They can set up Schools and Colleges fitted to counteract the demoralizing tendency of the education imparted in Government institutions. They can direct a considerable portion of the funds at their disposal towards the work of balancing direct infidel teaching by direct Christian institution. The exigencies of Mission work peremptorily demand a development of the education policy associated with it; and the Missionaries who decry Mission schools take but a narrow view of their grand work. Infidelity emanates from some of the educational institutions of England, while a thoroughly good influence is exercised by others. The evil in this way is counteracted. A number of Mission schools of a superior order, standing side by side with, and rivalling, Government institutions will have a similar effect. The evil proceeding from the one set of institutions will be counteracted by the good proceeding from the other; and thus the country will be saved from those antitheistic ideas to which most of the brutal crimes, which are occasionally committed in France under the banner of Revolutions, should be traced.

THE BENGALI EPHEMERIS.

By Chunder Mohun Ghose, M. B., B. A.

It is strange how the most common things often engage the least amount of our attention, and facts that would seem to be patent to all, are particularly observed by none. The annual Bengali publication known as the *Panji* (ephemeris) appears to be one of these neglected common things. It has undoubtedly the largest circulation in Bengal, and it is more frequently referred to by the people in general than any other work of any description. Yet there has been no effort at its improvement, or even periodical correction for a period of several generations. It is not even written in a tolerably intelligible language. For with the lapse of time, and change of ideas, there has been a change in the signification of terms, and words, that may have conveyed one sense in a former age have different meanings at the present time. So it happens that, in our day, the language of the *Panji* is not well understood by the majority of educated persons, and, in some instances, it is doubtful if it be understood even by the professional panji-makers. Hence, in the sequel, where some errors have been pointed out in the indications of the *Panji*, a doubt may arise as to the signification of these indications; but, I believe, they would be found to be erroneous whatever sense they may be taken in.

The error that presents itself at the very first sight is the one in the conversion of the time of sunrise and sunset, from our system of time-measuring to the units of English civil time or clock hours. It is an accidental error, and one of recent origin, as the *Panjis* of old never gave English hours. It arises, I believe, from an ignorance of the distinction between, what are

called in English ephemerides, the apparent and mean time.* It will be seen at each page of the *Panji*, that, for every day, the interval of time from sun-rise to noon is the same as that from noon to sun-set. This is true of apparent time, but not of the time indicated by the clocks and watches of the present day, regulated, as they are, by the time-ball and gunfire. These time-keepers keep civil or mean time, which differs from apparent time, sometimes by as much as, or even more than, a quarter of an hour. The difference, of course, is a varying one, and vanishes in some days of the year. It is called the equation of time. Our *Panjis* have no mention of it. Nor does it appear that, either the distinction between civil and mean time, or the equation of time arising out of that distinction is known at all to the authors of the *Panji*; and, in their ignorance of this distinction, they give the time of sunrise and sunset (as they calculate it) in apparent time, calling it, however, by the name of English clock hours, which misleads, being a misnomer.

* The following extracts are here inserted for the benefit of such of my countrymen as may not happen to be familiar with the distinction alluded to.

"The solar day is not invariable in length. Its variation, though not great, is nevertheless such as to render it unsuitable, as an unit of time, even for civil, to say nothing of astronomical, uses. No clock or watch could be constructed which would continue to go with the sun. A clock, which at one time of year would correspond with the meridional transits, would at another either anticipate them, or fall behind them."

Lardner's Museum of Science and Art, p. 181.

"Seeing, then, that the interval between the successive meridional transits of the sun is subject to variation, and therefore unsuitable for a chronometric unit, but that it would be suitable if the sun's daily easterly displacement were always the same, astronomers have imagined an expedient, which, without sacrificing the advantage of an accordance with the periodical vicissitudes of light and darkness, secures the advantage of complete uniformity as to the length of the chronometric unit.

This is accomplished by the substitution for the real of a fictitious sun, whose daily easterly motion is always the same, and exactly equal to the average daily easterly motion of the real sun, that is, $0^{\circ} 59' 8.2''$. The time, as indicated by this fictitious sun, is called Mean Time. * * *

The variable and unavailable time indicated by the motion of the real sun is called Apparent Time." *Ibid* p. 182.

Thus, on the 29th of *Magha* 1794 *Shaka* (1279 Bengali Era), corresponding to the 10th of February 1873 A. D., the *Panji* gives 11h. 7m. 36s. for the length of the day, the time of sun-rise at 6h. 26m. 12s. A. M., and the time of sun-set at 5h. 33m. 48s. P. M. Supposing, for the present, the length of the day as correct for Calcutta (we shall see presently that it is not), the time of sun-rise and sun-set would still have to be reduced to mean time by the addition, in this instance, of the equation of time, which amounts to 14m. 29·5s. The mean time of sun-rise and sun-set would be 6h. 40m. 41·5s. A. M., and 5h. 48m. 17·5s. P. M. respectively.

Again, on the 18th of *Kartika* 1795 *Shaka* (1280 B. E.) corresponding to the 2nd of November 1873 A. D., the *Panji* gives 11h. 10m. 14s. for the length of the day, and 6h. 24m. 53s. A. M. for the time of sun-rise, and 5h. 35m. 7s. P. M. for that of sun-set. Supposing again the length of the day as correct for Calcutta, the meantime of sun-rise and sun-set would have to be arrived at by the subtraction, in this instance, of the equation of time, which is 16m. 17s. The times of sun-rise and sun-set would then be 6h. 8m. 38s. A. M., and 5h. 18m. 50s. P. M. respectively.

Irrespective of the error of converting time, the length of the day, as given in the *Panji*, does not exactly fall in with that calculated from the data given in the English nautical almanac, as will appear from a comparison of the one with the other in the annexed table, where the figures are given for 8 different days of the year 1873 A. D. The column A shows the length of the day as given in the local *Panji*. The other two columns, B and C, are the results of a rough calculation, not based upon any tables, but worked out, as distinct spherical problems, from data given in the English nautical Almanac of 1873. The column C shows the interval from apparent sun-rise to apparent sun-set, and is what mankind in general understands by daylight.

THE BENGALI EPHEMERIS.

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A. B. C.

Bengali Date.	Corresponding English Date.	Length of the day as given in the Local Panji.	Interval from true sun-set† to apparent sun-set‡	Time of apparent sun-set from true sun-set‡ to next sun-set‡	m. s.	h. m. s.	Interval from true sun-set‡ to apparent sun-set‡	Length of the day as given in the Local Panji.	Corresponding English Date.	Bengali Date.
29th Magha	1873, 10th Feby.	11 7 36	11 11 21	11 16 29	+ 14	29 6				
8th Choitra.	20th March.	11 57 12	11 59 38	12 4 32	+ 7	36				
30th Choitra.	11th April.	12 27 12	12 24 0	12 32 58	+ 1	3				
8th Ashara.	21st June.	13 27 12	13 22 56	13 28 32	+ 1	23 5				
31st Ashara.	14th July.	13 18 48	13 16 6	13 21 28	+ 6	30 6				
8th Ashwin.	23rd Sept.	12 1 30	11 59 39	12 4 33	- 7	39 5				
18th Kartika.	2nd Nov.	11 10 14	11 9 34	11 14 41	- 16	17.				
7th Pousha.	21st Dec.	10 33 12	10 36 53	10 42 19	- 1	38 8				
B. E. 1280, 1794 Shaka.										
1795 Shaka.										

† At the latitude of Calcutta.

• (+) To be added to apparent time.

(-) To be subtracted from it.

It will appear from a comparison of A with C that the one always falls short of the other, while on the other hand the column B, which does not take into account the effects of refraction, sometimes exceeds A, sometimes falls short of it. Hence it appears probable that the effects of refraction which prolongs daylight at the expense of night were not taken into consideration in framing the tables from which the *Panji* calculations are made.

These two sources of error which we may distinguish, the one as the error of conversion, the other as the tabular error,

combine together, and make the hour of sun-rise or of sun-set, as given in the *Panji*, differ from the results of a more correct calculation by as much as 20 minutes. Thus on the 29th of Magha (1794 Shaka) 1279 B. Era, (10th February 1873 A. D.), the *Panji* puts the time of sun-set at 5h. 33m. 48s. p. m., English clock hour, whereas our calculation of apparent sun-set would give 5h. 53m. 44s. p. m., Calcutta meantime, the difference being 19m. 56s.

Again on the 18th of Kartika (1795 Shaka) 1280 B. Era, (2nd November 1873 A. D.), the local *Panji* puts the sun-rise at 6h. 24m. 53s. A. M., English clock hour. Our calculation would have it at 6h. 6m. 22s. A. M., Calcutta mean time, the difference being a little over 18 minutes and a half.

Our orthodox countrymen⁹ who are so careful to find the most auspicious moments for the performance of their business or social transactions, and who would give anything to ensure the observance of their religious ceremonies at the proper time, should take a warning from this, and remember that the most costly watch of English manufacture will not help them, if the *Panji* misleads.

Almost all the calculations of the *Panji* are affected by similar errors. Some of them accumulate with the lapse of time, as in the case of the solar year, and solar months. The *Panji*-year consists of 365d. 6h. 12m. 36·56s. (365·25875648 days), and we have no calendar year independent of the *Panji*. This yearly unit is objectionable both on the ground of inaccuracy, and want of correspondence either, with the return of seasons, or the return of the sun to the same position amongst the stars. The year which is strictly conformable to the return of the seasons, is what is called the tropical year. As a measure of time it may not be altogether unobjectionable, not being exactly uniform in its duration from year to year.* But the same objection applies to the solar day, no two consecutive days being exactly equal in duration. And as in the case of the day a mean value is adopted, which never differs much from the true value, so for the year it is

* "The tropical year is actually about 4·21s. shorter than it was in the time of Hipparchus." See John Herschel.

found necessary to adopt a mean value "so near the truth, as not to admit of the accumulation of its error for several centuries producing any practical mischief." Its mean value for the present century is taken at 365d. 5h. 48m. 49 $\frac{7}{8}$ s., or in decimals 365.242241898 days. Therefore the current *Panji*-year exceeds the tropical year by 23m. 46 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. Thus in sixty years and a half it would be in advance of the tropical year by one day. If this state of things were to go on, our year would, in course of time, be very much in advance of the seasons, i.e. to the extent of one month in 1815 years, two months in 3630 years and so on.* This is no small matter to a nation having an ancient literature of its own. The months of our age would not correspond with the months of our classical poets. *The seasons as defined by the months at that time would no longer apply to our seasons, or in other words, the same month would fall in different seasons of the year. Byshaka for instance, would be at one time in spring, at another in summer, and at a more distant period in autumn or winter. It requires no further exposition to show, that a year so constituted is exceedingly inconvenient to a nation having a continuous existence, and a lasting literature. If we add to this, that the year so calculated is in want of exact correspondence with the annual unit of all other civilized nations of the world, it will shew the necessity of readjusting our calendar in a very conspicuous light.

The fact of this gradual falling back of the seasons is expressed in our *Panji* by the expression, that the equinoctial point falls back,† but the amount of it, as given in our system, is a little different from the more correct value of mean precession, as determined by modern (European) astronomers. The *Panji* gives the amount of precession as one day in 66 years and eight months, or in angular measure, 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ a year,‡ whereas the more

* The actual amount of precessional derangement of our year could be easily calculated, if the time, when the present system of calculating the year was first adopted, could be known as a fact of history.

† The precession according to our system is not continuous however, but the equinoctial point is said to fall back as far as 27°, and then to advance again to its former position, and thus to oscillate for ever to and fro.

‡ This amount of precession is said to have been determined by the Arab.

correct value is estimated at $50\cdot10''$ per year, for the sidereal period, which, as we shall see presently, is not precisely the same as our *Panji*-year, although it appears to have been meant for it.

A mean sidereal year, as calculated by modern astronomers, consists of 365d. 6h. 9m. 9 \cdot 6s, and as our *Panji*-year is taken at 365d. 6h. 12m. 30 \cdot 56s., it goes in advance of the former to the extent of 3m. 26 \cdot 96s. per year. Though a small amount, it goes on accumulating from year to year, and would in three or four centuries show itself as an appreciable quantity.

If the *Panji* gives a wrong indication both as regards the day and the year, its indication as to the intermediate division of time is no less objectionable. The division of the year into solar months has no natural phenomenon for its guide and regulator; the solar month, unlike the solar day and the lunar month, having no counterpart in nature to strike our senses, no cycle of events which it represents. The civilized nations of Europe have got a fixed Calendar by establishing a convention, and adopting, in accordance with that convention, at first the Julian, and more recently the Gregorian calendar. This has been a great blessing to those nations, and have saved them a great deal of unnecessary bother and confusion. We, on the contrary, have no fixed calendar of months, our *Panji* fixing annually the successive monthly periods in a very learned way. Our nation is thus placed under a permanent incubus, which we can endure only because of our long established habit. An European would perhaps be staggered at the idea of a people not being able at all to tell the number of days which would complete the month, without referring to the Almanac of the year. But we cannot do otherwise. Our months vary from year to year as to the number of their days, and the calculation by which this varying period is arrived at is very elaborate indeed.

As the sun (or the earth rather) completes a revolution in its orbit in the course of a year, so the successive intervals of time which it takes to describe the successive twelfth parts (or arcs of 30°) of the circle, are the periods of the successive months of the year. It is by this calculation that the *Panji* fixes the

monthly periods. But its calculations, in this respect also, are not very correct, as will appear from a comparison of the sun's longitude at the moment of one month's beginning with that at another—*i. e.*, the longitude at one *sankramana* (সংক্রমণ) with that at another. Thus we find that the longitude of the sun at the beginning of the year 1795 *Shaka* to be $21^{\circ} 48' 48''$, and the longitude at the completion of 4 months, or the commencement of the fifth $142^{\circ} 20' 22''$. The difference is $120^{\circ} 31' 34''$. There is an excess of $31' 34''$ over 120° which ought to have been the interval in 4 months. This is equivalent to an error in time of over thirteen hours. Were it not for this error the month of *Srabana* (4th month) would have been one of 31 days in popular reckoning, and not, as it is in the *Panji*, one of 32 days. Thus then this elaborate process of calculating the months fails in its own object. It does not correspond with the true position of the sun. Yet for this piece of learned blundering the nation is put under a permanent burden. Correct calculations would require learned astronomers, but the Calendar of the months ought to rest upon a simpler basis, and within the comprehension of simple minds. Nor would this be a difficult matter in the present stage of the world's progress. The succession of ordinary and leap years might be taken as in the Gregorian Calendar, and, in fixing the number of days to the months, we might even make an improvement upon it. For that Calendar bears the stamp of prejudice of the Romans, and of vanity of Augustus in the unnecessarily short month of February. We might make our ordinary years consist of seven months of thirty days each, and five months of thirty-one days each, and single out one of the thirty-day months for counting an additional day in leap years.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the introduction of leap years would be an innovation in our Calendar. For we have leap years, and more of them within an equal period in our Calendar, than there is in the Gregorian. A leap year is a year of 366 days, and in the Gregorian Calendar there would be 97 leap years in 400 years. Our *Panji* would give 7 more in the same period, as its yearly unit is longer by 23 minutes 46.86 seconds

than the tropical year which is the basis of the Gregorian Calendar.

There is another fertile source of confusion in the calculation of our years and months. The starting point of the year is said to be the beginning of the sign of Aries (*mesha*). This is not, however, what is called the first point of Aries in the Astronomical phraseology of Europe. It is not the point of the vernal equinox, nor is it defined by the position of any fixed star or constellation. In fact, there is not a single star mentioned by name in the *Panji*, much less the position of one indicated for any time of the year. Some persons mistake the word *nakshatra* (নক্ষত্র) in the *Panji* for a star. It is one of those ambiguous terms which render the *Panji* unintelligible to the general public. As used in the *Panji*, it means a 27th part of the Zodiacaal circle, i. e., an arc of $13^{\circ} 20'$, and two and a quarter *nakshatras* make a sign, or an arc of 30° . The successive *nakshatras*, as well as the signs, are named in the *Panji*, and the position of a heavenly body is indicated by the name of the *nakshatra*, and the name of the sign. But the starting point of the signs and *nakshatras* is not clearly defined. The only thing which could serve to indicate its position would be the amount of mean precession, had it been correct. But, as has been mentioned above, it is given at too high a figure ($54'$ per annum), and an imaginary oscillation or motion in an epicycle has been attributed to it.

Thus the *Panji* misleads us both as to the day, the month and the year. It gives inaccurate positions of the members of our solar system, worse in the case of the planets than the sun and moon. It has no mention of the stars, nor the newly discovered planets, nor any thing else which modern astronomy has brought within the pale of human knowledge. It gives us an intricate and inconvenient Calendar, and disassociates the year from the cycle of seasons. The last fact is not conspicuous to our senses, because of its slow rate. But though slow it is none the less certain.

A reform of the Calendar would not be a very difficult matter with us, if our learned Pundits agreed as to its necessity or use.

fulness. We have nothing to fear from vulgar prejudice, for the people have no other in this matter, except an entire reliance upon the *Panji*. Neither would a fixed Calendar interfere at all with the various observances, religious or otherwise, enjoined by the Hindu Shastras, or sanctioned by Hindu custom. The moments of these observances could be just as well indicated, whether the months were variable or invariable in duration.

• The correction as to mean-time would, on the other hand, give a greater facility to find out the proper time by the clock and the watch. But, far more than anything else, a reform of this description would give an impetus to the stagnant mind of the Hindoo, supply him with an instrument of chronological adjustment of the great events of history, and bring him into unison with modern thought, at least in one department of human knowledge.

As the object of this paper is to invite discussion, the points raised in it may be briefly stated in the following propositions:

1. That there are certain errors in the local *Panjis*.
 2. That it is desirable to rectify them.
 3. That a reform of the Calendar of months would be a move in the right direction.
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DECLINE OF THE EARLY GREATNESS OF INDIA.

"Give me," says M. Cousin, "the map of a country, its configuration, its climate, its waters, its winds and all its physical geography, give me its natural productions, its *flora*, its *fauna*, and I pledge myself to tell you *a priori*, what the inhabitants of that country will be, and what place that country will take in history, not accidentally, but necessarily, not at a particular epoch, but at all periods of time; in a word, the thought which that country is formed to represent."

The study of history can never be more interesting than when events are viewed with reference to their causes. Such

philosophical observations on the history of India are replete with extremely interesting lessons. India is justly said to be the world in miniature. In natural productions, India is unsurpassed for their variety, profusion and usefulness ; in natural scenes, she is unrivalled for their diversity, their beauty and their grandeur. Man could not enjoy these blessings without a firm faith in the Creator and humble thankfulness to the bountiful giver. This explains the pious disposition of the early Hindu mind. Man, constituted as he is, cannot long remain amidst such profusion of the gifts of nature without making use of them for his comforts by the cultivation of arts. But in a country where nature bestows her gifts, like a thrifty goddess, it is long before the arts of civilized life attract the attention of its inhabitants. This explains the early progress in agriculture, weaving and other useful arts, which were cultivated by the Arians when other nations were still fighting with wild beasts for their habitation. In the age of Manu, society advanced to a state of regular organization, and it went on flourishing, till in the age of heroic poems, it arrived at the highest state of glory and grandeur that India ever attained. Justly then has the age of Manu been called the Satya Yug of the Hindus ; the age of Rama, as described by the immortal Valmiki, the Treta ; the age of the Pandus, as sung by Vyasa, the Dwapar, and the subsequent period the Kali Yug. Living amidst plenty, and procuring the ordinary comforts of life without toil, man becomes fond of ease and averse to industry ; and thus progress comes to a stand still. But, while little labour supplied the physical wants of the early Arian, and he felt no necessity for the investigation of those laws of nature, the application of which in modern civilized countries gives man endless scope for productive industry, his mind could not remain at rest. The mind is ever active, and if it finds no necessity to work in the regions of science or art, it turns to philosophy. The Hindu mind was thus directed to the meditation of the universe, the Jagat जगत्, comprehending within its range the whole sphere of the spiritual and the material, as well as the celestial and the terrestrial world. All the systems of

Hindu philosophy have not only the same subject *cosmos*, but they are also uniform in their mode of treatment of the subject. They synthetically proceed with a dogmatical spirit as teaching undisputed truth, instead of analytically proceeding through the way which leads to the discovery of truth. Thus truth was more often established by authority than by observation. This mode of procedure was the necessary consequence of the object of Hindu philosophy, for though the object was the conquest of mind over matter, it was not to use the products and forces of nature for the increase of material wealth and prosperity of man, but for the liberation of the spirit from the bond of matter.

Hindu philosophy taught that this world is a world of miseries, those appertaining to the soul, those appertaining to the body, and those arising from casualty; that life or the confinement of the soul in the body is the effect of actions, whether good or evil; that the effects of actions good and evil differ no more than chains of iron and of gold; that the liberation of the soul can be attained only by meditation, and by totally restraining from action. The spirit of all the systems of Hindu philosophy teaches the same doctrine of inertness.

- The doctrine of inaction or inertness was caused by a reaction in favor of a multitude of religious institutions or ordinances. These, already too many for want of well-digested, generalized principles of action as laid down by moralists and legislators, soon grew to such an enormous extent as to baffle an attempt at enumeration or classification. Every class of men had thus innumerable rites and observances to perform which killed their spirit, and converted the residence of the free soul, the vital body into a blind instrument of meaningless performances from dawn to dewy eve, day after day, month after month, and year after year. Dr. Duff observes, "It is no figure of speech to say that these duties are numberless as the stars of heaven, countless as the sand on the seashore for multitude." The reason of this multiplicity, as stated by him, is that "the Indian code does not, like the Christian seize on great fundamental comprehensive principles." An obedient submission to perform these ceremonies

was worse than their slavery under the Mahometan rule. The Vedant School consummated this philosophy of transforming the living human being to an inert mass of earth, the abode of white ants, and though not practically followed out, it gave such a turn to the intellectual tendency and the moral dispositions of the whole nation, that even now it exercises a marvellous influence, and gives the only rational solution of apathy and want of enterprise in our national character. The strong religious sentiment diverted into a wrong way, brought the country to the stage in which "it blooms a garden and a grave." "This is the real explanation of the fact of the drooping national spirit in a blooming country "blessed by Heaven over all the world beside."

After false philosophy had diverted the mind to think inactivity to be a blessing, it had no aim to follow, no design to accomplish. Religion, founded on such a philosophy, had a tendency to lead the mind to a state of apathy and inactivity, and consequently the natural impulses lost their vigour and became almost extinct, while the grand objects of nature, working on the mind and keeping the passive emotions fully occupied, gave an unprecedented scope to fancy and imagination. The Purans thus came into existence as the off-spring of that exuberant growth of fancy. In them, we see the normal state of activity struggling against inactivity, inculcated by philosophy, but never able to overcome it with success. Thus, in Yogavasistha the claims of ज्ञानवाद and कर्मवाद, of knowledge without works and works without knowledge, are considered, though the former is held superior to the latter. Similar discussions are also seen in the Bhagvat Gita, a work held in the highest estimation, not only by the Hindus, but even by the best Sanscrit scholars of the west, a work held by them as containing moral and religious principles, next only to those of Christianity.

Among the writers of the Purans, prophets were not wanting to predict the future. They foretold that Mlechas would gain the sovereignty of India. This prophecy laid at once the warlike spirit of the Hindus to the dust. Mahinood of Ghazni consequently found it easy to defeat the sons of those Khetriya heroes

who drew even the admiration of Alexander the Great for their courage and military skill. At last, how did Bukhtiyar Khiliji take possession of Bengal? "Bukhtiyar came to the confines of Bengal in 1203 and prepared to invade the country. The Brahmins went to the king and told him that it was foretold in the Shasters that Bengal should be subdued by the Turks; and that the Turks were now come. They advised him therefore to take his family and his treasure and to fly. No preparation had been made to resist Bukhtiyar. He marched with his army through Bengal and approached Nuddea. On arriving near it, he left his troops in a wood and entered the city with only seventeen horsemen. He advanced to the palace; the king had sat down to a meal. Hearing that the enemy was upon him, he leaped out at a back door, threw himself into a boat and fled to Orissa." Thus, it is clear, that the subjection of Bengal to foreign rule is owing simply to her philosophy and Puranic prophecy.

Not only were the active powers of the mind laid prostrate at the feet of philosophy and Puranic prophecy, the feelings also became more and more contracted from another cause. The abundant supply of the gifts of nature at home, and the barbarous customs and manners of their neighbours abroad, looked upon by them with hatred and disdain, limited their field of observation within their own country, and contracted their sympathies in the same proportion. They cared not to have even a knowledge of the power and progress of their neighbours, till they forgot their old associations so completely as to think that India was really the whole world. Their sympathies thus contracted became a thousand times worse by the division of castes and mixed classes, which gradually obtained a firm hold on Hindu society. The system of caste must have originally worked in beautiful order for the organization of the grand structure of Hindu society, and it even now preserves nationality, as if it has all along prevented it from being mingled with any of the several tribes of conquerors; while the Saxon, the Dane and the Norman are blended and compounded into the English nationality. That system of caste, a departure from which has now occasioned

confusion by converting the mechanical classes into quill-driving machines and caused the decline of useful and fine arts, helped to supplant sectional interest for the bond of nationality, and destroyed that feeling of unity and brotherhood which is essential to the compactness of the whole mass of people as a nation. Patriotism thus gave place to selfishness, and the sacerdotal class contrived to maintain their hierarchical despotism, and keep the other orders ignorant of their rights and privileges, not only as members of civil society, but even as human beings. Thus, while the early greatness of India was the necessary consequence of her natural blessings, the inactivity and apathy of her sons brought her to a stand still, and even led her gradually to retrograde.

Some are however of opinion that those very natural blessings caused her downfall. It does not stand to reason that the cause of an effect can also be the cause of a contrary effect. Even, if we apply the homœopathic principle of Dr. Hahnman, we must distinguish between the two statements, *viz.*, those natural blessings which were the cause of her greatness, and those natural blessings which brought on her downfall. The relation of cause and effect in the first statement is direct or immediate, that in the second statement is indirect or immediate. The direct and immediate causes of the downfall are the inactivity, the apathy and the false belief of the people. To confound these with natural blessings is as unreasonable as to ascribe the neglect of the education of the son of a rich man to his wealth. Heat might with equal reason be said to be the cause of cold, because the rays of the sun draw up the aqueous vapour of which clouds are formed, and the shower consequent thereon cools the air.

Many are apt to lay the blame on the enervating influence of the climate of India. They are of opinion that the Arians, when they were in their original seat of Iran in the same parallel of latitude with Greece or Italy, made a steady progress in arts and arms, but after they had settled in India, they could not long maintain that course of progress. Their neighbours were at first not sufficiently powerful, till the crescent of Islamism

held within its grasp the whole hemisphere, from the coast of the Atlantic to the Indus. Consequently, they fell an easy prey to the Mahometan power. The Mahometans again under the influence of the same climate, gradually lost strength and energy, and when the hardy sons of a more northern latitude found it to be their interest to rule, where they were simply permitted to trade, the Mahometans became so degenerated as not to be able even to make a bold defence, but they yielded to the English as readily as the Hindus had yielded to them. If that be the case, the Englishmen who have settled in this country, will in the course of time become as degenerated as the old Arians or the subsequent Mahometan rulers. That this hypothesis has no foundation in truth may be easily observed. The decline of the Mahometan power and the rise of the Sikhs and the Mahrattas at once prove that those who had undergone the influence of climate for many generations had better success in the field. English generals, who had to fight on the plains of India, knew well that their Hindu enemies, either in the Punjab or in the South, were not inferior in power or courage to the Mahometans with whom they had to fight. The influence of climate is very insignificant compared with that of moral causes. Physical circumstances certainly exercise a great influence on the character of a nation, but mind is too subtle to be moulded alone by them. Its ways and movements sometimes very strongly counteract and completely overcome their influence, in so far as the power of the mind is superior to that of matter; just in the same way as the power of steam enables a vessel to cut through against the course of wind or water.

After all, the loss of India's greatness can by no means be ascribed to the natural blessings which she has the good fortune to enjoy. Such an assumption argues a total misconception of the natural order of cause and effect. It is absurd to suppose that the greatness of the inhabitants of a country is not in direct but in an inverse ratio with its natural blessings. The real cause of the greatness of Greece is not the substitution of iron bars according to the laws of Lycurgus, nor is the power of Britain owing to its

bleak and comparatively unproductive soil. It is an unquestionable fact, that the civilization of any country in the world at any age,—of old Tyre, Greece and Rome, of modern Europe in general and of Great Britain in particular, has been in a direct ratio with its intercourse with India, and the advantages which it obtained from that cradle of civilization, that world in miniature, the *Kamadhenu* or the *Kalpadruma* of natural blessings. Such blessings can by no means be the cause of the loss of India's greatness. The fall of the ancient Persian empire may be ascribed to luxury and licentiousness ; the decline of the heroic spirit of old Greece may be traced to Persian gold ; the loss of Roman greatness may be the effect of the introduction of oriental pomp and the encroachment of bafoarous enemies ; but the enemy of India's greatness was neither luxury nor licentiousness—her own genius, her own philosophy was her enemy.

THE FOLK-TALES OF BENGAL.

By Mother Goose.

III. THE INDIGENT BRAHMAN.

First Ceres, in her chariot seated high,
By harnessed dragons drawn along the sky ;
A cornucopia filled her weaker hand,
Charged with the various offspring of the land,
Fruit, flowers, and corn.

The Triumph of Peace.

There was a Brahman who had a wife and four children. He was very poor. With no resources in the world, he lived chiefly on the benefactions of the rich. His gains were considerable when marriages were celebrated, or funeral ceremonies were performed ; but as his parishoners did not marry every day, neither did they die every day, he found it difficult to make the two ends meet. His wife often rebuked him for his inability to give her adequate support, and his children often went about

naked and hungry. But though poor he was a good man. He was diligent in his devotions; and there was not a single day in his life in which he did not say his prayers at stated hours. His tutelary deity was the goddess Durga, the consort of Siva, the creative Energy of the Universe. On no day did he either drink water or taste food till he had written in red ink the name of Durga at least one hundred and eight times; while throughout the day he incessantly uttered the ejaculation, "O Durga! O Durga! have mercy upon me." Whenever he felt anxious on account of his poverty and his inability to support his wife and children, he groaned out—"Durga! Durga! Durga!"

One day, being very sad, he went to a forest many miles distant from the village in which he lived, and indulging his grief wept bitter tears. He prayed in the following manner:— "O Durga! O Mother Bhagavati! wilt thou not make an end of my misery? Were I alone in the world, I should not have been sad on account of poverty; but thou hast given me a wife and children. Give me, O Mother, the means to support them." It so happened that on that day and on that very spot, the god Siva and his wife Durga were taking their morning walk. The goddess Durga, on seeing the Brahman at a distance, said to her divine husband—"O Lord of Kailas! do you see that Brahman? He is always taking my name on his lips and offering the prayer that I should deliver him out of his troubles. Can we not, my lord, do something for the poor Brahman, oppressed as he is with the cares of a growing family. We should give him enough to make him comfortable. As the poor man and his family have never enough to eat, I propose that you give him a *handi** which should yield him an inexhaustible supply of *mudki*.†" The lord of Kailas readily agreed to the proposal of his divine consort, and by his fiat created on the spot a *handi* possessing the required quality. Durga then, calling the Brahman to her, said,— "O Brahman! I have often thought of your pitiable case. Your repeated prayers have at last moved my compassion. Here is a

* *Handi* is earthen pot, generally used in cooking food.

† *Mudki*, fried paddy boiled dry in treacle or sugar.

handi for you. When you turn it upside down and shake it, it will pour down a never-ceasing shower of the finest *mudki*, which will not end till you restore the *handi* to its proper position. Yourself, your wife, and your children can eat as much *mudki* as you like, and you can also sell as much as you like." The Brahman, delighted beyond measure at obtaining so inestimable a treasure, made obeisance to the goddess, and, taking the *handi* in his hand, proceeded towards his house as fast as his legs could carry him. But he had not gone many yards when he thought of testing the efficacy of the wonderful vessel. Accordingly he turned the *handi* upside down and shook it, when, lo, and behold! a quantity of the finest *mudki* he had ever seen fell to the ground. He tied the sweet-meat in his sheet and walked on. It was now noon, and the Brahman was hungry; but he could not eat without his ablutions and his prayers. As he saw in the way an inn, and not far from it a tank, he purposed to halt there that he might bathe, say his prayers, and then eat the much-desired *mudki*. The Brahman sat at the inn-keeper's shop, put the *handi* near him, smoked tobacco, besmeared his body with mustard oil, and before proceeding to bathe in the adjacent tank gave the *handi* in charge to the inn-keeper begging him again and again to take especial care of it.

When the Brahman went to his bath and his devotions, the inn-keeper thought it strange that he should be so careful as to the safety of his earthen vessel. There must be something valuable in the *handi*, he thought, otherwise why should the Brahman take so much thought about it? His curiosity being excited he opened the *handi*, and to his surprise found that it contained nothing. What can be the meaning of this? thought the inn-keeper within himself. Why should the Brahman care so much for an empty *handi*? He took up the vessel, and began to examine it carefully; and when, in the course of examination, he turned the *handi* upside down, a quantity of the finest *mudki* fell from it, and went on falling without intermission. The inn-keeper called his wife and children to witness this unexpected stroke of good fortune. The showers of the sugared fried paddy

were so copious that they filled all the vessels and jars of the inn-keeper. He resolved to appropriate to himself this precious *handi*, and accordingly put in its place another *handi* of the same size and make. The ablutions and devotions of the Brahman being now over, he came to the shop in wet clothes reciting holy texts of the Vedas. Putting on dry clothes, he wrote on a sheet of paper the name of Durga one hundred and eight times in red ink ; after which he broke his fast on the *mudki* his *handi* had already given him. Thus refreshed, and being about to resume his journey homewards, he called for his *handi* which the inn-keeper delivered to him adding—"There, Sir, is your *handi* ; it is just where you put it ; no one has touched it." The Brahman, without suspecting anything, took up the *handi* and proceeded on his journey ; and as he walked on, he congratulated himself on his singular good fortune. "How will my poor wife," he thought within himself, "be agreeably surprised ! How greedily the children will devour the *mudki* of heaven's own manufacture ! I shall soon become rich, and lift up my head with the best of them all." The pains of travelling were considerably alleviated by these joyful anticipations. He reached his house, and calling his wife and children said—"Look now at what I have brought. This *handi* that you see is an unfailing source of wealth and contentment. You will see what a stream of the finest *mudki* will flow from it when I turn it upside down." The Brahman's good wife, hearing of *mudki* falling from the *handi* unceasingly, thought that her husband must have gone mad ; and she was confirmed in her opinion when she found that nothing fell from the vessel though it was turned upside down again and again. Overwhelmed with grief, the Brahman concluded that the inn-keeper must have played a trick with him ; he must have stolen the *handi* Durga had given him, and put a common one in its stead. He went back the next day to the inn-keeper, and charged him with having changed his *handi*. The inn-keeper put on a fit of anger, expressed surprise at the Brahman's impudence in charging him with theft, and drove him away from his shop.

The Brahman then bethought himself of an interview with

the goddess Durga who had given him the *handi*, and accordingly went to the forest where he had met her. Siva and Durga again favoured the Brahman with an interview. Durga said—"So, you have lost the *handi* I gave you. Here is another, take it and make good use of it." The Brahman, elated with joy, made obeisance to the divine couple, took up the vessel and went on his way. He had not gone far when he turned it upside down, and shook it in order to see whether any *mudki* would fall from it. Horror of horrors! instead of sweetmeats about a score of demons, of gigantic size and, grim visage, jumped out of the *handi*, and began to belabour the astonished Brahman with blows, fisticuffs and kicks. He had the presence of mind to turn up the *handi* and to cover it, when the demons forthwith disappeared. He concluded that this new *handi* had been given him only for the punishment of the inn-keeper. He accordingly went to the inn-keeper, gave him the new *handi* in charge, begged of him carefully to keep it till he returned from his ablutions and prayers. The inn-keeper, delighted with this second godsend, called his wife and children, and said—"This is another *handi* brought here by the same Brahman who had brought the *handi* of *mudki*. This time, I hope, it is not *mudki* but *sandesa*.* Come, be ready with baskets and vessels, and I'll turn the *handi* upside down and shake it." This was no sooner done than scores of fierce demons started up, who caught hold of the inn-keeper and his family and belaboured them mercilessly. They also began upsetting the shop, and would have completely destroyed it, if they had not besought the Brahman, who had then returned from his ablutions, to shew mercy to them and to send away the terrible demons. The Brahman acceded to the inn-keeper's request, he dismissed the demons by shutting up the vessel; he got the former *handi*, and with the two *handis* went to his native village.

On reaching home the Brahman shut the door of his house, turned the *mudki-handi* upside down and shook it; the result was an unceasing stream of the finest *mudki* that any confectioner in

*A sort of sweetmeat made of curds and sugar.

the country could produce. The man, his wife, and their children, devoured the sweetmeat to their hearts' content ; all the available earthen pots and pans of the house were filled with it ; and the Brahman resolved the next day to turn confectioner, to open a shop in his house, and sell *mudki*. On the very day the shop was opened, the whole village came to the Brahman's house to buy the wonderful *mudki*. They had never seen such *mudki* in their life, it was so sweet, so white, so large, so luscious ; no confectioner in the village or any town in the country had ever manufactured any thing like it. The reputation of the Brahman's *mudki* extended, in a few days, beyond the bounds of the village, and people came from remote parts to purchase it. Cartloads of the sweetmeat were sold every day, and the Brahman in a short time became very rich. He built a large brick house and lived like a nobleman of the land. Once however his property was about to go to wreck and ruin. His children, one day, by mistake shook the wrong *handi*, when a large number of demons dropped down and caught bold of the Brahman's wife and children and were striking them mercilessly, when happily the Brahman came into the house and turned up the *handi*. In order to prevent a similar catastrophe in future, the Brahman shut up the demon-*handi* in a private room to which his children had no access.

Pure and uninterrupted prosperity, however, is not the lot of mortals ; and though the demon-*handi* was put aside, what security was there that an accident might not befall the *mudki-handi*? One day during the absence of the Brahman and his wife from the house, the children decided upon shaking the *handi* ; but as each of them wished to enjoy the pleasure of shaking it there was a general struggle to get it, and in the *melee* the *handi* fell to the ground and broke. It is needless to say that the Brahman, when on reaching home he heard of the disaster, became inexpressibly sad. The children were of course well cudgelled, but no flogging of children could replace the magical *handi*. After some days he again went to the forest and offered many a prayer for Durga's favour. At last Siva and Durga again appeared to him, and heard how the *handi* had been broken. Durga gave him another

handi accompanied with the following caution—"Brahman, take care of this *handi*; if you again break it or lose it, I'll not give you another." The Brahman made obeisance and went away to his house at one stretch without halting anywhere. On reaching home he shut the door of his house called his wife to him, turned the *handi* upside down, and began to shake it. They were only expecting *mudki* to drop from it, but instead of *mudki* a perennial stream of beautiful *sandesa* issued from it. And such *sandesa*! No confectioner of Burra Bazar ever made its like. It was more the food of gods than of men. The Brahman forthwith set up a shop for selling *sandesa*, the fame of which soon drew crowds of customers from all parts of the country. At all festivals, at all marriage feasts, at all funeral celebrations, at all *Pujas*, no one bought any other *sandesa* than the Brahman's. Every day, and every hour, many jars of gigantic size, filled with the delicious sweetmeat, were sent to all parts of the country.

The wealth of the Brahman excited the envy of the Zemindar of the village who, having heard that the *sandesa* was not manufactured but dropped from a *handi*, devised a plan for getting possession of the miraculous vessel. At the celebration of his son's marriage he held a great feast to which were invited hundreds of people. As many mountain-loads of *sandesa* would be required for the purpose, the Zemindar proposed that the Brahman should bring the magical *handi* to the house in which the feast was held. The Brahman at first refused to take it there; but as the Zemindar insisted on its being carried to his own house, he reluctantly consented to take it there. After many Himalayas of *sandesa* had been shaken out, the *handi* was taken possession of by the Zemindar, and the Brahman was insulted and driven out of the house. The Brahman, without giving vent to anger in the least, quietly went to his house, and taking the demon-*handi* in his hand, came back to the door of the Zemindar's house. He turned the *handi* upside down and shook it, on which a hundred demons started up as from the vasty deep and enacted a scene which it is impossible to describe. The hundreds of guests that had

been bidden to the feast were caught hold of by the unearthly visitants and beaten ; the women were dragged by their hair from the Zenana and dashed about amongst men ; while the big and burly Zemindar was driven about from room to room like a bale of cotton. If the demons had been allowed to do their will only for a few minutes longer, all the men would have been killed, and the very house razed to the ground. The Zemindar fell prostrate at the feet of the Brahman and begged for mercy. Mercy was shown him and the demons were removed. After that the Brahman was no more disturbed by the Zemindar or by any one else ; and he lived many years in great happiness and enjoyment.

Thus my story endeth,
The Natiya-thorn withereth, &c.

MOTHER GOOSE.

SOME THOUGHTS ON CONSCIENCE.

Having treated at some length on what is meant by conscience, we proceed, in the next place, to treat of its mode of operation. The observations which we should have made here have been already anticipated in part when speaking of the supremacy of conscience.

In order to understand fully the operation of the moral principle, it is necessary to take a slight survey of the whole mental constitution. The five senses which we possess are the inlets of all sensitive and physical knowledge. The eye, the most pleasant and the most valuable of all the senses, brings to us an incalculable amount of solid and useful information. By it we avail ourselves of a world which teems with beauty, grandeur, and sublimity. Through the ear we hear the words of men and heart-melting music. The organs of smell and taste and touch furnish us with the amplest information suited to their different natures and capabilities. All this information is stocked into the

mind. By the indefatigable industry and unwearied perseverance of the remembering faculty, this information is not allowed to be forgotten. Nor is the mind merely stuffed with it. The wonderfully recreative faculty of imagination or fancy busily engages herself in multiplying this store. By her marvellous fecundity she propagates new species every day. By her unbounded flight creation is stripped of all that is sublime or beautiful, grave or ludicrous. Scenes more picturesque than were ever witnessed, sounds more ravishing than were ever heard, odours more fragrant than were ever smelled, dainties more delicious than were ever tasted, and sensations more exquisite than were ever felt, all crowd into the mind. But as yet the mind is in a state of disorder and chaos. It is reason that introduces order and harmony. It discovers to man those relations of objects which before lay in midnight. It tells him of the laws that govern the physical world; the relations in which he stands to other human beings, and in which others stand to him; and the easiest and the most effectual means to accomplish his ends. In fact, order and harmony are established where there was nothing but disorder and confusion.

This operation of reason among the sensitive and the intellectual faculties will explain to us the cognate operation of conscience. In the pathetic or emotive part of the mind, there are selflove, the desires, the affections and the moral principle.

The principle of self-love often degenerating into selfishness seeks the advantage and welfare of its subject. The constant cry of degenerate self-love is "give, give." Self-gratification is its end. It does not care what becomes of the rest of mankind provided self is gratified. "Now, now is the time of gratification, the present moment is the only reality," is its language. Immediate enjoyment is its object.

The desires next come into play. These direct a man to certain propensities as objects to gratify selfishness. The desire of the gratification of the animal propensities leads a man to indulge in all the luxuries of food and clothing. The desire of power entices him to ascend the rugged cliffs of towering ambi-

tion. The desire of riches influences him to dive into the ocean for pearls, to penetrate into deep mines for gold, and to bear all the inclemencies of the weather—the sudden transitions of polar cold and equatoreal heat. The desire of literary fame causes him, with loss of health and spirits, to consume the midnight oil and to pore into books when other men sleep and take rest. And so of the whole round of the desires.

• While the desires tend to the gratification of ourselves, the affections lead us to a consideration of the relations in which we stand to others. Those which are called the domestic affections throw a spell the influence of which none can resist. The reverence and filial respect to his parents, love towards brothers and sisters, and the conjugal affections direct his soul to their respective ends. The affections of social love and friendship incite him to confide secrets to a few chosen companions. The general and cosmopolitan affections of veracity, justice and benevolence require us to act towards other men with consistency, truth and kindness.

Now, conscience operates on these in a manner similar to that in which reason operates upon the sensitive and intellectual powers. It restores order and harmony to the moral department. It operates on self-love in restraining it from degenerating into selfishness. When it hurries a man to the gratification of his propensities, conscience raises a dissenting voice. When he is absorbed with the calculation how to the injury and detriment of the cause of others, his own may best be secured, conscience with a magisterial air says "*Veto.*" Conscience distinguishes between self-love, properly so called, and selfishness. It gives unto self-love, the things that belong unto self-love, and unto selfishness the things that belong unto selfishness. It operates on the desires thus : When a votary of learning, in his enthusiasm and ardour to get at the waters of Castalia, wastes his body by overmuch exertion, conscience, in the name of rational self-love, tells him to abstain from it. When a child of ambition eagerly thirsting after the first station in the kingdom climbs from one height to another, shoves aside this one and that other by sheer violence

and often by detraction, and tumbles down multitudes of others, conscience cries out, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." To the man that will have money at any rate, it says "Labour not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which doth not perish;" and also that the "love of money is the root of all evil." To the hunter after popularity and fame it says,—"It is an unsubstantial thing, not worth laboring for." To a man thirsting after military renown by brave deeds in the battle field, putting hundreds and thousands of human beings to death, and ruining nations, it says, "Thou shalt not kill," "the life of a man is precious in the sight of God." And so of the rest.

Conscience operates on the affections thus: To a person full of filial respect and reverence, and who obeys his parents in all things, it distinctly says, "obey them in all things *lawful*, for the law of God is of superior authority to that of man." To a man flowing with love and friendship, and that loves his brother or sister or any friend immoderately, it says, "Creature, love ought never to exceed love to God in intensity, extent, or constancy." To a man strictly observant of the duties of veracity, justice and benevolence, conscience imparts the fragrance of complaisance, and says, "Well done, and so persevore." Thus does conscience operate on the affections.

Having thus very briefly described the *general* operation of conscience on self-love, will, the desires, and the affections, it is our intention now to mark concisely the manner in which it admonishes us of our duty. In order to this, it will be necessary to lay down two fundamental principles which are taken for granted in the argument. The *first* great principle, taken for granted in the argument, is the existence of a First Cause, who is infinitely powerful, wise, holy, and good, and that He designs the happiness of all His creatures. But this is a point in which all sober persons, with whom we have any thing to do, are agreed. That God wills the happiness of His creatures cannot be questioned after a moment's reflection. For an infinitely wise and good being could have had no other end to serve in creating rational and moral creatures than to

manifest His own glory by making them happy. The *second* truth taken for granted in the following argument is, that every event that is brought to pass in the providence of God is adapted to accomplish some certain and determined end. And is not this principle quite rational? Is it not an inevitable corollary from the admitted proposition of the existence of an all-wise God? It were madness to say, that, foreordained and predetermined as the issues of all things are, any thing could happen that was not ordained for, the accomplishment of some worthy and exalted purpose. These two propositions being admitted, we proceed to state the argument briefly.

In the first place, it is a fact founded on the universal consciousness and experience of all men that the performing of certain actions is followed up by certain feelings in the mind, and the performance of certain other actions is followed up by certain other feelings. The performance of one set of actions is accompanied with, and followed by feelings of delight, satisfaction, joy, and complaisance, and the performance of certain other actions by feelings of wretchedness, miserableness, regret, and remorse.

On a cold wintry morning I take a walk. I see before me an old man perfectly ragged, and shivering with cold. His countenance tells many a tale of woe. He comes up to me, and in broken accents and with tearful eyes, describes the whole narrative of his sufferings,—how his vessel tossed by the agitations of the raging sea was wrecked, which cost him the lives of his dear partner of life and children. At the recital of this affecting narrative my mind becomes overpowered with the deepest emotions. I bring him to my house, give him a new suit of clothes, a hearty dinner, and bid him good bye after putting into his hand a gold-mohar. Now, by the laws that regulate the moral constitution of man, the performance of this action is followed by a feeling of satisfaction and complaisance. But suppose for a moment that my conduct towards such an afflicted and unfortunate person were different. Suppose, instead of sympathizing with him in his distressed condition and rendering him all the assistance I could, I were to drag

him to my house, beat him severely, and send him about his business. Now, this conduct, by the invariable laws of moral sequence, if I had a particle of conscience in me, would excite in my mind the feelings of dissatisfaction and remorse. Now, without multiplying instances, the question that naturally suggests itself is, what may be the cause of the difference of the feelings excited by these two opposite courses of conduct? And since we find that there are innumerable actions the performance of which is invariably followed by the feelings of satisfaction and complaisance, and innumerable others the performance of which again is followed by feelings of dissatisfaction and wretchedness, it comes to be asked, what is the cause of this invariable association of a certain course of conduct with pleasurable, and of a certain other with positively painful sensations? This is an *invariable* moral sequence. We say *invariable*, because those people who have not the privilege of having these feelings excited in their minds ought to be considered as *monstrous exceptions*. And as all sequences, whether in the physical or the moral world, are established by the Author of Nature, these latter must also be ascribed to his establishing. And since God wishes the happiness of his creatures, he wishes us to attain it by the diligent performance of the dictates of our conscience. And this admonition, however feeble and practically unheeded it may be, is as obligatory and binding on us his creatures—the subjects of this moral principle, as though God told us solemnly and fearfully in a clap of thunder. Well has it been said, therefore, that conscience is the vicegerent of God in the soul.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

- 1. *Rudra Pal Natak*. By Hara Lal Raya. Calcutta : Roy's Press.
B. E. 1281.
- 2. *Hrak Padma Natak*. By Hara Lal Raya. Calcutta : Roy's Press.
B. E. 1281.
- 3. *Banger Sukhabasana*. By Hara Lal Raya. Calcutta : Roy's Press.
B. E. 1281.
- 4. *Hemlata Natak*. By Hara Lal Raya. Calcutta : Smith & Co's.
Press. B. E. 1280.

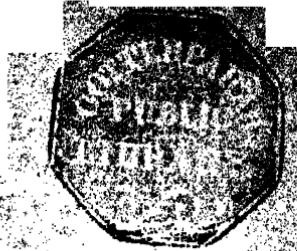
All these four books are dramas written by Baboo Hara Lal Raya ; they were published some time ago, but as they have been sent to us, we are glad to notice them briefly. The first, on the list, is a translation or rather adaptation of Shakspeare's *Macbeth* with curtailments and also additions. To say that the writer has been able to preserve in the translation the spirit of the immortal bard of Avon, would be to say that he has achieved an impossibility. But it is a tolerably fair attempt. The second on the list is a translation and adaptation of the celebrated play of *Sakuntala* by Kalidas. In our opinion, the translator has met with better success here than in the first ; and the reason is not far to seek, since it is infinitely easier to translate into Bengali from Sanskrit than from English. The third and fourth books on the list are original plays ; the one being a story connected with the conquest of Bengal by Bukhtiyar Khiliji at the time of Lakshman Sen, and the other a story from the Annals of Rajasthan. Both these plays have considerable merit. The author shews a great deal of descriptive power, of knowledge of human nature which he delineates well, and of mastery of language. On the whole, Baboo Hara Lal Raya is above the average run of the Bengali dramatists of the day.

Yaubana Yojini. By Gopal Chandra Mukherjee. Calcutta : Vidya-ratna Press. B. E. 1282.

Here is another drama drawn from that never-failing fountain—Rajput history. The plot is interesting, but we do not think that the interest has been kept up to the end, owing to the dearth of variety of incidents. The author is somewhat deficient in invention. In other respects, it is a good performance,—the descriptions are lively and the style clear.

Rana Chandi. An Historical Novel. By Haran Chandra Raha. Bhabanipur : Saptahik Sambad Press. B. E. 1283.

Baboo Haran Chandra Raha, who is a Bengali Christian gentleman, has written an interesting story connected with Cachar, a province the physical resources of which are now being developed by British capitalists. The author derived his materials from an old gentleman, who was the legal agent of the old royal house of Cachar, and from an old barber who, like the rest of his fraternity in all parts of the world, was full of tales and anecdotes. The story is well written; and we hope the author will meet with sufficient success to induce him to write another, for we learn from the preface that his materials have not been exhausted.



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SOME THOUGHTS ON CONSCIENCE.

Having in the preceding papers very briefly answered successively the two questions, "What is meant by conscience?" and "How does it operate?" it is our design in this to reply to a third, "How may it be injured?"

In the first place, conscience is injured when it is not exercised. The stability of any principle is in direct proportion to its exercise. The law of exercise binds both the physical and the metaphysical worlds. Well hath the poet said,

"By ceaseless action all that is, subsists."

It is the constant revolution of the planets that preserves the stability of the solar system. The mighty oak, the monarch of the woods, owes its firmness, massive compactness, towering height, closeness of texture, and its unyielding fixture in the soil, to its being rocked by the storm. The refreshing and the beautiful pool is indebted for its balmy and salubrious air, and its limpid and wholesome waters, to the winds that blow over it, and excite it into agitation. The brightest and the sharpest razors are produced by continual percussion with the sharpening surface. The mind too is brightened by incessant application. The same law holds good in regard to the moral principle. The exercise of conscience is a *sine qua non* to its healthful and vigorous existence.

Secondly, conscience is weakened when its dictates are disobeyed. Every disregard to the voice of the moral principle is a blow given to injure it. Indeed, the susceptibility of conscience to receive the blow, and the capability of the power to give it,

an infallible proof that there is already an enfeeblement of its authority. The fact that the tumultuary passions, by gathering energy and strength, and by enlisting under its baneful standard the whole tribe of the desires and affections, have succeeded so far as to create in the mind a popular sentiment in their favor, is a positive indication that all things are not in a state as they ought to be. When an air of sacredness is thrown around the tribunal of conscience, and when it maintains its ancient right of supremacy, it is very difficult to disregard and condemn its dictates. But now that its omnipotence, so to speak, is disproved by an actual defeat, that a general whisper concerning the feeble authority of conscience is industriously spread throughout all the forces of the mind, the passions grow more daring and impudent. To put in motion a rude mass of matter for the first time requires a good amount of force. This force ought to be sufficient for two things; for subduing the *vis inertiae* or natural sluggishness of matter, and secondly to produce motion. For there is such a thing as the neutralization of the force communicated in just destroying the *vis inertiae* and no more, that is, not producing any perceptible motion. But when such a quantity of force is gathered which not only destroys the natural sluggishness of the body but also puts it in motion, the original force being double of that required in producing and maintaining motion, the motion, if unresisted by any external influence, would continue to eternity. So is it in the human mind. A double quantity of energy in the passions is requisite to set at nought the authority of conscience, and positively to disregard its commands. And when both these are effected, that is, when its authority is set at nought and its dictates disregarded, the work of disregarding the commands of conscience will increase in a geometrical progression.

The moral principle is weakened or injured when it is not enlightened. The human mind is so constituted that it admits of progressive development and enlightenment. Indeed, development and enlightenment are essential to the healthful and vigorous existence of the mind. Had the mind been perfect it would not have lain under such a condition, for then it would not have

admitted of increase. The all perfect God, the Father of lights, does not admit of being improved. But all creatures are susceptible of indefinite improvement in the scale of perfection. And if they are not improved, they certainly are in the act of being degraded. In all things but especially in all things moral, "not to advance is to go back." But it may be asked what is meant by enlightening the conscience? Conscience like every other principle of the mind is not to be found in every man in an equal state of development. It exists differently in different persons. When a child is ushered into the world, it possesses with all other faculties the germinant principle of morality. In this embryo-state it lies hid in the chamber of the little mind. But like all other faculties it develops itself when proper objects address themselves to it. The first object that probably wakes the moral faculty of the child into sensible existence is its mother. The father next, and others. By degrees various objects presenting themselves, the principle is gradually developed till it arrives at a certain degree of improvement. But if the reverse process take place, if proper objects do not present themselves before the mind's eye, it may be hid in moral night. Thus it is with the savage. The young savage when brought into the world has his conscience a little developed towards his parents, but after that the development ceases. Being surrounded by other savages, and placed in circumstances which nearly preclude this development, it lies hid and positively grows worse. Conscience may be enlightened by acquainting it with its proper province, by recalling into the mind the characters of persons who manifested fully developed consciences, by consulting it on every the slightest occasion, and by obeying its commands.

Another cause of the weakening of the authority of conscience is the *overmastering strength* and *energy* of the passions. The human mind has a nice balancing of its powers and susceptibilities as it comes pure and untainted from the hands of God. To preserve this wonderful harmony and equilibrium of parts ought to be the glory of humanity. But in this world of universal confusion and disorder there is no preserving this equili-

brium. The whole of a man's life is one continuous striving after investing the passions with indomitable energy. Every time that we act in spite of the dissenting voice of conscience, we invest the passions with strength. Every time that we do according to the biddings and dictates of our depraved passions and desires, we invigorate them. But it is evident that in proportion as the passions increase in strength, the moral principle is weakened in that very proportion. Every particle the passions flourish and fatten by, must be so much subtracted from the power and authority of conscience. The strength of the wicked passions, desires, inclinations, and propensities, is in an inverse ratio with the strength of the moral faculty.

The presentation of the objects of the passions, though not actually gratified, has a tendency to lessen the intensity of the tone of the moral principle. This may be illustrated by the familiar case of a drunkard. Suppose now I so place a glass of wine before a drunkard, that he can just look at it without being able to stretch forth his hand and partake of the inebriating draught. The sight of the glass sets the drunkard on fire. The craving of an oft gratified passion, the call of nature superinduced by constant indulgence, the recurring of ten thousand associations that crowd the mind concerning the pleasure it yields to him, the utter obliviousness of all cares and auxiliaries which it brings on, make him groan on account of its being denied to him. He begs, entreats, promises, and threatens, for the glass. Now, it is evident to every reflecting person, that although there is not in the case here supposed an actual gratification of the passion, yet there is the presence of all the effects flowing from it. There is not indeed an actual, manifested, and avert act, wherein the impotence of conscience in restraining him from partaking of the poisonous draught, is shewed forth. Yet there are the consequences of an internal struggle and revolution. All the visible effects which would flow from an actual gratification of the passions are exhibited in full manifestation. The only difference between the two cases, is that, whereas in the one there is an overt act, there is none in the other.

And the insignificance of the element of the external action in estimating the moral effects of the case, is made to appear by the consideration that the external act could not possibly take place, for the person by supposition was laid under physical restraint.

Lastly, there is a principle in the human mind which, viewing it in this light, exerts a most awful and dangerous influence on the moral principle. This principle is *habit*. With the philosophy of habit we have nothing to do here. Ours is a practical utilitarianism. However, in passing it may not be amiss here to say that the theory of habit, as expounded by Dr. Chalmers in his excellent "Bridgewater Treatise" seems to us more philosophic than that proposed by Dr. Brown in his "*Lectures*." Both account for it by the general principle of association of ideas or suggestion. But Dr. Brown would not only hold that one idea suggests another, but that an *idea* suggests a *feeling*, and that one *feeling* suggests another *feeling*. So that according to Dr. Brown there is not only an association of ideas but of feelings also. To this Dr. Chalmers, in our opinion, very justly and properly objects, and says, that the *feeling* is excited not because the *idea* suggests the *feeling*, but the *object* itself suggests the *feeling*, there being an aptitude, a fitness, an adaptation in the *object* to excite it. The antecedent of the *feeling* is not the *idea*, but the *object*. However this may be, the practical efficacy of this principle is universally acknowledged.

It is by the force of this talismanic power of the mind, that an individual repeatedly acting contrary to the dictates of his conscience, at last lands himself in the awful condition of never being able to do according to its injunctions, and of always presenting a deaf ear to all its suggestions. It is thus we see that a youth of singular modesty and sobriety may become a great drunkard. The youth the first time he goes to a party of pleasure, naturally feels backward to take into his yet unpolluted hands the overflowing goblet; but encouraged and spurred on by his companions he dares take it. When he refuses to take it on the ground of some scruples of conscience, he is held in derision by the scoffing crew. The scruples of his conscience are done

away by the jeers and jokes of the party. The natural sanctities of his youthful sobriety and modesty give way. The restraints put up by the sense of shame are done away with. Encouraged by the jovial bacchanalians he takes up the intoxicating and poisoning bowl. The scruples of his conscience present themselves and prevent him from taking the so-called delicious draught. He puts the goblet on the table. A ~~volley~~ of abuses and jeers are flung upon him from all sides of the festive board. The youth sits abashed and confounded. He feels his pride mortified. His honor, as he supposes, is at stake. He lifts up his head, retakes the bowl into his hands and sips the whole quantity at once. Applauses are heaped upon him from all quarters of the table. He, by the suggestion of vanity, in order to show to his companions that after all he was not ashamed of the wine, asks for more, and sips it all. All this time his conscience remonstrated with him, but its voice was drowned by the revelry.

Now this habitual opposition to the voice of conscience produces an awful state which has been appositely termed the *deadening of the moral principle*. In this wretched state conscience is said to die. There is no sensation in, or movement of, conscience. It dies. This sovereign faculty, which was originally given to man with the design of ruling his mind, is disdained. Passions rule the man. Every object that affords present gratification is readily and greedily accomplished. Selfishness eats up the whole man. The affections, which were intended to serve as vestal virgins ministering delight and comfort to a well-regulated conscience, become prostituted to vile purposes. The will, the premier of the mental kingdom, becomes charmed into servility by them. All the desires become corrupt and vitiated. The whole soul experiences the horrible effects of a moral anarchy. The individual becomes filthy, abominable, and unto all good works reprobate.

Individuals in this awfully wretched state the pen of inspiration thus powerfully describes; And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient:

being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful; who, knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them."

We now come to treat of the last part of our subject which is the improvement of conscience. We have seen that man, as he is, possesses an imperfect and enfeebled conscience, and that it is susceptible of further degeneracy. We propose now to show how conscience may be improved.

In the first place, we would remark, that conscience may be improved by consulting its decisions. Man is incited to action by the influence of what has been called the active powers of the mind, or emotions. All actions spring from some passion or emotion. In fact, it is perfectly absurd to talk of an action without implying that some desire or passion has led to it. But man in his fallen and degenerate state is influenced by unworthy and bad motives. This is at least true of an overwhelming majority of the human species. While therefore we are carried along the current of the inferior passions, which seem to have mustered strength from every quarter, it would be a mighty achievement if we could so much as stop in our progress downward. When we are borne aloft by a mighty gale with irresistible violence, it would be a mighty thing, if gathering all our strength we could resist the violence, and make ourselves halt a little. Would not this prove that the violence of the gale is abated? Most unquestionably it would. And the oft-repeated trials of this sort would serve effectually to spend the *primum mobile* which put it in motion.

In like manner, while most of our actions originate from impure and unworthy motives and the suggestions of foul passions, to be able to stop the downward career to which the passions hasten us, to be able to quench the vigorous and what seems

the all but omnipotent energy of the passions, to be able to turn away from them and to consult the voice of conscience, indicates a lessening of their power and a corresponding increase of the authority of the moral principle. Constant interception of the march of the passions, and habitual consulting of conscience, would most effectually at last tend to establish the supremacy of the latter. And if the mere consulting of the dictates of conscience tends to establish its supremacy, the acting according to those dictates does much more.

Conscience may be improved by the presentation to the mind of those moral objects which serve as exciting causes of moral emotions. The moral susceptibilities are of the nature of the emotions. They are emotions in point of fact. Now emotions can never be willed into existence. The will has no power or efficiency to call forth any one emotion whatsoever. I can never will to be angry, to be sorrowful, or be in the state of any emotion at all. This is impossible from the nature of the mind. Volition then has no *direct* control over the affections and the emotions. But notwithstanding this, there is an *indirect* control which it exercises upon them. Whatever may be said of the subtle and plausible arguments of Dr. Brown to demolish even this *indirect control* of the will over the emotions, it must nevertheless remain as an article in the creed of the sober observer of human nature. This *indirect control* is not exercised by the mandate of the will, but by the intervention of two very simple processes, which may be briefly illustrated as follows:—Although the will does not and from the nature of the mind cannot exercise direct control over the affections, yet it most unquestionably does over the complex intellectual faculty of *attention*. Now I can will to attend to any thing. When an abject is before me, I can will to examine it minutely and attentively. I can by volition direct all the energies of my soul to the examination of that object. I can by the forthputting of my volition analyse it, compound it, and meditate upon it. This surely the stoutest sceptic cannot deny. The second process or rather truth, involved in the argument in hand, is the power or perception or conception to excite

emotions. I look at a man in distress; immediately this preception is followed by the affection of compassion. These two processes, *riz.*, the direct power of volition over attention, and the aptitude of perception or conception to excite emotions, make up that process called the indirect control of will over the emotions. This vital and pregnant principle in the philosophy of the human mind affords us by far the best means for the improvement of our consciences.

If we wish to cultivate in us the virtuous affection of *benevolence*, since by the magical power of the will we cannot call up the emotion, we must place ourselves in such situations as should naturally excite this feeling. To call up the affection at the bidding of the will is impossible. But it is possible to will to get up from my chair. It is possible by the forthputting of my volition to make myself move by my feet. It is possible to transport myself to a place of misery, say a hospital. It is possible by the command of will to enter the room where a young man eaten up by disease lies on his miserable bed. It is possible by direct volition to look at the wretched sufferer, at the infant daughter weeping at his feet, at the tears of the infant boy, and those which bedew the cheeks of the faithful wife. Here however the business of the will stops. When this scene is perceived, a stream of compassion flows through my heart and overwhelms me.

Hence also the virtuous affections may be strengthend by revolving in the mind the characters of eminent and disinterested personages. The character and life of Howard—his disinterestedness, his cosmopolitan patriotism—his travels to all the different prisons and lazarettos of Europe—his condescension in visiting and relieving the distressed,—his compassion—his contempt of all works of taste whenever they interfered with benevolence—the privations he suffered in the cause of philanthropy—and his noble ardour and enthusiasm in, and devotedness to, the cause of disinterested and self-denying benevolence, are features in the history of that truly wonderful man, which, if they fill the mind, impart a fragrance of sacredness to all its affections and emotions.

If any man wishes to cultivate the spirit of true and Christian

patriotism, let him revolve in his mind, with approving regard the beautiful and noble character of Nehemiah. Let him revolve in his mind Nehemiah's anxiously enquiring after the state of his country though himself placed in unusually favourable circumstances—his sad countenance at the news of his country's ruins, his anxiety to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem—his prayerfulness beautifully exhibited throughout his life—his going himself alone at night to see the walls of his much-loved Zion—his zeal, ardour, and enthusiasm in partaking of the manual labor—his prudence blended with invincible fortitude—and his unflinching faith in Divine assistance; I say let him revolve in his mind with approving regard all those and many other things which we have omitted, and the effect will be wonderful. It will disseminate a hallowing influence through all the mind.

Once more. If any person wishes to cultivate all his virtuous affections, let him believably and with approving regard contemplate the life, character, and death of Jesus Christ. His character is indeed a whole constellation wherein all the moral attributes shine with peculiar lustre. Let him believably meditate on his unfathomable and boundless love as manifested in leaving behind him the glories of the eternal Godhead, and in condescending to take unto himself the form of a servant,—his infinite compassion which displayed itself in all the events of his life—his amazing and incomprehensible condescension in even washing the feet of his disciples—his everburning and blazing holiness, in that he did no sin, neither was any guile found in him—his devotedness to the cause of God, so that his meat and his drink was to do the will of his Father—his astonishing gentleness and mildness, so that as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth—his equanimity of temper, inasmuch as he would not break the bruized reed nor quench the smoking flax—his unweariedness in well-doing, in feeding thousands by the word of his power, in unstopping the ears of the deaf, in opening the eyes of the blind, in healing the lame, curing the paralytic, and raising the dead—his prayerfulness, inasmuch as he was often seen pouring out his heart and holding converse

with the Father on the mountain's brow—his patience and endurance in bearing the contradiction of sinners, the scoffs, the reproaches, the spittings, the waggings of the head of wicked men—his resignation to the will of his Father, so that he could say even while drinking the cup of indignation and wrath, “Not my will but thine be done”—his aversion to all worldly pomp, splendour, and titles, inasmuch as when some of the Jews wanted to make him king he hid himself—his marvellous self-denial, inasmuch as he was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, so that it could be literally said of him, that the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not a place where to lay his lay head—I say let a man believingly meditate upon all this, and a hallowing influence will be diffused through his whole soul.

Having pointed out some of the ways by which conscience may be improved we cannot help adverting to a fact which pressed itself to our notice while penning the above few pages. We allude to the *impossibility of man's thoroughly enlightening his conscience; and the necessity of Divine Illumination.*

It is all very well to talk of the several ways by which the moral principle may be exteriorly improved. It is all very well to talk of the salutary and hallowing influence of the presentation of worthy and moral objects before the mind's eye, and of the almost inexhaustible efficacy of the magic charm of habit. But we ought to consider that it is not in these abstract principles to change the heart. There is no charm, no efficacy, no talisman, no wonder-working energy in any one or all of these principles. Abstract principles never changed a human heart. What is there in simply presenting to the mind some glorious objects that can change the heart? Is there ought in it of efficacy? Can it conjure up virtuous emotions? What can habit do? This principle comes into play when the mind is somewhat changed. But what changes the heart? These considerations should never be kept out of sight when treating of the subject of the improvement of conscience.

Let any the most ingenious methods of changing the heart

and of improving the conscience be tried, the result will be a total failure. The past history of the world proves it beyond contradiction. The attempts of the ancient Greek and Roman philosophers to attain to the *Summum bonum*, prove it beyond contradiction. The nature of the human mind proves it beyond contradiction. When the will is saturated, so to speak, with the spirit of evil, when the heart through sin has become a filthy puddle of unrighteousness, when the affections are engaged on the side of the perverted will, and the passions and the desires on the side of the corrupt heart, there is not one principle in the mind which can transform it. Speculative, cold, and abstract principles can never revolutionize the mind. The plain declarations of Holy Writ, the oracles of truth, prove it beyond contradiction. The heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. It is not in man whose breath is in his nostrils to direct his steps. There is none holy, there is none that doeth good, no not one. All have sinned and come short of the glory of God. Can the leopard change his skin, or the Ethiopian his color? All systems of religion, ever broached and formed by fallible and sinful men, by their inefficacy, prove it beyond contradiction.

Seeing then that the resources of the corrupt constitution of the human mind, the attempts of ancient classic philosophers and modern theists, and the absurd superstitions of the heathen, alike fail in imparting to man the energy that renovates the heart, whence then must it come? Is it to come from some quarter or other, or is man to perish eternally, for no man can see God without holiness? Where is the conscience-enlightening and heart-renovating energy to come from? This is a momentous question; for on this hangs the weal or woe of the whole of the human species. But blessed be the God of our salvation that in his infinite mercy he has planned out a mysterious economy of redemption in which the amplest provision for the sanctification of the heart is made. By an infusion, so to speak, of the Spirit of God the heart is converted. It is not, however, sanctified at once. The work is carried on progressively. Its effects are at once most

glorious and beneficial. Conscience, that vicegerent of God in the soul, which, by the introduction of sin and the consequent impregnation of the passions and affection with refractory energy, was deprived of its rightful supremacy and authority, becomes anew enthroned, not by the resurrection of any inherent energy in itself, but by the power of the Spirit of God. The will, the prime mover of the soul, which by being perverted was formerly the mortal foe of the moral principle, becomes its co-adjutor. The affections and the desires, which heretofore were prostituted to the worst of purposes, being purified, as it were, with tenfold fire, serve as ministering handmaidens to conscience and the will, and diffuse throughout the whole soul a sensation of the intensest joy and delight. And as the moral state of man exerts a somewhat mighty influence on the judgments of his intellect, the intellect too becomes sanctified, and ministers to the gratification of conscience and the affections. Beautiful and perfect equilibrium pervades the whole soul. All the powers and susceptibilities are posted to their proper spheres of duty. They do not interfere with one another. Each performs its distinctive work. There is no jar amongst them. The voice of conscience causes it to be felt throughout the whole of the human mind. The will is on the wing to execute the commands of the Sacred Sovereign. The affections diffuse a spiritual fragrance to the mind. On the eve of performing any action the particular desire, emotion, or affection concerned in the case, clad in vestal purity, goes up to the sacred sanctuary of conscience and enquires of it the propriety or the impropriety of the action about to be performed. Conscience, whose office it is to aver those declarations which are in accordance with the eternal principles of right and wrong after weighing the action in the balance of the sanctuary, declares the infallible decree. Then the affection comes to the will, which, being apprized of the decree of conscience, confirms and seals it and impregnates it with energy by the forthputting of volition.

But it may be asked, what is the *modus operandi* of this process. To this we answer, we cannot tell. We know the fact, and the fact is one of Revelation. The effects produced prove

the operation of the cause. But non-aquaintance with the mode of operation does not prove the non-existence of the fact. There are many things, the mode of whose operation we do not at all understand, and yet we believe in their existence. The beautiful example brought forward by our Jesus to illustrate this very point, is so apposite, that we close this paper with it ; "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; *so is every one that is born of the Spirit.*"

THE FOLK-TALES OF BENGAL.

By Mother Goose.

IV. THE STORY OF THE RAKSHASAS.

"In bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that war'd on Jove;
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th'ocean stream."

Paradise Lost.

There was a poor half-witted Brahman who had a wife but no children. With difficulty he could supply the wants of himself and of his wife. And the worst of it was that he was rather lazily inclined. He was averse to taking long journeys, otherwise he might always have had enough, in the shape of presents from rich men, to enable him and his wife to live comfortably. There was at that time a king in a neighbouring country who was celebrating the funeral obsequies of his mother with great pomp. Brahmans and beggars were going from different parts with the expectation of receiving rich presents. Our Brahman

was requested by his wife to take hold of this opportunity and get a little money ; but his constitutional indolence was in the way. The woman however gave her husband no rest till she extorted from him the promise that he would go. The good woman accordingly, cut down a plantain tree and burnt it to ashes, with which ashes and some cow's urine she washed the clothes of her husband, and made them as white as any fuller could make them. She did this as her husband was going to the palace of a great king, who could not be approached by men clothed in dirty rags ; besides as a Brahman he was bound to appear neat and clean. The Brahman at last one morning left his house for the palace of the great king. As he was somewhat imbecile, he did not enquire of any one of the road which he should take ; but he went on and on, and proceeded whithersoever his two eyes directed him. He was of course not on the right road, indeed he had reached a region where he did not meet with a single human being for many miles, and where he saw sights which he had never seen in his life. He saw hillocks of *covris* (shells used as money) on the road-side : he had not proceeded far from them when he saw hillocks of pice, then successively hillocks of four-anna pieces, hillocks of eight-anna pieces, and hillocks of Rupees. To the infinite surprise of the poor Brahman, these hillocks of shining silver coins were succeeded by a large hill of burnished gold-mohurs, which were all bright as if they had been just issued from the mint. Close to this hill of gold-mohurs was a large house which seemed to be the palace of a powerful and rich king, at the door of which stood a lady of exquisite beauty. The lady seeing the Brahman said, "Come, my beloved husband ; you married me when I was young, and you never came once after our marriage, though I have been daily expecting you. Blessed be this day which had made me see the face of my husband. Come, my sweet, come in, wash your feet and rest after the fatigues of your journey ; eat and drink, and after that we shall make ourselves merry." The Brahman was astonished beyond measure. He had no recollection that he had got married in early youth to any other woman than the woman who was now

keeping house with him. But being a Kulin Brahman, he thought it was quite possible that his father got him married when he was a little child, though the fact had made no impression on his mind. But whether he remembers it or not, the fact is certain, for the woman declares that she is his wedded wife, and such a wife! as beautiful as the goddesses of Indra's heaven, and no doubt as wealthy as she is beautiful. While these thoughts were passing through the Brahman's mind, the lady said again, "Are you doubting in your mind whether I am your wife? Is it possible that all recollection of that happy event has been effaced from your mind—all the pomp and circumstance of our nuptials? Come in, beloved; this is your own house, for whatever is mine is thine." The Brahman succumbed to the loving entreaties of the fair lady, and went into the house. The house was not an ordinary one—it was a magnificent palace, all the apartments being large and lofty and richly furnished. But one thing surprized the Brahman very much, and that was that there was no other person in the house besides the lady herself. He could not account for so singular a phenomenon; neither could he explain how it was that he did not meet with any human being in his morning and evening walks. The fact was that the lady was not a human being. She was a *Rakshasi** She had eaten up the king, the queen and all the members of the royal family, and gradually all his subjects. This was the reason why human beings were not seen in those parts.

The Rakshasi and the Brahman lived together for about a week, when the former said to the latter, "I am very anxious to see my sister, your other wife. You must go and fetch her, and we shall all live together happily in this large and beautiful house. You must go early to-morrow, and I will give you clothes and jewels for her." Next morning the Brahman, furnished with fine clothes and costly ornaments, set out for his home. The poor

* *Rakshasas* and *Rakshasis* (male and female) are in Hindu mythology huge giants and gaintesses, or rather demons. The word means literally *rav-eaters*; they were probably the chiefs of the aborigines whom the Aryans overthrew in their first settlement in the country.

woman was in great distress ; all the Brahmans and Pandits that had been to the funeral ceremony of the king's mother had all returned home loaded with largesses ; but her husband had not returned,—and no one could give any news about him as no one had seen him there. The woman therefore concluded that he must have been murdered on the road by highwaymen. She was in this terrible suspense, when one day she heard a rumour in the village that her husband was seen coming home with fine clothes and costly jewels for his wife. And sure enough the Brahman soon appeared with his valuable load. On seeing his wife the Brahman thusностoed her :—“ Come with me, my dearest wife ; I have found my first wife. She lives in a stately palace, near which are hillocks of Rupees and a large hill of gold-mohurs. Why should you pine away in wretchedness and misery in this horrible place ? Come with me to the house of my first wife, and we shall all live together happily.” When the woman heard her husband speak of his first wife, of hillocks of Rupees and of a hill of gold-mohurs, she thought in her mind that her half-witted good man had become quite mad ; but when she saw the exquisitely beautiful silks and satins and the ornaments set with diamonds and precious stones, which only queens and princesses were in the habit of putting on, she concluded in her mind that her poor husband had fallen into the meshes of a Rakshasi. The Brahman, however, insisted on his wife's going with him, and declared that if she did not come she was at liberty to pine away in poverty, but that for himself he meant to return forthwith to his first and rich wife. The good woman, after a great deal of altercation with her husband, resolved to go with him and judge for herself how matters stood. They set out accordingly the next morning, and went by the same road on which the Brahman had travelled. The woman was not a little surprised to see hillocks of *covers*, of pice, of eight-anna pieces, of Rupees and last of all a lofty hill of gold-mohurs. She saw also an exceedingly beautiful lady coming out of the palace hard by, and hastening towards her. The lady fell on the neck of the Brahman woman, wept tears of joy, and said “ Welcome, beloved sister ! ”

this is the happiest day of my life! I have seen the face of my dearest sister!" The party entered the palace.

What with the stately mansion in which he was lodged, with the most delectable provisions which seemed to rise as if by enchantment, what with the caresses and endearments of his two wives, the one human and the other demoniac, who vied with each other in making him happy and comfortable, the Brahman had a jolly time of it. He was steeped as it were in an ocean of enjoyment. Some fifteen or sixteen years were spent by the Brahman in this state of Elysian pleasure, during which period his two wives presented him with two sons. The ~~Rakshasi's~~ son, who was the elder, and who looked more like a god than a human being, was named Sahasra Dal, literally the Thousand-Branched; and the son of the Brahman woman, who was a year younger, was named Champa Dal, that is, branch of a *champaka* tree. The two boys loved each other dearly. They were both sent to a school which was several miles distant, to which they used every day to go riding on two little ponies of extraordinary fleetness.

The Brahman woman had all along suspected from a thousand little circumstances that her sister-in-law was not a human being but a Rakshasi; but her suspicion had not yet ripened into certainty, as the Rakshasi exercised great self-restraint on herself, and never did any thing which human beings did not do. But the demoniac nature, like murder, will out. The Brahman having nothing to do, in order to pass his time had recourse to hunting. The first day he returned from hunt, he had bagged an antelope. The antelope was laid in the courtyard of the palace. At the sight of the antelope the mouth of the raw-eating Rakshasi began to water. Before the animal was dressed for the kitchen, she took it away into a room, and began devouring it. The Brahman woman, who was watching the whole scene from a secret place, saw her Rakshasi sister tear off a leg of the antelope and opening her tremendous jaws, which seemed to her imagination to extend from earth to heaven, swallowed it up. In this manner the body and other limbs of the antelope were devoured, till a little bit of the meat was kept for the kitchen. The second

day another antelope was bagged, and the third day another; and the Rakshasi, unable to restrain her appetite for raw flesh, devoured these two as she had devoured the first. On the third day the Brahman woman expressed to the Rakshasi her surprise at the disappearance of nearly the whole of the antelope with the exception of a little bit. The Rakshasi looked fierce and said, "Do I eat raw-flesh?" To which the Brahman woman replied—"Perhaps you do, for aught I know to the contrary. The Rakshasi, knowing herself to be discovered, looked fiercer than before, and vowed revenge. The Brahman woman concluded in her mind that the doom of herself, of her husband and of her son, was sealed. She spent a miserable night, believing that next day she would be killed and eaten up, and that her husband and son would share the same fate. Early next morning before her son Champa Dal went to school, she gave him in a small golden vessel a little quantity of her own breast-milk, and told him to be constantly watching its colour. "Should you," she said, "see the milk get a little red, then conclude that your father has been killed; and should you see it grow still redder, then conclude that I am killed: when you see this, gallop away for your life as fast as your horse can carry you, for if you do not, you will also be devoured."

The Rakshasi on getting up from bed—and she had prevented the Brahman overnight from having any communication with his wife—proposed that she and the Brahman should go to bathe in the river which was at some distance. She would take no denial, the Brahman had therefore to follow her as meekly as a lamb. The Brahman woman at once saw from the proposal that ruin was impending; but it was beyond her power to avert the catastrophe. The Rakshasi, on the river-side, assuming her own proper gigantic dimensions, took hold of the ill-fated Brahman, tore him limb by limb, and devoured him up. She then ran to her house, and seized the Brahman woman, and put her into her capacious stomach, clothes, hair and all. Young Champa Dal who, agreeably to his mother's instructions, was diligently watching the milk in the small golden vessel, was horror-struck to find

the milk reddened a little. He set up a cry and said that his father was killed ; a few minutes after finding the milk become completely red, he cried yet louder, and rushing to his pony mounted it. His half-brother Sahasra Dal, surprized at Champa Dal's conduct, said, " Where are you going, Champa ? Why are you crying ? Let me accompany you." " Oh ! do not come to me. Your mother has devoured my father and mother ; don't you come and devour me." " I will not devour you ; I'll save you." Scarcely had he uttered these words and galloped away after Champa Dal, when he saw his mother in her own Rakshasi form appearing at a distance, and demanding that Champa Dal should come to her. He said " I will come to you, not Champa." So saying he went to his mother and with his sword, which he always wore as a young prince, cut off her head.

Champa Dal had, in the meantime, galloped off a good distance, as he was running for his life ; but Sahasra Dal by pricking his horse repeatedly soon overtook him, and told him that his mother was no more. This was small consolation to Champa Dal as the Rakshasi before being killed had devoured both his father and mother ; still he could not but feel that Sahasra Dal's friendship was sincere. They both rode fast, and as their horses were of the breed of *pakshirajes* (literally, kings of birds) they travelled over hundreds of miles. An hour or two before sundown they despatched a village, to which they made up, and became guests in the house of one of its most respectable inhabitants. The two friends found the members of that respectable family in deep gloom. Evidently there was something agitating them very much. Some of them held private consultations, and others were weeping. The eldest lady of the house, the mother of its head, said aloud " Let me go, as I am the eldest ; I have lived long enough ; at the utmost my life would be cut short only by a year or two." The youngest member of the house, who was a little girl, said, " Let me go as I am young and useless to the family ; if I die, I shall not be missed." The head of the house, the son of the old lady said, " I am the head and representative of the family, it is but reasonable that I should give up my life." His younger brother

said, " You are the main prop and pillar of the family, if you go the whole family is ruined. It is not reasonable that you should go; let me go, as I shall not be much missed." The two strangers listened to all this conversation with no little curiosity. They wondered what it all meant. Sahasra Dal at last, at the risk of being thought meddlesome, ventured to ask the head of the house the subject of their consultations, and the reason of the deep misery but too visible in their countenances and words. The head of the house gave the following answer—" Know then, worthy guests, that this part of the country is infested by a terrible Rakshasi who has depopulated all the regions round. This town too would have been also depopulated, but that our king became a suppliant before the Rakshasi and begged her to show mercy to us his subjects. The Rakshasi replied, " I will consent to show mercy to you and to your subjects only on this condition, that you every night put a human being, either male or female, in a certain temple for me to feast upon. If I get a human being every night I will rest satisfied and not commit any further depredations on your subjects." Our king had no other alternative than to agree to this condition, for what human beings can ever hope to contend against a Rakshasi? From that day the king made it a rule that every family in the town should in its turn send one of its members to the temple as a victim to appease the wrath and to satisfy the hunger of the terrible Rakshasi. All the families in this neighbourhood have had their turn, and this night it is our turn for one of us to devote himself to destruction. We are therefore discussing as to who should go. You must now perceive the cause of our distress." The two friends consulted together for a few minutes, and at the conclusion of their consultations, Sahasra Dal, who was the spokesman of the party, said, " Our most worthy host, do not be sad any longer: as you have been very kind to us, we have resolved to requite your hospitality by ourselves going to the temple and becoming the food of the Rakshasi. We go as your representatives." The whole family protested against the proposal. They declared that guests were like gods, and that it was the duty of the host to endure all sorts

of privation for the comfort of the guest, and not the duty of the guest to suffer for the host. But the two strangers insisted on standing proxy to the family, who, after a great deal of yea and nay, at last consented to the arrangement.

Immediately after candle-light Sahasra Dal and Champa Dal, with their two horses, installed themselves in the temple, and shut the door. Sahasra told his brother to go to sleep as he himself was determined to sit up the whole night and watch against the coming of the terrible Rakshasi. Champa was soon in a fine sleep, while Sahasra lay awake. Nothing happened during the early hours of the night, but no sooner had the gong of the king's palace announced the dead hour of midnight than Sahasra heard the sound as of a rushing tempest, and immediately concluded from his knowledge of Rakshasas that the Rakshasi was nigh. A thundering knock was heard at the door, accompanied with the following words:—

“How, mow khow !
A human being I smell ;
Who watchos inside ?”

To this question Sahasra Dal made the following reply :—

“Sahasra Dal watcheth,
Champa Dal watcheth,
Two winged horses watch.”

On hearing this answer the Rakshasi turned away with a groan, knowing that Sahasra Dal had Rakshasa blood in his veins. An hour after, the Rakshasi returned, thundered at the door, and called out—

“How, mow, khow !
A human being I smell ;
Who watcheth inside ?”

Sahasra Dal again replied—

“Sahasra Dal watcheth,
Champa Dal watcheth,
Two winged horses watch.”

The Rakshasi again groaned and went away. At two o'clock and at three o'clock the Rakshasi again and again made her

appearance, and made the usual enquiry, and obtaining the same answer, went away with a groan. After three o'clock, however, Sahasra Dal felt very sleepy: he could not any longer keep awake. He therefore roused Champa, told him to watch, and strictly enjoined upon him, in reply to the query of the Rakshasi, to mention Sahasra's name first. With these instructions he went to sleep. At four o'clock the Rakshasi again made her appearance, thundered at the door, and said—

“How, mow, khow !
A human being I smell ;
Who watches inside ?”

As Champa Dal was in a terrible fright, he forgot the instructions of his brother for the moment, and answered—

“Champa Dal watcheth,
Sahasra Dal watcheth,
Two winged horses watch.”

On hearing this reply, the Rakshasi uttered a shout of exultation, laughed a laugh as only demons can, and with a dreadful noise broke open the door. The noise roused Sahasra, who in a moment sprung to his feet, and with his sword, which was as supple as a palm leaf, cut off the head of the Rakshasi. The huge mountain of a body fell to the ground, making a great noise, and lay covering many an acre. Sahasra Dal kept the severed head of the Rakshasi near him, and went to sleep. Early in the morning some wood-cutters, who were passing near the temple, saw the huge body on the ground. They could not from a distance make out what it was, but on coming near they knew that it was the carcass of the terrible Rakshasi who had by her voracity nearly depopulated the country. Remembering the promise made by the king that the killer of the Rakshasi would be rewarded with the hand of his daughter and with a share of the kingdom, each of the wood-cutters, seeing no claimant at hand, thought of obtaining the reward. Accordingly each of them cut off a part of a limb of the huge carcass, went to the king, represented himself to be the destroyer of the great raw-eater, and claimed the reward. The king in order to find out the real hero

and deliverer, enquired of his minister the name of the family whose turn it was on the preceding night to offer a victim to the Rakshasi. The head of that family, on being brought before the king, related how two youthful travellers, who were guests in his house, volunteered to go into the temple in the room of a member of his family. The door of the temple was broken open; Sahasra Dal and Champa Dal and their horses were found all safe; and the head of the Rakshasi, which was with them, proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that they had killed the monster. The king kept his word. He gave his daughter in marriage to Sahasra Dal and the sovereignty of the half his dominions. Champa Dal remained with his friend in the king's palace, and rejoiced in his prosperity.

Sahasra Dal and Champa Dal lived together happily for some time when a misunderstanding arose between them in this wise. There was in the service of the Queen mother a certain maid servant who was the most useful domestic in the palace. There was nothing which she could not put her hands to and perform. She had uncommon strength for a woman, neither had she intelligence of a mean order. She was a woman of immense activity and energy; and if she were absent one day from the palace, the affairs of the zenana would be in perfect disorder. Hence her services were highly valued by the queen mother and all the ladies of the palace. But this woman was not a woman; she was a Rakshasi, who had put on the appearance of a woman for serving some purposes of her own, and taken service in the royal household. At night when every one in the palace was asleep, she used to assume her own real form, and go about in quest of food, for the quantity of food that is sufficient for either man or woman was not sufficient for a Rakshasi. Now Champa Dal having no wife, was in the habit of sleeping outside the zenana, and not far from the outer gate of the palace. He had noticed her going about on the premises and devouring sundry goats and sheep, horses and elephants. The maid servant finding that Champa Dal was in the way of her supper, determined to get rid of him. She accordingly, went one day to the queen mother, and said—

"Queen mother ! I am unable any longer to work in the palace." "Why? what is the matter, Dasi* ? How can I get on without you? Tell me your reasons. What ails you?" "Why," said the woman, "now-a-days it is impossible for a poor woman like me to preserve my honour in the palace. There is that Champa Dal, the friend of your son-in-law; he always cracks indecent jokes with me. It is better for me to beg for my rice than to lose my honour. If Champa Dal remains in the palace, I must go away." As the maid servant was an absolute necessity in the palace, the queen mother resolved to sacrifice Champa Dal to her. She therefore told Sahasra Dal that Champa Dal was a bad man, that his character was loose, and that therefore he must leave the palace. Sahasra Dal earnestly pleaded on behalf of his friend, but in vain ; the queen mother had made up her mind to drive him out of the palace. Sahasra Dal had not the courage to speak personally to his friend on the subject, he therefore wrote a letter to him in which he simply said that for certain reasons Champa must leave the palace immediately. The letter was put in his room after he had gone to bathe. On reading the letter Champa Dal, exceedingly grieved, mounted his fleet horse and left the palace.

As Champa's horse was uncommonly fleet, in a few hours he traversed thousands of miles, and at last found himself at the gate-way of what seemed a magnificent palace. Dismounting from his horse he entered the house where he did not meet with a single creature. He went from apartment to apartment, and though they were all richly furnished he did not see a single human being. At last in one of the side rooms he found a young lady of heavenly beauty lying down on a splendid bedstead. She was asleep. Champa Dal looked upon the sleeping beauty with rapture—he had not seen any woman so beautiful. Upon the bed near the head of the young lady were two sticks, one of silver and the other of gold. Champa took the silver stick into his hand, and touched with it the body of the lady; but no change was perceptible. He then took up the gold stick

* *Dasi* is a general name for all maid servants.

and put it upon the lady, when in a trice she woke up, sat in her bed, and eyeing the stranger enquired who he was. Champa Dal briefly told his story. The young lady, or rather princess,—for she was nothing less—said—“Unhappy man, why have you come here? This is the country of Rakshasas and in this house and round about there live no less than seven hundred Rakshasas. They all go away on the other side of the ocean every morning in search of provisions; and they all return every evening before dusk. My father was formerly king in these regions, and had millions of subjects who lived in flourishing towns and cities. But some years ago the invasion of the Rakshasas took place, and they devoured all his subjects, and himself and my mother and my brothers and sisters. They devoured also all the cattle of the country. There is no living human being in these regions excepting myself; and I would have long ago been devoured had not an old Rakshasi, conceiving strange affection for me, prevented the other Rakshasas from eating me up. You see those sticks of silver and gold; the old Rakshasi, when she goes away in the morning, kills me with the silver stick, and on her return in the evening re-animates me with the gold stick. I do not know how to advise you; if the Rakshasas see you, you are a dead man.” Then they both talked to each other in a very affectionate manner, and laid their heads together to devise if possible some means of escape from the hands of the Rakshasas. The hour of the return of the 700 raw-eaters was fast approaching; and Keshavati—for that was the name of the princess, so called from the abundance of her hair—told Champa to hide himself in the heaps of the sacred trefoil which were lying in the temple of Siva in the central part of the palace. Before Champa went to his place of concealment, he touched Keshavati with the silver stick, on which she instantly died.

Shortly after sun-set Champa Dal heard from beneath the heaps of the sacred trefoil the sound as of a mighty rushing wind. Presently he heard terrible noises in the palace. The Rakshasas had come home from cruizing, after having filled their stomachs, each one, with sundry goats, sheep, cows, horses, buf-

faloes and elephants. The old Rakshasi, of whom we have already spoken, came to Keshavati's room, roused her by touching her body with the gold stick, and said—

"Hye, mye, khye!

A human being I smell."

On which Keshavati said, "I am the only human being here, eat me if you like." To which the raw-eater replied, "Let me eat up your enemies; why should I eat you?" She laid herself down on the ground as long and as high as the Vindhya Hills, and presently fell asleep. The other Rakshasas and Rakshasis also soon fell asleep as they had all been tired on account of their gigantic labours in the day. Keshavati also composed herself to sleep; while Champa, not daring to come out of the heaps of leaves tried his best to court the god of repose. At day break all the raw-eaters, seven hundred in number, got up and went as usual to their hunting and predatory excursions, and along with them went the old Rakshasi after touching Keshavati with the silver stick. When Champa Dal saw that the coast was clear, he came out of the temple, walked into Keshavati's room, and touched her with the gold stick, on which she woke up. They sauntered about in the gardens, enjoying the cool breeze of the morning; they bathed in a lucid tank which was on the premises; they ate and drank, and spent the day in sweet converse. They concocted a plan for their deliverance. They settled that Keshavati should ask the old Rakshasi on what the life of a Rakshasa depended, and when the secret would be made known they would adopt measures accordingly. As in the preceding evening, Champa, after touching his fair friend with the silver stick, took refuge in the temple beneath the heaps of the sacred trefoil. At dusk the Rakshasas as usual came home; and the old Rakshasi, rousing her pet, said—

"Hye, mye, khye!

A human being I smell."

Keshavati answered, "What other human being is here excepting myself? Eat me up, if you like." "Why should I eat you my darling? Let me eat up all your enemies." Then she laid

down on the ground her huge body which looked like a part of the Himalaya mountains. Keshavati, with a phial of heated mustard oil, went towards the feet of the Rakshasi, and said, "Mother, your feet are sore with walking, let me rub them with oil." So saying she began to rub with oil the Rakshasi's feet ; and while she was in the act of doing so, a few tear-drops from her eyes fell on the monster's leg. The Rakshasi smacked the tear-drops with her lips, and finding the taste briny, said, "Why are you weeping, darling ? What aileth thee ?" To which the princess replied, "Mother I am weeping, because you are old, and when you die, I shall certainly be devoured by one of the Rakshasas." "When I die ! know, foolish girl, that we Rakshasas never die. We are not naturally immortal, but our life depends on a secret which no human being can unravel. Let me tell you what it is that you may be comforted. You know yonder tank ; there is in the middle of it a *Sphatika-sthambha*,* on the top of which in deep waters are two bees. If any human being can dive into the waters, and bring up to land the two bees from the pillar in one breath, and destroy them so that not a drop of their blood falls to the ground, then we Rakshasas shall certainly die ; but if a single drop of blood falls to the ground then from it will start up a thousand Rakshasas. But what human being will find out this secret, or finding it will be able to achieve the feat ? You need not, therefore, darling, be sad ; I am practically immortal." Keshavati treasured up the secret in her memory, and went to sleep.

Early next morning the Rakshasas as usual went away ; Champa came out of his hiding place, roused Keshavati, and fell a-talking. The princess told him the secret she had learnt from the Rakshasi. Champa immediately made preparations for accomplishing the mighty deed. He brought to the side of the tank a knife and some quantity of ashes. He disrobed himself, put a drop or two of mustard oil into each of his ears to prevent water from entering in, and dived into the waters. In a moment he got to the top of the crystal pillar in the middle of the tank,

* *Sphatika* is crystal, and *sthambha* pillar.

caught hold of the two bees he found there, and came up in one breath. Taking the knife he cut up the bees over the ashes, a drop or two of the blood fell, not on the ground, but on the ashes. When Champa caught hold of the bees, a terrible scream was heard at a distance. This was the wailing of the Rakshasas who were all running home to prevent the bees from being killed; but before they could reach the palace, the bees had perished. The moment the bees were killed, all the Rakshasas died, and their carcasses fell on the very spot on which they were standing. Champa and the princess afterwards found that the gate-way of the palace was blocked up by the huge carcasses of the Rakshasas,—some of them having nearly succeeded in getting to the palace. In this manner was effected the destruction of the seven hundred Rakshasas.

After the destruction of the seven hundred raw-eating monsters, Champa Dal and Keshavati got married together by the exchange of garlands of flowers. The princess who had never been out of the house naturally expressed a desire to see the outer world. They used every day to take long walks both morning and evening; and as a large river was hard by Keshavati wished to bathe in it. The first day they went to bathe, one of Keshavati's hair came off, and as it is the custom with women never to throw away a hair unaccompanied with something else, she tied the hair to a shell which was floating on the water; after which they returned home. In the meantime the shell with the hair tied to it floated down the stream, and in course of time reached that *ghat** at which Sahasra Dal and his companions were in the habit of performing their ablutions. The shell passed by when Sahasra Dal and his friends were bathing; and he seeing it at some distance said to them, "Whoever will succeed in catching hold of yonder shell will be rewarded with a hundred Rupees." They all swam towards it, and Sahasra Dal being the fleetest swimmer got it. On examining it he found a hair tied to it. But such hair! He had never seen so long a hair.

* Bathing place, either in a tank or on the bank of a river, generally furnished with flights of steps.

livelong day and also the livelong night—for she had very little sleep—in sighing and weeping.

In the mean time when Champa Dal awoke from sleep, he was distracted with grief at not finding his wife. He now thought that the woman, who pretended to be his wife's aunt, was a cheat and an imposter, and that she must have carried away Keshavati. He did not eat the sweetments suspecting they might be poisoned. He threw one of them to a crow which, the moment it ate it, dropped down dead. He was now the more confirmed in his unfavourable opinion of the pretended aunt. Maddened with grief, he rushed out of the house, and determined to go whithersoever his eyes might lead him. Like a mad man, always blubbering, "O Keshavati ! O Keshavati !" he travelled on foot day after day, not knowing whither he went. Six months were spent in this wearisome travelling when, at the end of that period, he reached the capital of Sahasra Dal. He was passing by the palace-gate when the sighs and wailings of a woman sitting at the window of a house, on the road-side, attracted his attention. One moment's look, and they recognized each other. They continued to hold secret communications. Champa Dal heard every thing, including the story of her vow the period of which was to terminate the following day. It is customary, on the fulfilment of a vow, for some learned Brahman to make public recitations of events connected with the vow and the person who makes it. It was settled that Champa Dal should take upon himself the functions of the reciter. Accordingly, next morning, when it was proclaimed by beat of drum that the king wanted a learned Brahman who could recite the story of Keshavati on the fulfilment of her vow, Champa Dal touched the drum and said that he would make the recitation. Next morning a gorgeous assembly was held in the court-yard of the palace under a huge canopy of silk. The old king, Sahasra Dal, all the courtiers and the learned Brahmans of the country, were present there. Keshavati was also there behind a screen that she might not be exposed to the rude gaze of the people. Champa Dal, the reciter, sitting on a dais, began the story of Keshavati, as we

have related it, from the beginning, commencing with the words—"There was a poor and half-witted Brahman &c." As he was going on with the story, the reciter every now and then asked Keshavati behind the screen whether the story was correct; to which question she as often replied, "Quite correct, go on, Brahman." During the recitation of the story the Rakshasi maid-servant grew pale, as she perceived that her real character was discovered; and Sahasra Dal was astonished at the knowledge of the reciter regarding the history of his own life. The moment the story was finished, Sahasra Dal jumped up from his seat, and embracing the reciter said, "You can be none other than my brother Champa Dal." The prince, inflamed with rage, ordered the maid-servant into his presence. A largo hole, as deep as the height of a man was dug in the ground; the maid-servant was put into it in a standing posture; prickly thorn was heaped around her up to the crown of her head: in this wise was the maid-servant buried alive. After this Sahasra Dal and his princess, and Champa Dal and Keshavati, lived happily together many years.

Thus my story endeth
The Natiya-thorn withereth, &c.

MOTHER GOOSE.

LAYS OF THE WEST AND LEGENDS OF THE EAST.

IN THE ORCHARD.

François Coppée.

I saw your doings naughty little fairy!
This morning in the field with cherries planted,
You were alone, bare-headed and white-vested;
Hid by a copse I saw you pass the dairy
And wander on, until a branch down-slanted,
Heavy with ripe, ripe fruit your steps arrested.

It was in reach, you plucked the reddest cherries
 And put them to your ears, coquette, while breezes
 Played lightly with your curls : and then to gather
 A corn-flower from the ground, O queen of peris
 You sat down,—gathered one,—and then a second,
 And then another still. And lo ! it pleases
 Your whim to fix them in your hair. Then rather
 Abashed at what you did, or so I reckoned,
 Your arm your forehead flower-encrownèd shading,
 Upon the green grass there you burst in laughter,
 And your teeth joyous seemed to dart joy-flashes.

But all this time, my pretty one, invading
 Your privacy was a witness. Then and after
 Happy to see you happy ;—and quite able
 To keep your secret, so lift up those lashes !
 What business had he there ?—He was comparing
 The corn-flowers with your eyes, my pretty Mabel,
 And the red cherries with your lips ensnaring.

LE FOND DU CŒUR.

Heinrich Heine.

Far down in the sea when the billows heave wild
 The moon's image trembles, while up in the sky,
 She glides on her pathway, calm, peaceful and mild,
 True to her mission, like an angel on high.

Thus, while thou ascendest up, up to thy goal,
 A high law obeying,—pure, stainless and free,
 Thy sweet image, child, trembles down in my soul,
 For it trembles itself, and heaves like the sea.

THE LEGEND OF DHRUVA.

Vishnu Purana. Book I. Chapter XI.

Sprung from great Brahma Manu had two sons,
 Heroic and devout, as I have said,
 Pryavrata and Uttanapado,—names
 Known in legends; and of these the last
 Married two wives, Suruchee, his adored,
 The mother of a handsome petted boy
 Uttama, and Suneetee, less beloved,
 The mother of another son whose name
 Was Dhruva. Seated on his throne the king
 Uttanapado, on his knee one day
 Had placed Uttama; Dhruva, who beheld
 His brother in that place of honor, longed
 To clamber up and by his playmate sit;
 Led on by Love he came, but found, alas!
 Seant welcome and encouragement; the king
 Saw fair Suruchee sweep into the hall
 With stately step,—aye, every inch a queen,
 And dared not smile upon her co-wife's son.
 Observing him,—her rival's boy,—intent
 To mount ambitious to his father's knee,
 Where sat her own, thus fair Suruchee spake:
 “Why hast thou, child, formed such a vain design?
 Why harboured such an aspiration proud
 Born from another's womb and not from mine?
 Oh thoughtless! To desire the loftiest place,
 The throne of thrones, a royal father's lap!
 It is an honor to the destined given
 And not within thy reach. What though thou art
 Born of the king; those sleek and tender limbs
 Hold of my blood, no portion; I am queen.
 To be the equal of mine only son
 Were in thee vain ambition. Know'st thou not,

Fair prattler, thou art sprung,—not, not from mine,
But from Suneetee's bowels? Learn thy place."

Repulsed in silence from his father's lap,
Indignant, furious, at the words that fell
From his step-mother's lips, poor Dhruva ran
To his own mother's chambers, where he stood
Beside her with his pale, thin, trembling lips,
(Trembling with an emotion ill-suppressed)
And hair in wild disorder, till she took
And raised him to her lap, and gently said:
"Oh child, what means this? What can be the cause
Of this great anger? Who hath given thee pain?
He that hath vexed thee, hath despised thy sire,
For in these veins thou hast the royal blood."

Thus conjured, Dhruva with a swelling heart
Repeated to his mother every word
That proud Suruchee spake, from first to last,
Even in the very presence of the king.

His speech oft broken by his tears and sobs,
Helpless Suneetee, languid-eyed from care,
Heard sighing deeply, and then soft replied:
"O son, to lowly fortune thou wert born,
And what my co-wife said to thee is truth;
No enemy to Heaven's favored ones may say
Such words as thy step-mother said to thee.
Yet son, it is not meet that thou shouldst grieve
Or vex thy soul. The deeds that thou hast done,
The evil, haply, in some former life,
Long, long ago, who may alas! annul,
Or who the good works not done, supplement!
The sins of previous lives must bear their fruit.
The ivory throne, the umbrella of gold,
The best steed, and the royal elephant
Rich caparisoned, must be his by right

Who has deserved them by his virtuous acts
 In times long past. Oh think on this, my son,
 And be content. For glorious actions done
 Not in this life, but in some previous birth,
 Suruchee by the monarch is beloved.
 Women, unfortunate like myself, who bear
 Only the name of wife without the powers,
 But pine and suffer for our ancient sins.
 Suruchee raised her virtues pile on pile,
 Hence Uttama her son, the fortunate !
 Suneetee heaped but evil,—hence her son
 Dhruva the luckless ! But for all this, child,
 It is not meet that thou shouldst ever grieve
 As I have said. That man is truly wise
 Who is content with what he has, and seeks
 Nothing beyond, but in whatever sphere
 Lowly or great, God placed him, works in faith ;
 My son, my son, though proud Suruchee spake
 Harsh words indeed, and hurt thee to the quick,
 Yet to thine eyes thy duty should be plain.
 Collect a large sum of the virtues ; thence
 A goodly harvest must to thee arise.
 Be meek, devout, and friendly, full of love,
 Intent to do good to the human race
 And to all creatures sentient made of God ;
 And oh be humble, for on modest worth
 Descends prosperity, even as water flows
 Down to low grounds.”

She finished, and her son,
 Who patiently had listened, thus replied.

“ Mother, thy words of consolation find
 Nor resting-place, nor echo in this heart
 Broken by words severe, repulsing Love
 That timidly approached to worship. Hear

My resolve unchangeable. I shall try
 The highest good, the loftiest place to win,
 Which the whole world deems priceless and desires.
 There is a crown above my father's crown,
 I shall obtain it, and at any cost
 Of toil, or penance, or unceasing prayer.
 Not born of proud Suruchee whom the king
 Favours and loves, but grown up from a germ
 In thee, oh mother, humble as thou art,
 I yet shall show thee what is in my power.
 Thou shalt behold my glory and rejoice.
 Let Uttama my brother,—not thy son,—
 Receive the throne and royal titles,—all
 My father pleases to confer on him.
 I grudge them not. Not with another's gifts
 Desire I, dearest mother, to be rich,
 But with my own work would acquire a name.
 And I shall strive unceasing for a place
 Such as my father hath not won,—a place
 That would not know him even,—aye a place
 Far, far above the highest of this earth."

He said and from his mother's chambers past,
 And went into the woods where hermits live,
 And never to his father's house returned.

Well kept the boy his promise made that day !
 By prayer and penance Dhruva gained at last
 The highest heavens, and there he shines a star !
 Nightly men see him in the firmament.

T. D.

THE BENGALI INTELLECT UNDER UNIVERSITY TRAINING.

By A Hindustani.

Is it a wonder that the Bengali intellect, as moulded and fashioned by current systems of education, is a favorite abode of crotchets and vagaries? The wellknown gentleman, who contributes the able articles on the Literature of Bengal to this Magazine, thus sets forth what may be called the formative principles of the rising intellects of the country. "The "independenc of America, the French Revolution, the war "of Italian independence, the teachings of history and "science, the vigor and freedom of English literature and "thought, the great efforts of the French intellect of the "18th century, the results of German labor in the field of philo- "logy and ancient history, Positivism, Utilitarianism, Darwin- "ism, all these have influenced and shaped the intellect of "modern Bengal." What a host of heterogeneous and jarring forces at work! No wonder the resultant is different from what had been anticipated by the best friends of education! If we take these forces, one by one, into our serious consideration, we shall see that, when they operate in conjunction, they cannot but result in a somewhat grotesque combination of certain heterogeneous and jarring elements of character.

a. The first moral force called into active play is what the excellent writer calls "the American Independence." And certainly no event in the annals of nations and governments is better fitted to discipline the minds and form the character of young men. The elements of character, which the great war of American Independence brought prominently forward, are amongst the highest and the brightest which have ever stimulated the admiration or extorted the praise of thinking men. Hatred of tyranny and oppression combined with an irrepressible love of order, a

propensity to necessary change balanced by a dread of lawlessness, warmth and vehemence of feeling checked by prudence and wisdom in action, calm, and statesmanly sagacity in the cabinet, heroic valor in the field, buoyancy of hope in the hour of defeat, and moderation in the hour of victory, all these virtues, enlivened and guided by genuine piety, flourished amid the din and turmoil of sanguinary campaigns and revolutionary changes. The reader will remember the glowing eulogy which Lord Macaulay bestows upon the great hero of this protracted war, when he represents the consummate statesmanship and cool courage of John Hampden as virtues "to which the history of revolutions affords no parallel, or affords a parallel in George Washington alone." America is properly called "the outcome" of English tyranny, its early settlement resulting from religious persecution, and its independence built up by a spirit of heroic resistance to political tyranny. And the noble spirit of piety, sobriety and wisdom, which she displayed in her career of progress from the obscurity of exile to the glory of independence, is eminently fitted to serve the purposes of a guiding star in the dreary journey of life. Had the young men of India been influenced by only this and similar events, by the sacrifices, the struggles and the grand conflicts to which the world owes the religious toleration and the civil liberty it enjoys, their minds would have exhibited much better than the crotchets and vagaries exposed therein for sale !

b. But from American independence we must pass to the French Revolution; that is from one pole we must pass to the other, from the pole of sobriety and moderation to that of lawlessness and libertinism. The characteristic feature of the American independence was religion, and that of the French Revolution was irreligion. A Commission, appointed by the celebrated National Assembly to solve, the problem—Is there a God? came forward with the verdict—"No." All on a sudden the nation became maddened, the churches were demolished, the altars were thrown down, and the priests were butchered. The reign of terror commenced, and the streets overflowed with human

blood, blood shed by assassins, in the midst of secrecy and seclusion, blood shed by irrepressible ruffians and scoundrels in broad day-light, and blood shed by the self-constituted guardians of peace after a mockery of trial. But mid-night assassinations and mid-day massacres could not entirely suppress the religious instinct of humanity; and so the infuriated mob prostrated themselves before a vile woman seated on a triumphal car with the word Liberty written on her forehead. And thus was the flag of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity unfurled amid the multiplied and aggravated horrors of disorder and anarchy. The same flag had been hoisted in America amid the checks and counter-checks of religion and law, and the result had been a nation freed from tyranny, clothed with power and ready to march forward with unusual vigor in a career of unprecedented progress and matchless glory. Its result in France has been a fickle, frivolous people oscillating between the extremes of imperial despotism and democratic misrule. If the American independence is eminently fitted to form the character of young Bengal, the French Revolution cannot but turn his mind. Here you have two conflicting forces, the one building up and the other overturning what may be called the palladium of intellectual progress in Bengal!

c. We now come to the third formative principle, the war of Italian independence. This places on the stage a nation enervated by superstition and priesthood, rendered volatile by universal though somewhat refined licentiousness, easily moved to enthusiastic and clamorous demonstrations for liberty, but incapable of fighting for it. Its independence has been bought for it by foreign blood and foreign intervention. The battle of Solferino, which brought back to it the resources of Lombardy, was won by French bayonets. The enthusiasm of the Italians for Venice was intense as they saw their beloved king with the great Garibaldi seated on his right hand driving forward to snatch it from the hand of the oppressor with the help of the national sword; but had not Austria been humbled and paralyzed in the battle field of Sadowa, they might have been compelled to

give back Lombardy as a consequence of their defeat in the rights. And if the Germans, under the consummate statesmanship of Bismark and the equally consummate strategy of Moltke had not completely crushed the power of France, Rome might still have been in the hands of the Pope. No nation sets forth the weak points of our national character so decidedly as the Italians. Weakness of thought, volatility of feeling and imbecility of character, with no end of bluster—why the Italian character is but the fac-simile of our own! The Italian independence, though likely to leave us where we are, is not however fitted as the French Revolution, to render our minds corrupted and our morals debauched. It may therefore be represented as a sort of fulcrum between the American independence which exercises a beneficial, and the French Revolution which exerts a disastrous influence on the national mind.

d. The fourth principle pointed out is “the teachings of History and Science.” The first links of this chain of forces, those already commented upon, show what the teachings are, and the last links, *e.g.*, Positivism, Utilitarianism and Agnosticism, show what the teachings of science are. This identical principle then need not detain us. We have however one general remark to make before we march forward; and that is,—our countrymen in studying history and science try to ignore what constitutes the real excellence in either of these two branches of study. God in history is the grandest object of thought and contemplation, but He is somewhat unceremoniously thrust aside; and, instead of men loyal to Him fighting manfully the battle of faith under his guidance and control, Carlyle’s heroes, persons of a heroic character but no principle, giant intellects but pygmies in high-toned morality, are brought to the foreground to direct and guide their minds. And this is precisely the mistake they make in their study of science. The great scientists of modern times, men of broad views and elevated sentiments, whose writings set forth the perfect harmony between true science and true religion, are thrown into the background to make room for persons who could not possibly have earned ~~roots~~ ^{the key} enjoy without

having recourse to the ignoble trick of airing catching theories and eccentric and therefore somewhat dazzling speculations. They throw aside the wheat of history and science with wonderful impartiality, and feast upon the chaff with the greatest zest. Hence their aversion to truth and fondness for crotchetts and idiosyncrasies.

e. Leaving this somewhat vague and general principle, the writer proceeds to one of almost illimitable moral power, *viz.*, English Literature and English thought. This literature, so copious, so rich and so grand, would certainly have matured the highest types of sentiment and character amongst us, had it not been shorn of its legitimate efficacy by a ridiculously one-sided *Infer Expurgatorius*. The noblest portion of the literature of Britain, the portion bristling with the most abstruse disquisitions, profoundest reasonings and the most eloquent exhortations, the portion fortified with irresistible lines of argumentation, and adorned with the sublimest flights of thought and feeling ;—the noblest portion of British Literature is by a stroke of the pen removed out of the way ; and the less healthy portion of it is left unchecked to form the national mind and polish the national taste. The masterly, though somewhat rough productions of the Puritan Fathers, and the Christian apologists and writers who have succeeded them, the productions which have built up the palladium of British liberty, have been set aside to make room for the languid criticisms of Addison and the sentimental philosophizings of Goldsmith. The weakest portion of English literature, the portion matured when England was to some extent Frenchified, when the freedom and elasticity of nature gave place to numberless varieties of artificial restraints, as well as the portion which though more vigorous is barren of the vitalizing principles of religious influence, is placed before the plodding student, while his eye is bandaged, in such a manner that it is impossible for him to see the precious gems of thought and feeling lying beyond. He becomes a gentleman of the first water, sleek in his person, smooth in his gait and polite in his talk, ashamed indeed of doing anything mean, but without principles lofty.

enough to make him an earnest thinker and an earnest worker. He does not imbibe "the vigor and freedom" of English literature, but confirming his attention to its questionable elements he copies the vices of the English character without imitating its virtues. But the little morality and religion left in him is likely to be entirely extinguished by the principle which stands sixth on the list.

f. From "the vigor and freedom of English Literature" to "the great efforts of the French intellect of the 18th Century" the transition is something like that from the sublime to the ridiculous. We admit that the 18th century was a brilliant epoch in the annals of French literature, and that the world is still reaping the benefits of some of the discoveries and inventions of science by which France distinguished herself even amid the horrors of a terrible revolution. But the soft and enervating literature of France ultimately matured Epicurus in thought and gross profligacy in practice, that daring import which led to the temporary elimination of religion, and the ship of a shameless strumpet. Rationalism first appeared as many as an equipoise, not wholly unnecessary, to superstition, and it made a wonderfully rapid down hill progress in England. But it was preserved for revolutionary France to cast aside its flimsy veil of decency and show it in its true colors. The notorious Encyclopedists carried the principles of scepticism to their legitimate length, and the result was not only atheism in theory and libertinism in practice in a few exceptional cases, but a general deterioration of morals unexampled even in the history of inconstant, frivolous and licentious France. The versatility of principle and elasticity of conscience initiated, so to speak, by the questionable elements of English literature, cannot but be matured and perfected by the brilliant portraits of vice drawn by the masterly pen of a Voltaire, or the morbid principles of sentimentalism wrought out into attractive stories by the genius of a Rousseau.

g. Now welcome to something solid—"the results of German labor in the field of philosophy and ^{now, the} history." These

results have been embodied in an anthropology which may be represented as a sort of fulcrum between the serious portion of the literature of England and the light and disgraceful portion of the literature of France. This anthropology is adorned with many a feature of beauty and glory. It sets forth the unity of the human race inspite of diversities of physiognomy, language and ethnological development, and it tries to gather the sporadic fragments of history into a connected and coherent mass. It tends to root out national jealousies and race antagonisms, and weld mankind into a vast fraternity by ignoring the accidental differences by which they are divided into races, nations and tribes, and giving prominence to their essential unity. Thus far it has done good work, and it deserves the nourishing care of all sensible men. But its greatest defect is that it allows its liberality of views to degenerate into morbid sentimentalism. It effaces the broad line of demarcation which separates true religion from those which are false. It whitewashes those forms of faith which have degraded and debased some of the foremost peoples of the world, and, by divesting the Christian creed of all its peculiarities, brings it, with a zeal worthy of the Jesuit Missionaries of a bygone age, down to their level. This reconciliation between truth and falsehood is effected by means of a science which removes mountains out of the way by means of a fanciful interpretation and a criticism courteous to all parties but those who have the misfortune to uphold the Christian faith in all its entirety and uncompromising dignity. The principles of this new science, called by Max Muller the science of religion, are leading the country backward, not forward; and the influence they exercise over the rising intellects of the country is on the whole disastrous.

h. And now we come to the *isms* of the hour, Positivism, Utilitarianism and Darwinism. Perhaps these are influencing the intellect of modern Bengal more powerfully than all the other forces put together. The work began by the enormities and monstrosities of the First French Revolution is perfected by these fashionable *isms* of the day. A few words on the nature of each.

of these theories will enable us to see how far it is fitted to exercise a beneficial or salutary influence on the human mind. Positivism discards Theology and even Metaphysics from the domain of science, and confines human learning to a simple registration of phenomena. It ignores every thing higher than matter and its varied and successive changes and transmutations. It takes precious good care of the body, and casts the mind and the soul overboard. It can not exercise much salutary influence over a thing the very existence of which it ignores if not positively denies. We are aware that Compte's hatred of metaphysical speculation has been somewhat modified by his English disciple John Stewart Mill; but his opposition to Theology has never been made the subject of an apologetic comment by any of his followers anywhere in the world. Comte and all his followers cast religion, excepting the occasional worship of a beautiful female clothed in the charms of "blushing eighteen," overboard; and his influence cannot but be of the earth, earthly. The Utilitarianism of the Mills, father and son, not only ignores God, but thrusts aside the principles of morality in the highest sense of the term. We say the Mills ignore God deliberately, as the poor Being of limited power kindly permitted to exist by the younger Mill does not deserve to be called God. A system, which ignores God and His moral laws, cannot be expected to raise the intellect of the country to the highest degree of development. But it may be said that the deficiencies of these systems are made up by Darwinism which pre-supposes the existence of God. Darwin certainly acknowledges the existence of God, and even condescendingly allows Him share in the work of creation. But God occupies a very insignificant place in his system. God creates a few living germs, and retires. Then come the law of heredity, the law of difference, the law of inner-production, and Natural Selection, to carry on and complete the work of creation. We are under the guidance of natural laws with which God cannot possibly interfere, and by which He is completely nullified. The God of Darwinism is in no respect better than the No-God of the other two systems mentioned. The three systems with wonderful unani-

mity feed and pamper atheism, fatalism and nothingism among the educated natives of Hindustan.

Such are the moral forces which mould, not fashion, the rising intellect of Bengal ! A few of them are good and the rest bad. The influence of the good ones is counteracted and neutralized by that of the bad ; and the result is the Bengali mind is plunged in the whirlpool of universal scepticism. We conclude with the question with which we began—Is it a wonder that the Bengali mind, as moulded and fashioned by current systems of Education, is the favored abode of crotchets and vagaries ? When will our educated countrymen see that all the disasters and calamities under which the country has groaned for centuries and ages without number have resulted from a corrupt and corrupting faith, and that the only moral force which can remedy and remove this interminable chain of evils is the *Religion* which God has given, not only for the guidance of this and that, but of all nations, peoples and languages ? The Hand that has afflicted us as a people for our good is the Hand that will heal us.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Kusum-kalika. By Prasanna Kumar Ghose. Calcutta : Valmiki Press. Sak. 1794.

This is a collection of small poems for the most part of a lyrical character. They do not appear to us to be either very musical in sound or affecting in sentiment ; but as the first attempts of a young and unpractised writer, they deserve praise.

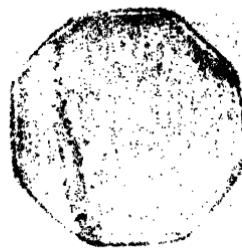
Helena-kavya. Part First. With notes. By Ananda Chandra Mitra. Mymensing : Bharat-Mihir Press. Sak. 1798.

This is a Bengali version of the Iliad of Homer, not a translation exactly but an adaptation of it. It is written in blank.

verse. We are of opinion that blank verse is not adapted to Bengali poetry. However belauded the late Mr. M. M. S. Dutt's *Meghnath bâkh* may be by a small coterie of critics, it will never have a hold on the national mind; and the reason is that the nation does not recognize blank verse as poetry. It is superfluous to remark that the poem before us has none of the higher merits of Mr. Dutt's epic; but it is not without merits. The writer has great fluency in composition, and some power of description. We regret that the author allowed a friend of his to prefix a foolish preface to his poem. In that preface we are told that the author is an extraordinary genius; that, like Dr. Johnson who wrote the *Rasselas* in the course of a week, our poet wrote the poem before us only in three months amidst incessant occupations as a pedagogue and as a crack-contributor to two monthly and weekly periodicals; and that with the proceeds of the sale of his poem the author hopes to go to England and there finish his education. We wish the author all success. It is not usual with living authors to affix to their works their own portraits; but in the performance before us we are favoured with our poet's likeness.

Raj-Tapaswini. An Epic poem. Part First. By Hara Chandra Ghosh, Calcutta : G. P. Roy and Co.'s Press. B. E. 1283

This is another epic poem, and in blank verse too. It is dedicated to Sir William Herschel, Bart., C. S. "as a token of esteem and regard for his encouragement of Native education." We regret very much that the author adopted blank verse and not rhyme for the conveyance of his thoughts. It reads like dull prose. The author appears to us to have considerable powers; but blank verse has marred them all. Let Baboo Hara Chandra's next attempt be in rhyme.



THE
BENGAL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

• THE PROSPECTS OF MAHAMMADANISM.

By A Hindustani.

Mr. Layard characterised a ridiculous pamphlet, written when the Blue Mutinies of Bengal were made the subject of a warm and animated discussion in political circles in Britain, as "a tissue of audacity and mendacity." We have seen, for sometime past, nothing to which these words are so decidedly applicable as the article on the prospects of Muhammadanism, which recently appeared in the *Pioneer*. It is indeed "a tissue of audacity and mendacity." Its logic is faulty, its parts are unconnected, and its utterances are incoherent. It is in the first place a misnomer. The writer professes to set forth what he calls the Future of Non-Secular Islam; but devotes almost the whole article to a delineation of, and panegyric on, its secular elements. He throws aside the religious element of Muhammadanism "as of no great interest to any but the Moslem," treats of its secular features at length, and, with the exception of an assumption the recklessness of which is only matched by its unreasonableness, does not utter a single syllable on its prospects. And yet he heads the article with the words—The Future of Non-Secular Islam! The entire article is written in the spirit of noble contempt of one and all the principles of correct reasoning, and as a specimen of erratic logic, and cool assumption, it is a marvel. We can not set forth its merits better than by pointing out some of the assertions with which it bristles from the beginning to the end.

The writer coolly assumes that the "world" has been "reconciled to the idea that, so long as man is different from man, religious belief also will be various too." In other words, the world has been wrought by what may be called the locomotive of science to the conclusion that different religions, as different political systems, are needed to guide different races and nations; and that consequently the idea of one universal faith establishing its ascendancy on the ruins of all rival systems is a dream never to be realized. How correct this assertion is, will appear when we look into the meaning he evidently attaches to the word "world." He can not possibly mean by the word those nations of the world which are called *Hathen*, inasmuch as the theory of different religions for different countries had become their favorite theory long before modern science was born. They can not properly be represented as having been *brought* to this felicitous conclusion by modern science and modern philosophy, of which, by the way, they know as little as the man in the moon. Nor can we suppose him ignorant enough to mean by the term the Mahammadan world; it being a well-known fact that Mussulmans would to-day, if they only could, present the world with the alternatives of the Koran or the sword, as enthusiastically as their forefathers did in the days of Mahammad. By the word "world" therefore he must mean the civilized world, or Christendom. Now, what portion of Christendom has come to this blessed conviction? Three-fourths? No. One-half? No. One-fourth? No. An infinitesimal portion, represented by a few philosophers and their following of senseless admirers and foolish devotees, has doubtless been brought to this conclusion. Nothing can be more irrational than to identify this portion, always retreating in confusion before philosophy properly so called and sound reasoning, with the broad world—the civilisation of which attaches what may be called a redoubled importance to its opinions. Set aside a handful of theorists, sociologists, anthropologists and other worthies with big titles but erratic minds, and a few men whom a ridiculous vanity makes them their followers and victims. Christendom concurs in maintaining that, while ethnological and

political differences may be permanent, the world is fast hastening towards the goal of a perfect unity of faith. The *Pioneer's* world is scarcely more extensive than that of Dean Swift's spider. Something, we forget what, shakes the spider's web. His Majesty looks out of his citadel, and, finding it slightly shaken, concludes that the whole world is in motion !

Another assertion runs thus. The *Pioneer's* millennium has come, and men of different nations and diverse religious principles "may meet on the platform of civilization, without the excitement of those feelings which in former times were considered the indispensable attributes of true piety." Pray Mr. *Pioneer* what are these feelings ? If he means those bursts of unworthy feelings which are inseparably associated with what is called *odium theologicum*, we have to enquire when and where they were looked upon as indispensable attributes of true piety. They might have been in this country ; and they are certainly regarded amongst his proteges, the followers of Islam, as genuine elements of piety. But Christianity has from the beginning branded them as earth-inspired susceptibilities to be deprecated,—as decidedly inimical to piety and godliness. It is not denied that eminent Christians now and then have succumbed to these unworthy feelings ; but in Christendom they have, as a rule, been held at a discount ; while in countries where our friend's favorite creed flourishes, they have been uniformly and invariably sanctified into recognized elements of piety. Christian piety is doubtless aggressive, and does not rest satisfied till the impiety of the world is completely swept away ; but while its indignant feelings are justly arrayed against sin, its amiable feelings of benevolence and love cluster around the sinner, and charm him out of the broad path which leadeth to destruction.

Another ridiculous assertion of the *Pioneer's* is, that, while science bowed to religion in former times, religion bows to science now. "The attitude which science bore to religion three centuries ago, religion bears to science in the present age." This is nonsense. Religion, God-given, and God-sustained, always speaks authoritatively, and has never, offered, and will never offer

an apology. Her truths are eternal, immutable and all-conquering ; and science, so far as it is worthy of the name it bears, is one of her faithful servitors. There is a science which is arrayed in these days against religion ; a science " falsely so called," which is a tissue of fanciful theory and wild speculation ; a science which, abandoning its own legitimate province, jumps into, and dogmatizes in, the region of wild conjecture. Religion only pities the folly and impiety which are associated with this erratic science, Religion bowing to Science ! We may as well talk of God bowing to man ! True Religion and true Science have always stood in harmony, religion helping science, and science helping religion. The false interpreters of religion did in by-gone times inveigh against true science, and persecute its votaries. But it is as absurd to find fault with religion for their mistaken zeal as it is to find fault with science for the vagaries of men like Comte and Tyndall. Who are in these days the most stubborn opponents of religion ? Certainly the false interpreters of science, those who theorize when they ought to investigate, those who overleap the boundary line which separates the region of fact from that of speculation and lose themselves in mazes and labyrinths of their own creation. Religion, instead of bowing to them, tells them authoritatively that if they do not restrain their imagination, and come back to the legitimate field of enquiry, they are lost for ever.

Another ludicrous assertion of the *Pioneer* embodies a covert attack on Christianity. " Far from being a religion which promised happiness in the next world in return for unhappiness in this, it (Mahammadanism) was an institution the main object of which was to improve the condition of mankind." The religion which has proved the foster-parent of autoocracy, tyranny, bigotry and gross sensualism, which has converted countries fair and populous into favored abodes of anarchy and vice, and brought nations mighty and strong on the broad road to destruction, has improved the condition of mankind ! while Christianity which has fostered liberty, freedom of thought, art and science, diminished vice and crime, and scattered peace and plenty wherever it has pro-

vailed, has merely "promised happiness in the next world in return for unhappiness in this"! And the writer who speaks in this strain glories in his freedom from superstition and bigotry! It is useless to try and convince him that things being in an anomalous and abnormal condition in this world, its condition can not be permanently improved except by means of such heroic self-sacrifice as that towards which Christ called his disciples; and that every honorable and noble career in this life necessarily promises a distant good in return for present "unhappiness." And did not Mahammadanism in its best days promise a heaven of sensual enjoyment in return for such "unhappiness" as is implied in a perpetual and ceaseless war of extermination waged by the faithful against the infidel nations of the world? Suppose, because Mahammadanism brings its professors in contact with some misery in religious crusades, a person asserts that it does nothing to improve the condition of man in this life, will not the *Pioneer* call him a dunce? What shall we say of the man who, because Christianity entails such suffering as is implied in self-abnegation and self-consecration, has the goodness to assert that it does nothing to smooth our journey through life?

Then again our friend assures us that Christianity is not better than Mahammadanism, inasmuch as it does "not prohibit" polygamy. To prove this he makes use of an argument of which in matters other than religion he would be thoroughly ashamed. Why—the redoubtable Editor, who is never tired of pouring contempt on the intellect of Bengal, props up his rabid attack on Christianity by a single name! Because John Milton, a man of stupendous genius and profound learning, says that the Bible does not prohibit polygamy; *ergo* the Bible does *not* prohibit polygamy! Why does not the Editor represent the moral support England has given to Turkey in her attempt to butcher her Christian subjects as unutterably iniquitous because Gladstone, a man of stupendous genius and profound erudition, says so? In polities of course he reasons like a man—but when an attack on religion is on the tapis it is convenient to bandy a great name. We need not pause to prove that, though there is

no express command in the New Testament condemnatory of polygamy, the spirit of all its teaching is against that curse of domestic life. And it is a matter of fact that polygamy would not have been considered a sin, nor would a word of disapprobation or censure have been directed against it, if Christianity had not matured a public opinion as far above that which Mahammanism matures among the millions it curses, as the heaven is above the earth.

Setting aside other assertions, we come to what may be called the triumphant conclusion. "It (the religion of Mahamad) may, indeed, fall a victim to that deluge of free thought which is now undermining the foundations of Christianity" Bravo ! Let the infidel world raise shouts of victory ! The foundations of Christianity are being undermined by the irresistible currents of free thought ! Sometime since the *Indian Mirror* remarked that all Christendom looked upon the Brahmos as the true interpreters of the doctrines of Christ, because some obscure individuals had assured them that they were so ! Our decided conviction is that eminent free thinkers are themselves coming where they will be thoroughly ashamed of the vagaries of free thought. The inconsistencies and contradictions with which the writings of such leaders of free thought as Huxley and Tyndall abound show that they are half-ashamed of their own crotchets. Our readers will remember that when the *Pioneer* some time since came out to curse Government education, he was led by a strange fatality to bless it. And now when he has come out to bless Mahamadanism, he has been led by his evil star to curse it. He has pointed out the very thing which indubitably shows the decline of Islamism, and certainly foreshadows its rapid fall. Mahamadanism is a social system rather than a religion. It appeared to regenerate the world with a meagre religious creed and a vast body of social regulations, all of a social or temporary character indeed but made universally obligatory by the prestige of verbal inspiration. Mahamad fell into the error which had been avoided by Christ. The religions which Christ saw in operation around him were all national and sectarian, and each of them was in consequence mixed up with

local politics and local phases of social life. Christ came to set up a universal religion, one suited to all times and all countries ; and he swam clear of all local predilections and local institutions, political or social. Subject to certain broad principles adapted to all countries and all times, he left the nations of the world, each to manage its own political and purely social affairs according to its own peculiar habits of thought and modes of life. His religion, consisting as it does of an authoritative religious creed but not an authoritative political or social system, is suited to all countries and all times. The religious wants of all mankind are the same, and therefore one and the same religious creed may satisfy them all. The social and political wants of men are varied, and consequently one and the same social system is not fitted to satisfy them all. An authoritative universal religion for all mankind is a necessity ; but a stereotyped sociology for all mankind is an impossibility. Christ had the sagacity to see this ; and he steered clear of the mistake of mixing up his religion with all merely local and temporary circumstances. But Mahammad fell into this very mistake. He mixed up his religion with temporary and local conditions, with civil and criminal laws, and matrimonial and sumptuary regulations, suited to the then existing circumstances of Arabia, but unsuited, not merely to those of the nineteenth century, but to the modes of social life obtaining out of Arabia even in his day. His religion therefore, though avowedly universal, is local, and will die with local circumstances. The civil and criminal jurisprudence with which it is intermixed is regarded by every sensible man as behind the age ; while its matrimonial regulations are condemned by all excepting those philosophers who wish to see marriage become a terminable contract, and those worthies of communistic tendencies who agitate for promiscuous intercourse. Its social system has been weighed in the balances and found wanting, and consequently its days are numbered. Mahammad's religion stands and falls with his social system ; and as his social system is doomed to destruction, his religion also is doomed to destruction. The very element of Mahammadanism, which the *Pioneer* points

out as indicative of its strength, is really indicative of its weakness, and unmistakably foretells its rapid fall. May not Mammadans all the world over justly exclaim—Save us from our friend the *Pioneer* of Allahabad notoriety !

THE FOLK-TALES OF BENGAL.

By Mother Goose.

V. THE STORY OF SWET-BASANTA.

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

Tempest.

There was a rich merchant who had an only son whom he loved passionately. He gave to his son whatever he wanted. His son wanted a beautiful house in the midst of a large garden. The house was built for him, and the grounds were laid out into a fine garden. One day as the merchant's son was walking in his garden, he put his hand into the nest of a small bird called *toontooni*, and found in it an egg, which he took and put in an almirah which was dug into the wall of his house. He closed the door of the almirah, and thought no more of the egg.

Though the merchant's son had a house of his own, he had no separate establishment; at any rate he kept no cook, for his mother used to send him regularly his breakfast and dinner every day. The egg which he deposited in the wall-almirah one day burst, and out of it came a beautiful infant, a girl. But the merchant's son knew nothing about it. He had forgotten every thing about the egg, and the door of the wall-almirah was kept closed, though not locked, ever since the day when the egg was put. The child grew up within the wall-almirah without the knowledge of the merchant's son or that of any other person. When the child could walk, it had the curiosity one day of opening

the door ; and seeing some food on the floor (the breakfast of the merchant's son sent by his mother), it came out, and ate a little of it, and returned to its cell in the wall-almirah. As the mother of the merchant's son sent him always more than he could himself eat, he perceived no diminution in the quantity. The girl of the wall-almirah every day used to come out, to eat a part of the food, and after eating used to return to her place in the almirah. But as the girl got older and older, she began to eat more and more ; hence the merchant's son began to perceive a diminution in the quantity of his food. Not dreaming of the existence of the wall-almirah girl, he wondered that his mother should send him such a small quantity of food. He sent word to his mother, complaining of the insufficiency of his meals, and of the slovenly manner in which the food was served up in the dish ; for the girl of the wall-almirah used to finger the rice, curry and the other things of the meals, and as she always went in a hurry inside the almirah in order that she might not be perceived by any one, she had no time to put the rice and the other things into proper order after she had eaten part of them. The mother was astonished at her son's complaint, for she gave always a much larger quantity than she knew her son could consume, and the food was served up on a silver plate neatly by her own hand. But as her son repeated the same complaint day after day, she began to suspect foul play. She told her son to watch and see whether any one ate part of it unperceived. Accordingly, one day when the servant brought the breakfast and laid it in a clean place on the floor, the merchant's son, instead of going to bathe as it had hitherto been his custom, hid himself in a secret place and began to watch. In a few minutes he saw the door of the wall-almirah open ; a beautiful damsel of sweet sixteen stepped out of it, sat on the carpet spread before the breakfast, and began to eat. The merchant's son came out of his hiding place, and the damsel could not escape. "Who are you, beautiful creature ? You do not seem to be earth-born ? Are you one of the daughters of the gods ?" asked the merchant's son. The girl replied—"I do not know who I am. This I know that one day I found myself in

yonder almirah, and have been ever since living in it." The merchant's son thought it strange. He now remembered that he had sixteen years since put in the almirah an egg he had found in the nest of a *toontooni* bird. The uncommon beauty of the wall-almirah girl made a deep impression on the mind of the merchant's son, and he resolved in his mind to marry her. The girl no more went into the almirah, but lived in one of the rooms of the spacious house of the merchant's son.

The next day the merchant's son sent word to his mother to the effect that he would like to get married. His mother reproached herself for not having long before thought of her son's marriage, and sent a message to her son to the effect that she and his father would the next day send *ghataks** to different countries to seek for a suitable bride. The merchant's son sent word that he had secured for himself a most loveable young lady, and that if his parents had no objections he would produce her before them. Accordingly the young lady of the wall-almirah was taken to the merchant's house; and the merchant and his wife were so struck with the matchless beauty, grace and loveliness of the stranger that, without asking any questions as to her birth, the nuptials were celebrated.

In course of time the merchant's son had two sons; the elder he named Swet and the younger Basanta. The old merchant died and so did his wife. Swet and Basanta grew up fine lads, and the elder was in due time married. Some time after Swet's marriage, his mother, the wall-almirah lady, also died; and the widower lost no time in marrying a young and beautiful wife. As Swet's wife was older than his step-mother, she became the mistress of the house. The step-mother, like all step-mothers, hated Swet and Basanta with a perfect hatred; and the two ladies were naturally often at loggerheads with each other.

It so happened one day, that a fisherman brought to the merchant (we shall no longer call him the merchant's son, as his father had died) a fish of singular beauty. It was unlike any other fish any one had seen. The fish had marvellous qualities

* Professional match-makers.

ascribed to it by the fisherman. If any one eats it, said he, when he laughs, *maniks** will drop from his mouth; and when he weeps, pearls will drop from his eyes. The merchant hearing of the wonderful properties of the fish bought it at one thousand Rupees, and put it into the hands of Swet's wife, who was the mistress of the house, strictly enjoining on her to cook it well and to give it to him alone to eat. The mistress, or house-mother, who had overheard the conversation between her father-in-law and the fisherman, secretly resolved in her mind to give the cooked fish to her husband and to his brother to eat, and to give to her father-in-law instead a frog daintily cooked. When she had finished cooking both the fish and the frog, she heard the noise of a squabble between her step-mother-in-law and her husband's brother. It appears that Basanta, who was but a lad yet, was passionately fond of pigeons which he tamed. One of these pigeons had flown into the room of his step-mother who had secreted it in her clothes. Basanta rushed into the room, and loudly demanded the pigeon. His step-mother denied any knowledge of the pigeon, on which the elder brother Swet forcibly took out the bird from her clothes and gave it to his brother. The step-mother cursed and swore, and added—"Wait, when the head of the house comes home I will make him shed the blood of you both before I give him water to drink." Swet's wife called her husband and said to him—"My dearest lord, that woman is a most wicked woman, and has boundless influence over my father-in-law. She will make him do what she has threatened. Our life is in imminent danger. Let us first eat a little, and let us all three run away from this place." Swet forthwith called Basanta to him, and told him what he had heard from his wife. They resolved to run away before night-fall. The woman placed before her husband and his brother-in-law the fish of wonderful properties, and they ate of it heartily. The woman packed up all her jewels in a box. As there was only one

* *Munik* or rather *manihiya*, is a fabulous precious stone of incredible value. It is found on the head of some species of snakes, and is equal in value to the wealth of seven kings.

horse,—and it was of uncommon fleetness,—the three sat upon it; Swet held the reins, the woman sat in the middle with the jewel box in her lap, and Basanta brought up the rear.

The horse galloped with the utmost swiftness. They passed through many a plain and many a noted town, till at after midnight they found themselves in a forest not far from the bank of a river. Here a most untoward event took place. Swet's wife, who was in the family-way, now felt the pains of child-birth. They dismounted, and in an hour or two Swet's wife gave birth to a son. What were the two brothers to do in this forest? A fire must be kindled for giving heat both to the mother and to the new-born baby. But where is the fire to be got? There were no human habitations visible. But fire must be procured,—and it was the month of December—or else both the mother and the baby would certainly perish. Swet told Basanta to sit beside his wife, while he set out in the darkness of the night in search of fire.

Swet walked many a mile in darkness. Still he saw no human habitations. At last the genial light of Sukra* somewhat illumined his path, and he saw at a distance what seemed a large city. He was congratulating himself on his journey's end and on his being able to obtain fire for the benefit of his poor wife lying cold in the forest with the new-born babe, when on a sudden an elephant, gorgeously caparisoned, shot across his path, and, gently taking him up by its trunk, placed him on the rich *howdah*† on its back. It then walked rapidly towards the city. Swet was quite taken aback. He did not understand the meaning of the elephant's action, and wondered what was in store for him. A crown was in store for him. In that kingdom, the chief city of which he was approaching, every morning a king was elected, for the king of the previous day was always found dead in the morning in the room of the queen. What caused the death of the king no one knew; neither did the

* Venus, the Morning Star.

† The seat on the back of an elephant.

queen herself (for every successive king took her to wife) know the cause. And the elephant who took hold of Swet was the king-maker. Early in the morning it went about, sometimes to distant places, and whosoever was brought on its back was acknowledged king by the people. The elephant majestically marched through the crowded streets of the city, amid the acclamations of the people the meaning of which Swet did not understand, entered the palace and placed him on the throne. He was proclaimed king amid the rejoicings of some and the lamentations of others. In the course of the day he heard of the strange fatality which overtook every night the elected king of those realms, but being possessed of great discretion and courage he took every precaution to avert the dreadful catastrophe. Yet he hardly knew what expedients to adopt, as he was unacquainted with the nature of the danger. He resolved, however, upon doing two things, of going armed into the queen's bedchamber, and of sitting up awake the whole night. The queen was young and of exquisite beauty, and so guileless and benevolent was the expression of her face that it was impossible from looking at her to suppose that she could use any foul means for taking away the life of her nightly consort. In the queen's chamber Swet spent a very agreeable evening; as the night advanced the queen fell asleep, but Swot kept awake, and was on the alert, looking at every crevice and corner of the room, and expecting every minute to be murdered. In the dead of night, he perceived something like a thread coming out of the left nostril of the queen. The thread was so thin that it was almost invisible. As he watched it he found it several yards long, and yet it was coming out. When the whole of it had come out, it began to grow thick, and in a few minutes it assumed the form of a huge serpent. In a moment Swet cut off the head of the serpent, the body of which wriggled violently. He sat quiet in the room, expecting other adventures. But nothing else happened. The queen slept longer than usual as she had been relieved of the huge snake which had made her stomach its den. Early next morning the ministers came expecting as usual to hear of the king's death; but when the ladies of the bed-

chamber knocked at the door of the queen, they were astonished to see Swet come out. It was then known to all the people how that every night a terrible snake issued from the queen's nostrils, how it devoured the king every night, and how it was at last killed by the fortunate Swet. The whole country rejoiced in the prospect of a permanent king. It is a strange thing, nevertheless it is true, that Swet did not remember his poor wife with the new born babe lying in the forest, nor his brother attending on her. With the possession of the throne he seemed to forget the whole of his past history.

Basanta, to whom his brother had entrusted his wife and child, sat watching for many a weary hour, expecting every moment to see Swet return with fire. The whole night passed away without his return. At sun-rise he went to the bank of the river which was close by, and anxiously looked about for his brother, but in vain. Distressed beyond measure, he sat on the river side and wept. A boat was passing by in which a merchant was returning to his country. As the boat was not far from the shore, the merchant saw Basanta weeping; and what struck the attention of the merchant was the heap of what looked like pearls, near the weeping man. At the request of the merchant the boatman took his vessel towards the bank; the merchant went to the weeping man, and found that the heap was a heap of real pearls of the finest lustre: and what astonished him most of all was that the heap was increasing every second, for the tear-drops that were falling from his eyes fell to the ground not as tears but as pearls. The merchant stowed away the heap of pearls into his boat, and with the help of his servants caught hold of Basanta himself, put him on board the vessel, and tied him to a post. Basanta, of course, resisted; but what could he do against so many? Thinking of his brother, his brother's wife and baby, and of his own captivity, Basanta wept more bitterly than before, which mightily pleased the merchant as the more tears his captive shed the richer he himself became. When the merchant reached his native town, he confined Basanta in a room, and at stated hours every day scourged him in order to make him shed tears.

every one of which was converted into a bright pearl. The merchant one day said to his servants, "As the fellow is making me rich by his weeping, let us see what he gives me by laughing." Accordingly he began to tickle his captive, on which Basanta laughed, and as he laughed a great many *maniks* dropped from his mouth. After this poor Basanta was alternately whipped and tickled all the day and far into the night; and the merchant, in consequence, became the wealthiest man in the land. Leaving Basanta subjected to the alternate processes of castigation and titillation, let us attend to the fortunes of the poor wife of Swet, alone in the forest, with a child just born.

Swet's wife, apparently deserted by her husband and her brother-in-law, was overwhelmed with grief. A woman, a few hours since delivered of a child—and her first child, alone, and in a forest, far from the habitations of men,—her case was indeed pitiable. She wept rivers of tears. Excessive grief, however, brought her relief. She fell asleep with the new-born baby in her arms. It so happened that at that hour the Kotwal (prefect of the police) of the country was passing that way. He had been very unfortunate with regard to his offspring; every child his wife presented him with died shortly after birth, and he was now going to bury the last infant on the banks of the river. As he was going, he saw in the forest a woman sleeping with a baby in her arms. It was a lively and beautiful boy. The Kotwal coveted the lovely infant. He quietly took it up, put in its place his own dead child, and returning home, told his wife that the child had not really died and had revived. Swet's wife, unconscious of the deceit practised upon her by the Kotwal, on waking found her child dead. The distress of her mind may be imagined. The whole world became dark to her. She was distracted with grief, and in her distraction she formed the resolution of committing suicide. The river was not far from the spot, and she determined to drown herself in it. She took in her hand the bundle of jewels and proceeded to the river-side. An old Brahman was at no great distance, performing his morning ablutions. He noticed the woman going into the water, and naturally thought

that she was going to bathe; but when he saw her going far into deep waters, some suspicion arose in his mind. Discontinuing his devotions, he bawled out and ordered the woman to come to him. Swet's wife seeing that it was an old man that was calling her, retraced her steps and came to him. On being asked what she was about to do, she said that she was going to make an end of herself, and that as she had some jewels with her she would be obliged if he would accept them as a present. At the request of the old Brahman she related to him her whole story. The upshot was, that she was prevented from drowning herself, and that she was received into the Brahman's family, where she was treated by the Brahman's wife as her own daughter.

Years passed on. The reputed son of the Kotwal grew up a vigorous, robust lad. As the house of the old Brahman was not far from the Kotwal's, the Kotwal's son used accidentally to meet the handsome strange woman who passed for the Brahman's daughter. The lad liked the woman and wanted to marry her. He spoke to his father about the woman, and the father spoke to the Brahman. The Brahman's rage knew no bounds. What! the infidel Kotwal's son aspiring to the hand of a Brahman's daughter! A dwarf may as well aspire to catch hold of the moon! But the Kotwal's son determined to have her by force. With this wicked object he one day scaled the wall that encompassed the Brahman's house, and got upon the thatched roof of the Brahman's cow-house. While he was reconnoitering from that lofty position, he heard the following conversation between two calves in the cow-house:—

First Calf. “Men accuse us of brutish ignorance and immorality; but in my opinion men are fifty times worse.”

Second Calf. “What makes you say so, brother? Have you witnessed to-day any instance of human depravity?”

First Calf. “Who can be a greater monster of crime than the same lad who is at this moment standing on the thatched roof of this hut over our head?”

Second Calf. “Why, I thought it was only the son of our Kotwal; and I never heard that he was exceptionally vicious.”

First Calf. " You never heard, but you now hear from me. The wicked lad is now wishing to get married to his own mother!"

The First Calf then related to the inquisitive Second Calf in full the story of Swet and Basanta; how they and Swet's wife fled from the vengeance of their step-mother; how Swet's wife was delivered of a child in the forest by the river-side; how Swet was made king by the elephant, and how he succeeded in killing the serpent which issued out of the queen's nostrils; how Basanta was carried away by the merchant, confined in a dungeon, and alternately flogged and tickled for pearls and *maniks*: how the Kotwal exchanged his dead child for the living one of Swet; how Swet's wife was prevented from drowning herself in the river by the Brahman; how she was received into the Brahman's family and treated as his daughter; how the Kotwal's son grew up a hardy, lusty youth, and fell in love with her; and how at that very moment he was intent on accomplishing his brutal object. All this story the Kotwal's son heard from the thatched roof of the cow-house, and was struck with horror. He forthwith got down from the thatch, went home and told his father that he must have an interview with the king. Notwithstanding his reputed father's protestations to the contrary, he had an interview with the king, to whom he repeated the whole story as he had overheard it from the thatch of the cow-house. The king now remembered his poor wife's case. She was brought from the house of the Brahman, whom he richly rewarded, and put her in her proper position as the queen of the kingdom; the reputed son of the Kotwal was acknowledged as his own son, and proclaimed the heir-apparent to the throne; Basanta was brought out of the dungeon, and the wicked merchant who had maltreated him was buried alive in the earth surrounded with thorns. After this, Swet, his wife and son, and Basanta lived together happily for many years.

Now my story endeth,

The Natiya-thorn withereth, &c.

MOTHER GOOSE.

HISTORY *A PRIORI.*

History is the statement of facts in the sequence in which they occur. History *a priori* means the statement of such facts deduced from their causes. All those historical statements, which are not narrations of facts as they are seen or heard to occur, or which are not compiled from such narrations, properly belong to history *a priori*. Causes being given, their effects may be found out; these effects may again be considered as causes of the effects which they produce; thus it is possible to form a chain of causes and effects, in which each link may be viewed as the effect of its antecedent and the cause of its consequent. If history do not consist merely of lists of kings and dry catalogues of sieges and wars, if the description of the gradual progress of society, comprising its religion, government, sciences, arts, manufactures and commerce, be the principal object of the historian, then the history of a country may be made out by philosophical investigation, in the same way, as the history of the world is brought to light by geological researches. Such history is imbedded chiefly in poetry and discovered by philosophy. From philosophy, which, according to Lord Bacon, consists, of two parts, "the inquisition of causes and the production of effects," we learn the sequence in which facts occur. The subject of philosophy is abstract, that of history concrete. History eliminated of its reference to particular events is generalized into philosophy, and conversely philosophy referred or applied to particular events makes out facts for history.

The data for *a priori* history from which inferences may be drawn and effects followed out in the order of their sequence, are chiefly found in poetry, which is therefore said to be *fossil history*. The problem then for solution is—Given poetry and philosophy, to find out history.

Of the three parts of human learning, as divided by Lord Bacon, first comes the age of poesy, then that of philosophy and

history, which, like twins, belong to the same age. Regarding poesy, he says "as a plant that cometh of the lust of the earth without a formal seed, it has sprung up and spread abroad more than any other kind." The reason for its abundant growth is also the reason for its first growth.

- Poetry describes the aspects of nature and represents the feelings. It pourtrays man in the several stages of society;—the shepherd, the peasant and the king, with equal interest inspire the poet's song. He sometimes takes also the part of a historian; thus in epic poetry, he pourtrays the state of society in all its complexity, as its real state must exhibit. The same father of modern philosophy justly observes that, "for the expressing of affections, passions, corruptions and customs, we are beholding to poets more than to the philosopher's works."

Poetry delineating external and the internal nature—the physical aspects of a country and the feelings of the people,—supplies the first link in the chain of causes and effects, which compose the facts of history. The subsequent links are supplied by philosophy, which deduces facts for history; 1st from physical causes; 2nd moral causes dependent on physical causes; and 3rd purely moral causes.

In order to have a correct view of these causes it is necessary to observe how man is influenced by external circumstances.

The mind is said to be passive, when it is acted upon by external influences. The objects and the phenomena of nature, the works of art, the opinions and actions of men, operate upon the mind and produce a variety of mental states. It is then time for the mind to work. It utilizes the laws of nature, produces the works of art and exercises its influence on the minds of individuals and on society in general. It is then said to be active. The mind thus holds the middle position, between the causes which influence its states or feelings, and the exertion, which its desires and emotions make it put forth. Owing to the imperfection of our knowledge of the laws of mind, we cannot observe all the sequences between the ultimate effects and the original causes; we say, for instance, the sight of a tiger makes .

a man to run away. We take notice of the antecedent link, the sight of a tiger, and the subsequent link, the act of running, but take no notice of the intermediate links of fear, the thought of escaping from the danger, the volition and the putting forth of power to run away. The fact is, that the mind acts as it is acted upon, or that objects act on mind and in consequence thereof of mind acts on objects.

The effect of external circumstances may be clearly understood by comparing the mind of a savage and that of a civilized man :—The one has all those powers of the mind which the other has; still the knowledge of the former is less extensive, his feelings less refined, and his aspirations less elevated, than those of the latter. Leave the son of a civilized man, while his mental powers are being developed, in the company of savages, and he will become as one of them. On the other hand, place the son of a savage in a civilized society, and he will become worthy of that society. The mind being well informed, new objects are sought to engage the understanding, the field of sympathy and of fellowfeeling is extended from self to family, from family to the native town or village, thence to the native country, and finally to the world. Selfish care yields to domestic happiness, domestic care to the care for the municipality, this again is lost in patriotism, and patriotism is absorbed in philanthropy. While thus the object of the understanding and of feelings grows more important and comprehensive, the field of activity and energy becomes unavoidably more extended. Higher and nobler aspirations rouse the spirit to mighty achievements of which the men of narrow spheres can feel no necessity and comprehend no design. Thus the external circumstances and the internal constitution of man act and react on each other.

It is further observed that every man must have some object of pursuit, and that it must be worthy of the exertion that he can put forth, otherwise his powers become more and more weakened, till his ability comes down to be in concord with his object. The abilities of a person may be crippled by denying him an adequate object of pursuit,—they may be diverted to a wrong end.

by leading his judgement astray in believing that to be agreeable which is not really good—and they may be enlarged and improved by setting before them objects really good, adequate and attainable.

This may be understood by observing analogy in the case of muscular action. The due exercise of the muscular system compresses the blood-vessels which lie imbedded among muscles, and propelling their contents in all the arteries and veins, favors the circulation and increases the supply of arterial blood, thereby enabling the muscles to act with greater energy. The waste thus caused by the action and reaction of the muscular system and the organs of circulation is made up by the nutrition. The same cause sharpens the appetite, quickens digestion, increases respiration, and thereby secures the supply of blood. Thus the processes of waste and renovation proceed with greater rapidity and in due proportion to each other. As in the case of the body there is a mutual dependence between the increased activity of the muscular system and that of the circulation of blood, so in the case of the mind its increased activity and the supply of objects, with which that activity is maintained, help each other. In the case of body as well as of mind, exercise increases strength, and the increase of strength keeps up exercise.

In the scenes of daily life, it is also generally observed, that the mind is influenced by opinions and actions of men. Those who have the education of boys under their charge, must have observed that the despondency caused in boys, who are called stupid and useless, more often turns them to be what they are called, than any defect or fault in themselves; while the hope excited in those who are called bright and intelligent, spurs them on to attain that degree of superiority which makes them more worthy of encouragement. In the one case, despondency dejects the spirit, the height of knowledge seems unattainable, exertion is relaxed, and the mental powers are blunted;—in the other, the mind is roused by the hope of attaining a high object, kept on progressing by the probability of its attainment, exertion is put forth, and the mental powers are consequently increased, improved and

elevated. Thus the result little or much is proportionate to little or much expectation rather than to the little or much of real ability. A scholar, fresh from college or university, in this country, is by no means, on an average, inferior to fresh scholars of universities in England. But the surrounding ignorance and the debasing customs which thrust upon him the care of a family before he is able to look after them, as well as the cold and apathetic look, nay more—the illiberal and unjust treatment of those from whom he expects encouragement, enslave his spirit and blot out the impressions produced on his mind by education. His western brethren on the contrary may have nothing to draw them downwards,—they rise higher and higher of course by toil, for they learn in their climate that toil is ease, and being encouraged by patronage and supported by their superiors, they reach a secure and elevated position. The divergence commencing from the same point, *viz.*, the finishing of the college career, may in the course of a few years, be so great, that while the one may be drudging at the kerani's desk with a greater fear for his master than the Negro slave has for the white man, the other may have a seat in the British Parliament.

The preceding observations explain why peculiar necessities give a peculiar turn and strength to the mind. We find it often stated that heroes and warriors, orators and geniuses, are born in times when they are peculiarly needed for the benefit of a nation. Some therefore hold that all great men are sent by God on earth to fulfil some Mission beneficial to mankind. This however can be accounted for by the laws of the ordinary dispensation of Providence. Extraordinay times in the history of a nation present striking and extraodinary objects. These objects may be as various in their nature and importance as the abilities and dispositions of the people. Whenever there is an adequateness between the object required to be attained, and the ability or tendency of any individual among them, that individual sees new light and his prospects appear to be extended before him. He observes ways and means which are beyond the comprehension of his brethren, who possess no mean

ability in other respects, but who have no aptitude in their minds corresponding with that object. He is thus considered to be specially inspired to fulfil a certain purpose, though there may be no more specialty than that of the aptitude between the eye and the light. A Cromwell or a Napoleon, a Luther or a Chaitanya, may thus be roused to be what he is or to fulfil the purpose, which the circumstances of his age require him to accomplish. The history of every country and of every age bears ample testimony to the fact, that when the genius of a certain class is wanted in any country in any age, then and there, a man having such a genius is found, as if sent by Heaven to fulfil a special mission; and indeed, such is really the dispensation of God in His government of the world. There is no doubt of the fact, that men are moulded by the circumstances of their age and country, and that great men are not exceptions to this general rule. They are said to be *born* like the poet, and not *made*, but even to be *born* is to be formed and very early moulded by natural circumstances. In the level plain of Bengal, no poet can be *born* having the same sense of the sublime and the awful, as the poet nurtured on the mountainous regions of the Himalaya, because no such sense can be *formed* amidst the scenes of a level country. Thus in the life of a great man, the elements of his greatness may be traced to his education and his circumstances, the objects set before him to attain, the encouragement he may have received and the excitement worked in him even by the reaction of despondency or adversity.

From the preceding observations it is clear, that the external circumstances of nature and the internal constitution of man act and react on each other, and that the mind of an individual is not only influenced by the opinions and actions of others, but by peculiar moral causes. The history of a nation may likewise be traced to its physical circumstances as well as to moral causes.

The physical circumstances which influence the character of the people of any country are chiefly, its position with regard to the sea, its rivers, its mountains, its climate and its productions. It is a striking fact, that all the civilized countries in the

world are confined within the limits of the temperate zone, and either situated on the seashore with numerous indentations, or watered by large or navigable rivers. Regarding mountain scenery, it may be observed, that all these countries generally speaking, are not mountainous, but have grand or beautiful prospects of mountains close to them. The physical circumstances are all observed to be favorable to commercial intercourse as well as to the physical and moral development of man. They directly determine the intellectual and moral character of a nation, and that character determines the state of its government, religion, learning and manners, as well as the state of its arts, manufactures and commerce. We can partly trace its religious and poetic tendencies to the general aspect of nature, specially the scenes of mountains, oceans and the heavens; its habits and manners, especially its manufactures and commerce, may also be partly ascribed to the distribution of vegetables and animals; but its laws and government are entirely the direct results of the character which the people have already attained. The state of a nation is therefore said to be the combined result of several physical and moral causes.

The state of a nation implies its state of prosperity, civilization and greatness. These are generally co-existent, but they do not necessarily keep pace with one another. The prosperity of a nation is the result of its productive industry, its cultivation of arts and its extension of commerce; its civilization depends upon its manners and its cultivation of learning; and its greatness upon its virtues. A prosperous nation, a civilized nation, and a great nation, are as distinct as a wealthy man, a polite man, and a great man. The physical circumstances and the intellectual and moral character thereby determined, can make a nation prosperous and civilized, but as the greatness of an individual has no reference to the cottage or the palace in which he lives, or to the comforts of life which he enjoys, so the greatness of a nation has no necessary connection with its prosperity or civilization; it depends entirely upon its moral virtues and its moral spirit.

The history of a nation is thus determined chiefly by phy-

sical causes, and by moral causes dependent on them, but these are not all sufficient, as M. Cousan thinks. "Give me," says he, "the map of a country its configuration, its climate, its waters, its winds and all its physical geography, give me its natural productions, its *flora*, its *fauna*, and I pledge myself to tell you *a priori*, what the inhabitants of that country will be, and what place that country will take in history, not accidentally, but necessarily, not at a particular epoch, but at all periods of time; in a word, the thought which that country is formed to represent." Hume, speaking of the causes which determine national characters, distinguishes them into physical and moral. The moral causes mentioned by him are, "the nature of the government, the revolutions of public affairs, the plenty or penury in which the people live, the situation of the nation with regard to its neighbours, and such like circumstances."

All must admit that physical causes are quite distinct from moral causes. But while some maintaining that all moral causes are dependent on physical causes, overlook the former and think the latter all sufficient; others hold that some moral causes do not depend on physical causes. .

How the spirit of a nation is enslaved by tyranny! How the progress of society is brought to a standstill by the belief that those institutions which are human in the ordinary sense of the term are special ordinations of Heaven, that the institution of caste, for instance, has its origin in the very person of God. In the one case, it is the influence of the spirit of tyranny, in the other, it is an erroneous belief, working upon the mind. These are moral causes, not only distinct from physical causes, but, so far as observation is possible, independent of them. Till the nature of the connection between mind and matter is not established by positive proofs, it is as unphilosophical or rather as unscientific, to consider mind to be otherwise than a substance distinct in its nature from matter, as to deny distinct moral causes independent of physical causes. It is therefore necessary to keep in view all the three classes, of causes, in making out history *a priori*, and it is hardly necessary to mention that poetry, .

which not only describes the physical aspect, but delineates the feelings, supply data of purely moral causes as well as other classes of causes.

Supposing that the physical aspects of a country, as determined by actual observations, and the feelings or affections of the mind consequent on such phenomena, are corroborated by the descriptions of poets, then the data supplied by them, may be safely made the starting-point from which the process of deductions may be commenced ; but if there is no such corroboration, then a further research of the changes of the physical aspects on scientific principles becomes necessary. Supposing these are also ascertained, then the data of physical causes are complete. But still these are not sufficient at least, so long as all moral causes are not proved to be dependent on physical causes ; the laws of thoughts and feelings, of affections and passions, of desires and motives, being supposed to be ascertained and known, the combined result of the physical aspects and the internal constitution may be determined. Supposing then all the physical and the moral causes are duly given, and the laws of the rise and progress, of society, founded on the observations of known facts, are established, still the deductions will retain their general and abstract nature. To descend to particulars without particular data is impossible. Supposing such data were also given, still it would be extremely difficult, though not impossible, to follow out the deductions, link after link ; and it becomes a hopeless task, unless the process is found to be correct by some proofs at each stage of the process. Such proofs are as necessary in historical researches of this description, as the chart, the compass and the light-house are to the mariner. Coins, monuments, inscriptions and traditions supply the particular data which render the process possible as well as the proofs, which enliven and encourage the researches. Help may also be obtained from the study of the codes of law and morals, the scriptures containing the religious beliefs and practices as well as observances and ceremonies,—the works of any branch of knowledge—even the structure and the state of the written language in the several stages of its refinement.

Thus it is observed that history *a priori* is simply possible ; but the task is not easy. No person, however gigantic his intellect, however extensive his observation, however profound his scholarship, however indefatiguable his industry, can venture to undertake such a task. It is the work of time, labor and patience. However, when, the process being systematically followed out, we arrive at a state of the history of a country, which we can identify with its present stage, then history *a priori* is finished, the problem is solved and the work is done.

RADHANATH BASAK.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.

Auguste Vacquerie.

"An artist, Sir, should live in art."—Tennyson.

Friend, care for art, and care not for success,
It matters not if fools insult or bless ;
Doubts, fears for thee, my bosom would assail,
If from the outset thou didst spread full sail,
And no winds adverse, quicksands, battles hard,
And death-fears even, crossed thee to retard.
Those who are great pass not through every door
Open before them. Thou shouldst set no store
Upon the mode or fashion of the hour :
That passes ; and the name today of power
Tomorrow shall be eaten up by rust :
Dust soon returns, alas ! to kindred dust.
The mode requires a marvel at each turn ;
Oh what a god ! Let us our incense burn,
Is still the cry. But gods of yesterday,
What are they now ? The potter's common clay.
The hope of an eternity of light
Once theirs, is over in a single night.
Thou, therefore, heedless of the senseless crowd,
Brood on thy thought, and to thy goal steer proud ;
Work, work unceasing with thy pen in hand,

Or brow deep buried, till arising grand
 Stands forth the new Idea like a star,
 Apparent, lustrous, clear, if still afar ;
 And with thy sweat and blood achieve thy task,
 Which brings its own reward,—no other ask.
 If thou, insensible to all abuse
 Or worse, faint lukewarm praise so oft in use,
 Livest in art, and carest not who hears,
 And who indifferent heeds not, while he sneers,
 And art not angry when blind men exhort,
 Or honest men in praising,—praise too short ;
 Thou too shalt have at last, the mob's acclaim,
 Longer though later, and the noise called fame ;
 But oh forget not, should it still delay,
 Now means an hour, tomorrow means for aye.

T. D.

A LOVER'S WISH.

Théodore De Banville.

When Death relentless, envious of our bliss,
 Of breath deprives us in our last, last kiss,
 And throws the sombre shadow of his wings
 Upon us,—while recede all earthly things ;—
 May we repose beneath two twin-like stones,
 And may twin-roses grow above our bones,
 Roses of perfume rare, of colours bright,
 From darkness springing into glorious light,
 United, like our souls borne far away
 To the warm sunshine of an endless day ;—
 And near on trees, to symbolise our loves,
 In pairs still nestle the white turtle-doves !

T. D.

A BOTTLE OF SMOKE.

Among the numerous secondary appetites of the human race nothing perhaps is so conspicuously universal in point of indulgence as *smoking*, nay we shall not be far from the truth if we venture to assert, that within the whole pale of organized society, hardly a nation is found at the present day, which can pretend to be absolutely abstinent in this respect. Such being the case it would not be an entirely idle and uninteresting task to enquire into its origin and gradual development. The weed which forms the subject of this paper, is admittedly the chief ingredient used in smoking in most of the countries of the civilized world, though there are various other substances which are also in requisition for the purpose. Dry leaves of the potato plant, we are told by a Swedish Doctor of great renown, would answer the end of tobacco so far as smoking is concerned. In Orissa, the lower orders of the people use cigars made of the dry leaves of mango trees. In Hamburg and Bremen, the smoking stuff is composed of a mixture of tobacco and potato leaves. Whatever may be the recommendation of the potato leaf, its use is doubtless confined within very narrow limits and is by no means so various and extensive as that of tobacco. The fact that tobacco has virtually become an article of daily consumption in almost every family is too patent to be ignored. Tobacco is not only a luxury and recreation to us, but often a necessity. Irrespective of its adaptability for smoking, it is held in much repute for purposes of snuff, and is much valued by the natives of Orissa and of Upper India as sauce for *pan* or betel leaves.

Before entering upon the discussion of the subject we deem it desirable to premise that, owing to the utter and absolute want of authentic records concerning the earliest use of tobacco leaves in smoking, our accounts gathered chiefly from desultory researches must prove meagre and imperfect. We confess our inability to handle the subject in a manner calculated to be inter-

esting. But this consideration should not of itself be suffered to deter us from attempting to put on record certain observations closely bearing upon the subject. The admitted complication and stiffness of our topic will, we trust, excuse to some extent, our shortcomings.

We intend at the outset to make some cursory remarks on the cognomen of the ingredient which in the course of a few centuries has effected a change in our domestic life, engendered peculiar habits in us, and cast a wide influence upon our social manners and customs. It would not be preposterous to suppose that the plant known by the name of the "Queen's weed" was originally the indigenous growth of some of the West Indian Islands. The name tobacco was adopted in Europe after its introduction thither. It is so called owing probably to its first importation from the island of Tobago. There is a legend to the effect that the name *Tamaku*, given to it in Hindustan, owes its origin to the place *Tombeki* in Persia, whence it was imported to India in large quantities during the early period of Mogul supremacy. In Bengal Proper the weed is styled *Doktu*, and is grown in abundance throughout the length and breadth of the province. It is difficult to trace the exact etymology of this term, though we may venture to assert that in all probability this may be a corruption of *Dooktra*, signifying that which removes fatigue and misery. This interpretation, we apprehend, will be deemed by many as conjectural, but not altogether, we conceive, irrational and absurd. In France the weed is called *nicotiana* after the name of the first introducer M. de Nicot, who in the middle of the 16th century was ambassador in the court of Portugal under the celebrated queen Catherine de Medicis. We are not in a position to determine the precise date of its introduction into England, though it is said to have been first used in London in the year 1585. It was Francis Drake who first ushered tobacco leaves to the notice of Englishmen, samples having been brought by him from the island of Tobago.

Thus it will be seen that Europe is indebted to a peace-making ambassador for its knowledge of this weed of modern cele-

brity. The calm delights of smoke with which we are so much concerned at present, were taught us by our wild and uncivilized brethren inhabiting the West Indies. One would at first sight feel inclined to suppose that smoking, so much in fashion in modern times, must have been a habit adopted in the first instance in cold climates as an antidotal and anticonvulsive physic to shooe off the inclemencies of foul weather ; but such is not the case. The natives of hot countries, on the contrary, we find, are more addicted to smoking than the northern nations. Again, as a rule, the labouring classes, who have often to work in the sun, solace themselves frequently with a hearty pull of smoke. With the rich and affluent smoking may in many cases be either a luxury or a recreation, but with the vulgar and indigent it is unmistakably an indispensable necessity.

It would, we apprehend, be an utterly futile task were we to attempt to determine with minuteness and accuracy the successive stages of the extension and progress of the smoking propensity in man. The problem we think is of such intricacy as to baffle and challenge solution even by the best of antiquarians. The question is involved in a mystery which it is difficult for us to unravel. We would therefore content ourselves with remarking that the circulation of tobacco on the European continent must have originated beyond all question from Portugal, whence in all probability it proceeded in the first instance to Spain and France, and thence spread over various other countries. The Persians, we have reasons to suppose, had hit upon a smoking ingredient long before the name of tobacco was known elsewhere in Asia. In Hindustan tradition attributes its introduction to the advent of the Portuguese on the Malabar coast. Be that a fact or a mere surmise we would fain abstain from describing its extension over the rest of continental Asia.

It will not be out of place to describe here the variety of forms in which tobacco leaf is used in different parts of the habitable globe. The European as a rule uses tobacco as snuff and whiffs off its smoke from cigars. The best snuff is manufactured in Macouba, a village in Martinique. That from Mossulipatum is .

also famous for its excellency. There is another species of the stuff of remarkable notoriety which is indented in abundance from Benares. This sort of snuff is much in fashion among the old class of orthodox Hindus. The best tobacco for cigars comes from Cuba. It is grown at Vuelta de Abajo. The *cheroots* of Manilla are also held in high estimation by the public. The Greeks prefer the tobacco of Macedonia, and the Persians exhibit much liking for the stuff that is grown in Tombeki. The people of India in general inhale the smoke of a composition styled by them *goorook*. It is a preparation chiefly composed of powdered tobacco mixed with treacle, though it is not unusual to introduce certain other ingredients into the mixture. Ordinarily there are three sorts of *goorook* in constant use among our countrymen. The best is known by the name of *khamira*, and is used by the rich, among whom the *albola* is much in vogue. The second sort called *Mecta kara*, or the moderate, is intended mainly for people in mediocre circumstances. Into this mixture is often introduced a plurality of spicy and odiferous substances, of which sandel-wood dust (besprinkled with a drop or two of the essence of flowers) is the most prominent. The third or worst species is designated *kura* or the stiff, in consequence of its strong narcotic influence. This sort is invariably adulterated with quick lime and sand, and is in great requisition among the lower orders of the people. The chief marts for *khamira*, namely Lucknow, Chandalgurh, Gya, Dacca and Calcutta, are too well known to our affluent countrymen to need any detailed remarks.

Nobody, we think, can deny that tobacco is a narcotic and a stimulant. Van Helmont said it protected him long from hunger and fatigue whilst he travelled through the desert plains of Africa. The results of scientific experiments have brought to light the fact that, in a bundle of tobacco leaves weighing one hundred weight, there is to be invariably found poison of the size of a pea, a grain of which will be sufficient to kill the stoutest horse. This explains the fact why the smoke of certain cigars as well as of tobacco smoked in dry short pipes (excepting the stuff that comes from Maryland) so often offends the mucous mem-

brane of our mouth. It is not unlikely that the Indian *hooka* was skilfully devised with the view of counteracting the effects of this poisonous element in tobacco, (even when mixed with treacle) by causing the smoke to pass through the water in the cocoanut shell.

Mr. Ledley in his *Miscellanies* has expatiated at length upon the beneficial effects of tobacco. He says that the smoke of tobacco serves to remove the malarious influence of the atmosphere. When used as snuff it dispels long seated cold from the brain. Tobacco if swallowed in small pills would enhance and facilitate digestion and thereby sharpen appetite. The smoke, when inhaled, is not only an antidote to malaria, but is beneficial to the human constitution in a variety of ways. It is an unquestionable cure for lethargy, and is regarded in every creek and corner of our country as an infallible and efficacious stimulant to energy and exertion. The dirt which accumulates at the top of the *nulcha* (wooden pipe) is said to be a sure remedy for obstinate and gangrenous sores when applied with cotton in the shape of a paste. The same is also reckoned a good medicine, for removing dimness of eyesight when applied to the eye with water and pepper. The water of the *hooka*, when it assume a yellowish tinge after frequent smoking, is believed to be a medicine for dropsy and snake-bite. This water, if swallowed an ounceful every time, would cause immediate perspiration in the patient, and thus palliate to a considerable extent the effects of the malady. Dr. Stephenson regarded tobacco as a specific in certain forms of inflammatory erysipelas, and is known to have often advised his patients to cover the inflamed surface with wet tobacco leaves until nausea supervened.

But whatever may be the medicinal properties of tobacco, and however much it may be valued by scientific men, we are not prepared to advocate the cause of smoking. To us its benefits appear questionable, whereas its drawbacks do not admit of a shadow of doubt. Persons who are accustomed to smoking are often found by us to experience much uneasiness, if by chance or accident they are kept out of its reach for hours together. There

are few among us who have not encountered at times respectable relatives (we mean of course such as are habitual smokers) stooping to smoke from a stranger's *hooka*, or what is worse from an earthen *kulka*. It is no fib to say that many of our accomplished countrymen are remarkable lovers of the *albola* which, in the case of some, is the inseparable companion of their owners even during office hours. Is there any man who can gainsay the fact that the smoking habit is attended with evils, and disadvantages? Who is there who has not occasionally observed his intelligent office-mates given up to excessive smoking, yawning every second hour, and leaving work for a time however short, to gratify this propensity, not to speak of the manifold other inconvenience which they occasion to themselves by a slavish addiction to this indulgence? It is far from our intention to declaim against the prevalence of the smoking system in our social festivities, nor do we desire to deprecate the use of tobacco altogether. There are certain features in the practice which appear to us to be perfectly agreeable and faultless. But at the same time we cannot refrain from censuring the habit. There is, we think, no necessity on our part, to adduce any argument in support of our condemnation of the practice of smoking which obtains notoriously within the sacred precincts of our renowned temples and within the walls of the public offices and courts, inspite of the strictest prohibitions. It is superfluous to object to the practice of smoking during office time, inasmuch as that admittedly goes a great way to cause serious interruption to business irrespective of the mischief which it is otherwise calculated to do in setting fire to valuable records in our public offices. In short, tobacco smoking is so much in vogue that the infection has spread over the various seats of learning. In the Sanscrit *tolk* the indulgence of smoking may, to a certain extent, be excusable in the students who are generally grown up men, but we see no reason why we should wink at the pernicious tendency in the juvenile alumni of our English elementary schools and Patsalas to catch the fascinating contagion. The maxim "what is food for the gander is food for the geese" should

not be allowed to hold good in this instance, and it is a duty of paramount importance to dissuade our youth from the practice. •

The discipline that has of late years been introduced into the jails throughout the country will at once convince us that an abrupt discontinuance of smoking by one long habituated to it, will, instead of proving detrimental to his health, conduce much to the improvement and invigoration of his constitution. We are all quite familiar with the fact that the generality of our convicts belong to a class of people with whom perhaps it is no exaggeration to say, that the *hooka* is known to be their incessant and life-long companion, and yet jail statistics fully prove that an abstinence from smoking does substantial good to the human frame. Our object in these observations, however, should not be misunderstood—we are not for discarding the use of tobacco smoking absolutely, but our aim is simply to amend and rectify the system in a manner that will spontaneously suggest itself to every right-thinking and intelligent Bengali.

CRINIS.

HISTORIC DOUBTS RELATIVE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO INDIA,

A. D. 1875, 1876.

"All that is believed is not credible nor to be received without examination." The most vaunted stories circulated in benighted lands, misnamed Oriental, may be questioned, if not doubted, notwithstanding their hypothetical proximity to the Rising Sun. The great philosophers, the apostles of free thought and of progress, from Spinoza to Miss Frances Power Cobbe, do not accept the Bible either because its Miracles are unresoled by Human Science, however supported they may be by the strongest human testimony; or because its History is ancient, marvellous and committed to Hebrew and Greek

writing. It is well to be earnest disciples of the great leaders of thought, and to exercise independence of customary beliefs, and to cultivate the right of private judgment as well as a laudable scepticism, especially in regard to current events; since what is now the news simply of the present hour, if very striking in itself or in its consequences, is liable after the lapse of centuries to degenerate. Such are the casualties which befall human life.

"Towards the close of the year 1875, the Prince of Wales paid a visit to India, where he was enthusiastically entertained for a period of about four months, in honour of which, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, as of her numerous colonies and dependencies, assumed the title of Empress of India, in 1876."

This is a summary statement of what for many months was commonly given out as a remarkable occurrence in the peninsula, which is bounded on the north by the Himalaya Mountains and on the east, south, and west by the Bay of Bengal, the Indian Ocean, and the Arabian Sea.

Some considerations which cast suspicion on this report, we crave permission to state.

In the first place, the Hindus have *no Histories* of themselves, their religious sects, institutions, arts, literature, chief towns or numerous languages; and *no biographies* of their celebrated warriors, statesmen, architects, artists, mechanics, teachers, thinkers, poets, or prose writers. They were never accustomed to sift tales and traditions, nor to apply philology or a knowledge of coins, medals, inscriptions, monuments or manuscripts to the separation of truth from its almost invariable surroundings of embellishment or falsehood. They have no conception of what is indigenous, nor of what has been imported into their country. In regard to all such matters they have been utterly incurious. They have, therefore, not the trained ability to weigh evidence in the research for facts which is essential to history. The sources of knowledge under this head remain yet to be compiled and collected. Till this is done, to seek the history of any thing Indian, will be very much like "hunting for a needle in a stack of straw."

Hindu literature abounds in *fable* and *mythology* clothed in the unhistoric form of poetry, and far more impossible than the tales of Don Quixotte, Gulliver, Valentine Vaux, or Baron Maunschausen. The *mythology* of the Hindus is not merely extraordinary, but without necessity for a miracle, it is both supernatural, grotesque, and monstrous. Their *Chronology* despairs to proceed by centuries, but leaps over vast epochs, which leave even the tremendous ages of Geologists far behind. A Hindu does not pretend to know the date of any temple renowned or unknown, at which he worships, nor the origin of a single invention or trade in his country, but is content to believe everything recedes into the remotest antiquity comprising millions of years. To him anything a quarter of a century old would be contemptibly new. Sober narrative would seem dry and insipid ; and nothing would be deemed relishable but what was seasoned with the condiments of the rare or the prodigious. Are we to become victims to the same credulity ; and is a popular rumour among such a nation, so racy with the sauce of surprise as that of a visit from a royal personage from England, to be regarded by us, admirers of Bishop Celenso, for example, in the light of genuine history ?

In the *second* place, Hindustan is the *Grave Yard* of hundreds of Europeans as well as *Burning Ground* of millions of her own begotten children. Like Burmah, Singapore, and Malacca, this dreadful country lies a few degrees only north of the Equator, and is melted or rather roasted with "the fervours of a tropical sun," to use the expression of Dr. Duff in his book on Missions in India. That furious luminary pours down the hottest of his beams upon the whole peninsula during several months of the year, in consequence of which the lives of corpulent Europeans, of the Daniel Lambert variety, were at stake from apoplexy or obesity, forgetful as they seemed to live of an aphorism of pathology—"But Jeshurum waxed fat and kicked," adopted perhaps from Galen by Moses ! Deut. XXXII. 15.

Many of our brave European soldiers die or become invalided from organic diseases of the heart, liver or intestines, notwithstanding

standing the two drams of Arrack and one pint of Beer, which a paternal Government daily serves out to them as a preventive from "the stuffs they sell in the bazaar," and despite the extra fostering care which the men bestow upon themselves, by frequent visits to the Canteen Arrack and Toddy shops and palm-topes; in addition to what is imbibed at every game of skittles, cricket match or foot and sack race; and likewise medicinally drunk on sale of blankets, boots and shirts. In regard to the more *spiritual* of these beverages, our army physicians have made their recommendations to Government in behalf of the men, too much on the principles of Homeopathy; *i. e.*, so far as the quantity is concerned; whereas they should have gone on the principles of Allopathy; *i. e.*, again, as to quantity: for a recognised prophylactic, such as Arrack is, in respect to the diseases in question, *must* not only be *daily* taken, but taken in twenty times the amount hitherto prescribed, and not yet proscribed.

Many of our Indian channels are rivers only during the Monsoons. During the hot season, "the sun shining upon a porous, sandy soil, generates malarious spores" which a learned physician mentioned in Sir Thomas Watson's Lectures, professes to have actually seen with his eyes—the productive cause of intermittent and other deleterious fevers.

After a few showers of rain the weather becomes "close," or stewy; and cool winds blowing upon the skin of constitutions enfeebled by excessive perspiration, produces catarrh, influenza, and rheumatism. A species of almost forgotten American rheumatic fever called "*Dengue*," visited rich and poor, native and foreigner, of both sexes of all ages, in defiance of medical skill, in 1872. The choice of the faculty were so roughly dealt with by this king of Pranks, that they could scarcely lift a graduated ounce glass, but hopped about the hospitals like limping devils, to the diversion of other sufferers.

India is famous for the small pox, measles, Guinea worm, itch, scab, leprosy, elephantiasis, erysipelas, and every form of endemic eruption from Entozoa, so offensive to those who like Europeans, are bred up to cleanliness.

In India the most mysterious, sudden, wide-spread, and most mortal of diseases, the very "scourge of God," as it is deemed "*Cholera Morbus*," a malignant diarrhoea, mows down its thousands, as it sweeps the length and breadth of the land, sparing neither city, town, nor village. The very name spreads panic among the population; and the dead are carried to the burning ground in the night, lest the terror of its name should spread the infection. The epidemic was rampant all over India at the very season when it was rumoured that the Prince of Wales visited and moved about in India, as though it were the impression, that the Prince had for some cause become unpopular "at home," and that some powerful bureaucracy had devised this visit to get rid of him; and, in case the throne became vacant by the death of the Queen—far be the day—to secure the succession to their own special favourite. Was not Governor Ward of Madras, a very few years ago, carried off to an untimely grave during the Cholera season, and by that plague? What a shame, if not something worse, it would have been, had the Prince been exposed to the undistinguishing virulence of this endemic! What, if this *Cobra*, which had raised its head, and spread its hood over the realm, had smitten him with its deadly fangs! It is allowed that the Prince had on two occasions previously been in danger from fever of a severe type; his restoration to health, on the second occasion, had been matter of universal congratulation throughout the kingdom of Great Britain. But what a rash proceeding it would have been, to have imperilled a life so redeemed, by exposing it to the polluted and pestilential atmosphere of India. Was it not only lately that the good Lord Hobart, another Governor of Madras, fell a prey to *Typhus* or *Enteric Fever*, the very malady from which our Prince had so recently escaped? What think the originators of the rumour of the Prince of Wales' visit to India, in the year of grace 1875, 1876—that the science of probabilities has no weight with English physicians entrusted with the life of the heir apparent to the British throne?

In the third place, the European is a *foreigner* in Hindustan.

Geographically it is widely separated from England. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Thomas Roe petitioned Selim the Great Mogul of Delhi to permit a company of London merchants to trade in the Peninsula. The grant of a "Tugum" of land was made; and the East India Company set up its Indigo Factories in the island of Surat in Bombay. Commerce is a bond of peace, no doubt. But when the Company's business spread out so as to turn them into a Government over English possessions in India, the relationship of the foreigner changed. Those possessions have become very extensive, and now the Government comprises almost the whole peninsula. British rule in India is an anomaly, inasmuch as it is the dominion of the foreigner over the natives of the soil. The Hindus are a combination within the same geographical limits, of some eighteen distinct nations, still speaking their distinct languages, the Sanskrit alone having become extinct. The distinctions of Caste are probably the result of this circumstance. The first idea of caste was probably imparted by the conquerors who spoke Sanskrit, who gave to the subjugated races the whole of their literature, rapidly reproduced, in the form of translations and very close imitations, in the vernaculars.* The eighteen distinct forms of heathenism were melted into one general form, the main feature of which must have been adopted from the only language which possessed a literature, and the adoption of which with its literature saved the religion at the sacrifice of the language which chiefly embodied it. The eighteen languages, rich with the acquisition of an imported literature, became perpetuated, while the nations which spoke them, fused into each other by means of their community of literature and community of religion. Caste was adopted, perpetuated, and extended, as the separate nations coalesced with the encroachments of wealth and of family alliances; and finally, distinct nationalities melted away, being replaced by the less intense distinction of innumerable castes.

* Though we are perfectly aware non Sanskrit Scholars in Southern India entertain the belief that the Kural and other works are not borrowed, but original productions.

Some 600 years ago the descendants of the Arabs invaded Hindustan, and settled here. They were Mahammadans, by religion, and Arabs by language. But *iconoclasts* though they originally were, their descendants have learnt to tolerate and in part to make a compromise with the Hindus; while the latter present their oblations freely at Mahammadan shrines. The women of India have been adopted into the Mahammadan faith and become united in marriage to Mahammadan husbands; and the manners and customs of the two formerly diametrically opposed peoples as to religion and language have marvellously assimilated. Indeed, the Hindus are now so intimately united to the Mahammadans, like them in so many particulars, and living among them, that they have come to regard them pretty much as one of their castes, and give them free access to their chuttrums, tanks and wells, a privilege not extended as yet to Chueklus. The two races are frequently united in partnership in commercial transactions, and the era may not be distant when there will be between them a distinction without a difference.

But the European still stands in isolation from the Hindus. He is in their midst—should we not say before their face?—as a visitor and a foreigner. He comes as a soldier, to guard English possessions from their appropriation, for a time, and then returns “*home*” to his own country. He comes as a civilian, to regulate and to receive revenue in behalf of Government; or as a magistrate or judge, to hear and decide suits; or as a councillor, to assist in framing a code of laws, and after a time of honourable service, to vanish from the presence of Her Majesty’s Indian subjects, and wings his way to “the isles of the blest.” He comes as a merchant, to amass wealth, and intends to carry it away and spend or leave it to his heirs and assigns in England,—*ergo*: General Durand did not bequeath by will his £390,000 to his natural son and grand son, in Pondicherry and Madras.—He comes as a Chaplain or a Missionary, to turn as they profess, the Hindus “from idols to the living God” and saviour; but there is no prospect of even this class of Europeans settling down in Hindustan, taking the people into kinship with them.

and dying in peace among them. They avoid living with the crowd, as if they believed that all the catalogue of diseases in the Government "Nomenclature" hovered over their dwelling places. The Mission Cottage or manse, on the model of London, is in "West End," or as near to it as they have been able to build it, enclosed in an ample yard. The Missionary's wife is from England. Thither he sends his children to be educated, and congratulates himself on his devotion to his Master, as well as ready "missionary self-denial." He sends his wife to recruit her health thither; and thither he will retire anon, first on a couple of years furlough, and then perhaps for ever. Class distinction in regard to reserve of offices, if justifiable in the worldly professions, and we do not contend that they are not, has yet kept the European from fusing with Hindus. But in "the Church," the result does not look like an accidental accompaniment, but one of the ends to be desired.

Most Europeans preserve the separation of distinct languages, by never taking the trouble to learn any vernacular. Those who have no chance of retiring from India, mean, however, to maintain the isolation of races, by keeping on the other side of the gulf of separation which difference of speech creates. A considerable number of Hindus are eagerly learning English, a task more feasible to them than the acquisition of so many vernaculars can possibly be to the European. Should all Hindus acquire the use of English, and all business and all literature be confined to a single language, the formidable barrier imposed against fusion of races now existing in the shape of a multiplicity of languages will be materially pared down; but till then the English and the Hindus must remain like Greek and Scythian to each other.

Where there is a concession of office, there is still a distinction of salary and allowances, and of privilege leave for health, which is advocated on the score of the physical constitution of the European, and the fact of his being on foreign service in a hot climate. The fact that those who are born in this country feel the intensity of the heat quite as much probably as any

European resident of long standing of the same habits, is not recognised because not convenient to do so. "The Church," however, seems more conservative even than the government; and "interlopers," whom the East India Company (as the present Queen's administration) learnt to tolerate, are still watched with jealousy as if they entered the church only with an eye to the funds.

There is the distinction still of Religion. Protestant Missionaries are faithfully pledged to break down this wall of partition; and many "who love the Lord Jesus Christ," to use their own terms, are rendering assistance. With stupendous obstacles in their way, "the most laudable efforts have been made," if they may be allowed to extol themselves, and the species of weapons are ever multiplying, and being more perseveringly used. The integrity of the work has not been marred by unworthy compromise with idolatry and caste. In these respects England and America have been, they say, quite exemplary. The Leipsic Lutheran Evangelical Missionaries may expedite unison by fostering caste in the Church; and the Roman Catholics may do still more, by encouraging both caste and idolatry; but in the former, it will end in the introduction of "an unholy leaven into the lump," if we may be allowed to turn theologians for once, and to say so; in the latter it is simply the extension of an idolatry already chronic and incurable. But as the work of the English and American Protestant Missions is sound, according to their own views, and extending as to agencies, so is it fruitful of the best results, as affording snug berths to the sons of the prophets. But the mass of the population are either Hindu or Mahammadan still, and as such disengaged by their own stout adherence to the superstitions of their fore-fathers from Europeans.

There is the distinction of social status. It is giving way by the more liberal policy of our times. All praise to those who can share their rank with the native. This subjection of self will yet gain upon the Hindus. As yet, however, the attempts are feeble, and the wide separation of races is still very palpable.

There is the distinction of Family alliance. The con-

ditions for the break of this barrier are not yet. But as Roman Catholics wish to tide over the gulf of separation of distinct religions by compromise, so this obstruction has been overcome in part only by irregular measures. The day for open intermarriage on a large scale is future. Dancing with Ramasawmy and Moothoomish at Government Balls should speed the advent of the auspicious future.

There is the distinction of caste, itself the ground of several distinctions. The English have found this a galling, invidious, unjust, insulting, as it is an absurd institution. It exists no where but in India. The foundation on which it is said to rest, on the authority of Manu, is no plea for caste as it regulates the behaviour of Hindus towards nations born out side of India, and who cannot in any sense be levelled with the foot-born of Brahma. Pariahs and Sudras they are not, any more than they are Vasyas, Khshatriyas or Brahmans. Manu provides for the creation only of Hindus; and caste origin can only affect them. The creation of the rest of the many nations of the earth is unprovided for in Manu's classification of castes. Those nations which inhabit the rest of the globe; the great mass of Asia, north, east and west, the enormous continents of Africa and America, and the continents of Europe and Australia, with the thousands of Islands which dot the Pacific ocean, would appear to Hindus to have found their way into the world without ever having been created by Brahma. This defect in the Hindu cosmogony is a serious defect, inasmuch as it gives no account of the larger part of mankind. A lame attempt of modern Hindus, to assign to Englishmen a progenitor in Bhrigu Rishi, leaves the Hindu cosmogony still defective in respect to the rest of the world. Whatever be the philosophy of caste, it is an appalling obstruction to union between the Hindu and the European. So long as it is kept up, there will be no amalgamation.

Under the various forms of separation now existing, how must the foreigner be regarded by the Hindus? Every inch of land which he possesses is, not enjoyed with them, but taken

from them. Every addition to his prosperity is a decrease to their prosperity. Whatever power he assumes over the native, is so much subjection on their part to him. The only ties between the English and the Hindus, are those of commerce and government. But these ties, at present, are not the ties of fellowship, but of bondage of the conquered to the conqueror and stranger. This may be regretted, but cannot be denied. Whatever may be the excellencies of British rule and commerce, they cannot be regarded by the Hindus as the same things are by Englishmen in England. British rule in India has been characterized by eminent strength, firmness, authority, wisdom, justice, and kindness. The combination of so many excellencies has preserved it so long. But while the credit of superior excellence should be accorded to British rule in India, the position of that Government must necessarily be ticklish. The slightest error in judgment, leniency, or rigour, may upset its equilibrium, and provoke the native to rebellion. The Hindus may be required to be quiet and obedient under a foreign yoke. They cannot reasonably be expected to desire and court its everlasting continuance under the present conditions. What social union can then be between the English and the Hindus, while the former are by power dominant, and the latter *deem* themselves by caste the superior? The European, moved by kindness and the desire of fair play, may let himself down, and share his authority, rank, and salary, with the native; but the Hindu deems his caste his undividable right, which he cannot share with any who are born out of its pale, without everlasting self-degradation. What cordiality can Hindus shew to the Prince of Wales? He durst not enter their houses, nor touch their *earthen* pots—don't ask about metalic wares—without defiling them. His visit would not effect but sunder union, while there exists such strong repulsion between the races, arising from the separating barriers of distinct countries, distinct political position, distinct social status, distinct languages, distinct religions, distinct family alliances, distinct caste relations, distinct commercial and other interests?

In England, a royal procession is enthusiastically received.

Caps are flung up ; the "hurrahs" of dense crowds rend the air ; "God bless your Majesty," and "God bless the bairns," join the general swell of sound as it rolls along like the roll of many waters. The din may be deafening and confused, but it is an assurance of the loyal affection and obedience of her own native people which warms the heart of their sovereign. Whoever hears of a royal procession in Ireland ? And why not ? Because the existing ties of a five fold community of power, authority, trade, language and of family alliance, lack the sixth tie of community of religion :—for Ireland remains Roman Catholic so long after Great Britain has adopted the principles of the Reformation. If one single link of perfect unity being wanting, is sufficient to make Irishmen refuse to the Queen the cordial obedience and affection which she receives from Englishmen, how much estranged from her must Hindus be, severed from her as they are by the eight-fold disunion which we have signalized !

In England, the loyalty of the people to their sovereign finds expression in the *prayers* which are offered up to God in her behalf by Protestant congregations assembled for public worship "on the first day of the week." "A prayer to be said" for the Queen, and another for the Royal family, is appointed and provided in the "Common Prayer." We are not sure whether those who admire so much the Romish doctrines and usages, as well as the former, but now no longer, Regal Bishop, mean to deprive the prayer for the Queen of its effect by *intoning* the Liturgy. The evil intended by the imitation of the Popish practice of intonation, must however be counteracted, surely, by the uncommanded, heart-sprung prayers of Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Baptist, and Wesleyan Ministers for the Queen and Government. But to whom, when, where, how, and how often, do Hindus pray for the Queen that she may have victory over all her enemies, have affiance with God, and, after death, be called to wear an immortal crown, in common with all who believe in Christ unto salvation ? Prayer springs from and produces love. But with no such institution as that of Prayer for the Queen

and all the Royal family, what guarantee is there for cordial obedience to her in India ?

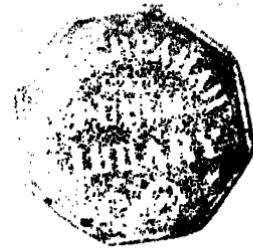
About the year 1863, the Prince of Wales had a wish to visit Hindustan. Competent authorities, as they were deemed, assured him that a royal visit there would not be appreciated as the people are apathetic and undemonstrative. He turned his attention to Palestine and Egypt. More than one good book on the geography, manners and customs of those countries, has, in consequence, been added to the former rich literature on those subjects. This may explain a reputed quotation from the Prince of Wales "*a visit to India has been the dream of my youth.*" The apathy of the Hindus toward foreigners must have chilled the warmth of his young love. Astronomers tell us that the earth is approaching the sun, a very interesting discovery to equatorial Africans, or possibly to Greenlanders and Kamtschateans, as it may help them to dry fish. Perhaps it also encouraged a belief among news-makers that the freezed affection of Hindus had begun to thaw, and would soon grow warm towards the British Queen and all the royal family.

In the *fourth* place, is Hindustan in a political sense favourable for a visit from the Prince of Wales ? It has been, at intervals, for many years, *the battle ground of nations*. There must have been many a fight between the Aryans and the Aborigines, and between the various nations whose distinct existence may be inferred from the existence of eighteen distinct languages, though now they have become mixed like suet, almonds, and plums with the meal in a pudding. The Ramayana and Mahabharata are exaggerated memoirs, like all epic poems, of battles, in which the victorious party figure, as gods incarnate, their allies as monkeys, and the conquered as monsters. The Dramatic Plays of Hindustan are also theatrical memoirs of wars, with the embellishments of the stage. Mahainmadans, could not have planted themselves in India without desperate fighting. The traditions of these struggles are embodied in their half-real, half-fanciful memoirs and histories. But during the English occupation of Hindustan, there have been battles between English-

men and Moguls, between Englishmen and Mussulmans, between Englishmen and Rajpoots, between Englishmen and Frenchmen, between Englishmen and Mahrattas, between Englishmen and Punjabees, between Englishmen and Nepalese, between Englishmen and Afghans, between Englishmen and Sheiks, between Englishmen and Moplahis. Indeed, Englishmen have been the common enemy at which every tribe has aimed its arrows, spears, daggers, knives, swords, scimitars, and in the later stages of warfare, canon, musketry and pistols. Is India a safe promenade for the Prince of Wales, accustomed to enjoy that beautiful peace in England, which she has for so many years been singularly blest with? Is it not a statute that the sovereigns of England be no longer required to take the command of her armies in campaign, but that they commit the contest to competent generals? For the Prince of Wales to visit India would be neither less nor more than for him to visit the scene of many a carnage.

G. H.

To be continued.



THE
BENGAL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1876.

HISTORIC DOUBTS RELATIVE TO THE PRINCE
OF WALES' VISIT TO INDIA,

A. D. 1875, 1876.

(Continued from page 190.)

Our native auxiliary troops have sometimes refused to go on shipboard till compelled by British bayonets. Mutiny has more than once occurred among the Bengal sepoys. But the Mutiny of 1857, as the most recent, will be fresh in the memory of the present generation. A rumour—observe how dangerous a rumour may be—spread abroad, that the ball cartridges served out with the new rifles to the native troops were greased with hogs' lard, in defiance of Mussulman prejudices against swine. A furious mutiny broke out in consequence, in which 12,000 Bengal sepoys were implicated; and being armed, they seized upon Delhi and other strongholds, and shot down armed and defenceless Europeans who came in their way. Indiscriminate slaughter was the order of the day. The officers of our army are in the habit of retaining Mussulman orderlies and chokra boys as domestic servants. To these great kindness is shewn, as the familiars of their own children. In this capacity they range every room of an officer's private quarters; and as they are obsequiously obedient and seemingly affectionate, they are trusted to an almost unlimited extent. During the suppression of the mutiny, officers were called upon to leave their families to go on command of detachments of troops. Their wives and children were entrusted to the

grateful fidelity of the orderly men and chokra boys, who were supposed to be zealous to screen them from the firelocks, and bayonets of the rebels. These faithless domestics, however, entered the sleeping apartments of their employers to butcher, with their own hands, their mistresses and their master's children. Some time after the mutiny was crushed, there were indications of a smouldering spout of discontent and insurrection among the Moplahs. Their emissaries, it was supposed, went like mendicants with a chatty of fire on their heads, and were found even in Tinnevelly, scattering a handful of ashes, and exciting the people to a general rising. Weak-minded Collectors saw a Moplah in every fakir, and guarded themselves from a sudden attack by going armed with a revolver to their duties and their drives. While such suspicions filled the breasts of Europeans, Shear Ally, a convict in Port Blair, had been rewarded with a ticket of leave for good behaviour in jail. The Viceroy, Lord Mayo, was inspecting the jails of the islands, when the liberated convict came up and plunged his knife into the body of Lord Mayo, and, inflicting several mortal wounds, fell with the body over the wharf. This terrible murder greatly shocked the minds of Europeans. But before the excitement was allayed, one of Judge Norman's sentences proved unpopular to the Moplahs, which they revenged by falling upon, and murdering him. How was India looked upon then? why, as the nursery of cold-blooded murder, as it had been looked upon before as the cradle of mutiny and the hot-bed of disease. Consternation and disgust filled every English bosom. The vacant Viceroyship was offered to the Duke of Newcastle, but was politely declined, notwithstanding its dignity, power, and emoluments, surrounded, as they proved to be, by so many dangers. English noblemen were alarmed, and, naturally, any wish the Prince of Wales may have entertained to visit Hindustan would be turned into a dream, no more to be realized. He was young once, and could brave danger at personal risk. He is not old now, but is married, and has an interesting family rising about him, whom he naturally desires to live with and protect as long as he can. We may

conceive him, therefore, dismissing the thought of India from his mind with the remark,—“To visit India was the dream of my youth ; I have experience and interests to cherish however now.” If a dream still, it must be the repetition of what distressed him during some sickness, a febrile dream, scaring him with its horrors, conjured up by imagination when the body is low with Typhus fever.

• A life in which the Queen and all her subjects are so concerned, is not, we presume, to be lightly cast away, by rashly exposing it to the pestiferous airs of Hindustan, nor to the rifles of mutineers, nor yet to the knife of some eager assassin longing to plunge it into the heart of an English nobleman, prince, or sovereign. In being asked to believe in the rumour of the Prince of Wales’ Visit to India in the year of our Lord 1875-76, we hope our consent is not demanded on the recommendation of its antecedent and manifold improbability.

In the fifth place, we trust no coercion is believed to have been exercised to compel the Prince of Wales to visit Hindustan. We can understand how his daddy sometimes forced him, much against his own inclinations, to eat barley sugar and plum cakes, when he was wanted to do so. But that was when he was a minor, and was under tutors and governors. We know that since he has attained his majority he can’t, shan’t, and musn’t be compelled to do any such disagreeable things any more. If a visit to Hindustan, under the disabilities pointed out, were as disagreeable to him now, as eating barley sugar and plum cake *must* have been to him when his daddy was alive, we hardly can be persuaded that the Queen would have coerced him to undertake that visit against his inclination. The Queen must be obeyed as Queen, and to some extent as his mother. But if a visit to India haunted his terrified fancy like “the dream of his youth” under febrile symptoms, his Queen Mother would scarcely be so rigorous on the score of enforcing obedience to her commands, as to compel him to undertake it *nolens, volens.* For, that very compulsion acting on his fears, would be likely to put him into a fever of excitement, and possibly bring on a relapse of the Typhus fever.

Nor, probably, would Parliament have used coercion to the same end, under such circumstances. We do not know that they threatened the Duke of Newcastle with being shut up in the Tower of London, if he did not accept the viceroyship, left vacant by the murder of Lord Mayo at the hands of Shear Ally, and instantly proceed to his post of duty. Why then should they use any severe measures to compel the Prince? It is true, that the Parliament dealt sharply with Charles I., made him submit to be tried by them, and carried out their sentence of execution upon him; but this was because he tried their patience so long, trampling on the laws of the realm, and deceiving them with false promises "made on the honour of a Christian King." The Prince of Wales has not made himself obnoxious to Parliament, by repeating Charles I.'s flagrant tyranny, misrule, and hypocrisy. We trust that the Prince will never try to defy the statutes of the kingdom, nor aim to become an absolute monarch. We trust too, that Parliament will preserve our mixed form of Government, consisting of the Sovereign, (King or Queen, as the case may be), Lords and Commons, and not call in the vulgar fourth estate nor crazy Fifth-monarchy men. This is our old and beloved constitution, which, if the Prince cares to respect, he will never need to be coerced to do such a disagreeable thing as proceeding on a visit to India against his inclination.

In the *sixth* place, on what *public* duty was the Prince of Wales sent to Hindustan in this forcible manner? Was there an Indo-British War, necessitating him to take the command of an army of a million of English troops, while the Duke of Edinburgh was leading on another nearly as formidable? We do not demur to the supposed probability of England being able at a moment's notice to equip as large armies as those which were brought into play by Prussia against France in the Franco-German war, nor do we object to our imitating the King and Crown Prince of Prussia in having our sovereign and Prince's taking the command of them. We should like to know whether the rumour of the Prince of Wales' proceeding to India sprung from a recollection of that European war. Perhaps our news-makers

were thinking too of Napoleon III and his son, aged 14 years old, taking the command of a wing of a large army, and becoming a prisoner to the King of Prussia. The Prince of Wales, it must be remembered, is a host in himself, and "able to lick all the generals in creation," as the Americans would not in elegantly express it, if they dared to advance against him. This is put beyond doubt by his acknowledged tact, courage, and success during the sham campaign in England just after that war. He disclaims, they say, the *manoeuvres* which the timidity of trained generals employ, and prefers to match his division into the arms of the opposite one, according to the true impulse of uneducated nature; nor would he, like Napoleon III, surrender himself a prisoner like a simple weakling. It was in vain that in the sham campaign the commander of the opposite division is reported—oh these reports—to have called out "Your Highness is my prisoner," and afterwards, "I appeal to you, Duke of Cambridge, whether the Prince is not my prisoner, and whether if this had been a real instead of a sham fight, I should not blow up his army into atoms with my cannon." It was in vain the umpires decided, according to report, that, by the laws of war, the Prince was fairly a prisoner, and his division was so situated that it could be blown to atoms by the cannon of the enemy had it been real warfare. The decision, it was said, was taken out of their incompetent hands, when he curtly repelled it with his "*No,*" and wheeled his horse round to shew that he knew better than to submit the exigencies of war to the stiff rules of a drilling school. Were there a gigantic war in Hindustan, there might be some hesitation about putting the Prince of Wales at the head of a million English troops, in consideration of the mischief he might do the enemy, for if he marched his brigades into the cannon of the enemy, their explosion would be sure to annihilate them. The Emperors of Prussia, Austria, and Germany may well confederate to allay the cruelties of a gorilla warfare, in view of the calamities our Prince's generalship would bring upon them. They had better not come into the arena pitted against him.

But was there any important *Negotiation*, which only the

Prince of Wales could be entrusted with? or was he to impose some impossible barrier north of the Himalayas to the descent of the Russians upon India, now that so much has been conjectured as to their incursions into Central Asia? The gigantic strength of an English Prince, derived by regal succession from Richard I., is on all hands, of course, admitted to be equal to throwing such a barrier parallel with the Himalays, only far longer, higher, more enduring and impossible than the ancient range heaved up by the volcanic eruption from the Sea. Ten million English Engineers, sappers and miners, overseers, and keranies were not told off for this work, as they would "make us pay through the nose for it," and would not be necessary, of course, where its accomplishment depended upon the physical strength of a British Prince. None need be astonished, therefore, if he heard no rumour of such agencies being employed. Certainly no rumour have we heard of this casting up of this second barrier against Russian "interlopers," to use an old Honourable East India Company's word, being an accomplished fact. The rumour we would not rely much on, but we regret not hearing it, chiefly because we have lost the opportunity of thanking the Prince of Wales for his trouble, in conjunction with the Chamber of Commerce of Calcutta, Bombay, and the Benighted City.

We suspect that any duty of a Plenipotentiary nature can be performed by the ordinary representative of the Queen, such as the Viceroy, in the usual way. And we are confirmed in this conjecture, by our failure of information as to any thing effected by the Prince of Wales in his rumoured many and consecutive interviews with the Native Princes of Hindustan.

It is remarkable, too, that there was no legislation on the subject of this public business in Parliament at home, unless, indeed, it was done during the adjournment by the Prime Minister and his Cabinet; but certainly we are not called into the Privy Council to offer our advice on the occasion,—a matter for the most penitential sorrow,—inasmuch as we could have materially assisted in its deliberations and secured "the harmony of the meet-

ing." If it be maintained they perhaps did not require our presence, we only reply, "*well the loss is theirs.*"

For the purposes of *state craft* secrecy is sometimes expedient, provided trustworthy persons, like ourselves, who do not pander to rumour, are taken into confidence. And some matters of detail are passed in committee, which are not debated on in the open sittings of Parliament. In embassies to foreign powers, publication would stultify the aims to be accomplished. Yet the *results*, surely, of secret consultations of the Cabinet, of measures passed in Parliamentary committee, and of the negotiations of ambassadors, do obtain publicity. If the Prince of Wales was sent on important business to the Prince of Baroda, such as to touch him up about that sherbet administered to Colonel Phayre, or to Sir Salar Jung the Minister of the Hyderabad to quiz him about the young Nizam malingering, it would be a bad thing to bury it up in impenetrable secrecy, and not to tell us just a little about it, at last as to its general purpose. If the business did not come before Parliament in its open sittings, nor into its regular committees, and was, therefore, not recorded among the bills and statutes of the kingdom and handed over to the custody of the Master of the Rolls; yet possibly it finds a place in "the Parliamentary Blue Book," a name used originally in "the first intentional sense"—to use the phraseology of the elder logicians—to indicate the colour of its covers; but now in its second intentional sense also to denote the privacy of its contents. But even the matters contained in the Parliamentary Blue Book eke out into the quarterlies, e. g. the *British*, the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly Review*, or into our Leviathan newspaper—the *London Times*. If none of the papers to which "the members of the opposition" privately contribute, refer to any proceedings of the state, it must be because it is remarkably secret, or significantly insignificant. But even insignificance, more even than dulness, could save it from criticism if any important personage were the agent of its accomplishment. Were it only partially effected, or did it miscarry, by whose or whatsoever default, any public business of the state devised by a cabinet of twelve ministers, employing

a Prince of the first rank as its agent, placing at his disposal a small squadron of ships, and requiring him to go to the East Indies for its accomplishment, could not, after his return from his embassy, remain a mystery. It would have to be a very deep Blue Book, to keep outsiders from peering into its pages to ascertain the nature of the business, its procedure, success or failure and consequences, if any. Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Forster would be sure to be nudging Mr. Bright's elbow, and in an under key, asking, "I say? What is it about?"

In the *seventh* place, what *private* reason could there have been for a visit from the Prince of Wales to Hindustan? Unable to shew the necessity for that supposed visit on public grounds, some have said "Quite so; it is quite understood that the visit was altogether of a private character." "Candid confession is good for the soul," the Romish Father confessor says to one who comes to him to get shrived. This is to be understood as advice given when the "confessant"—to adopt Lord Bacon's designation—hesitates at a full revelation. If the "confessary"—to use Bp. Hall's designation—confesses, as a makeshift to evade a difficulty—as a mere loophole to escape from the untenableness of a false position, before strenuously contended for; if it was extracted by the pressure of close cross-questioning, it could scarcely be called "candid confession." The truth would then be got out rather in a manner analogous to the way in which the Barons, in King John's days, squeezed out the golden ducats out of the Jewish money lender, a tooth had to be drawn out of the usurer's jaw, after a great deal of threatening, and confinement in a pit, in the dark dungeon of the Knight's Castle, before he would part with his golden ducats. However, "a candid confession is good for the soul," as Topsy experienced when she "fessed to Miss Pheely," that good New York lady, so filled with a missionary's love for the souls but not bodies of poor black slaves, and got shaken like a rat for it. Now that no public business, important, urgent, ordinary, or trifling, can be devised as a reason for the supposition of the Prince of Wales' visit to India, we are put off with the plea that "it was quite understood to have been altogether of a private nature."

After taking all the trouble to find out why the Prince of Wales should visit India, *searching*, like philosophers, into the causes of things, and, in obedience to "our Pastors and masters," trying to lead a thoughtful life, these news-concoctors say to us, "The Private affairs of the Prince of Wales are none of your matters. Go and mind your own business, and don't be looking after his." This may be a sharp way of dealing with us, but it is not a civil way. However, it strikes us as only a makeshift for a good answer when the proper article was not available; for how did these people get possession of that piece of information except by a similar spirit of enquiry, which they so roughly rebuke in us. It is very tantalizing to be told of a great secret, which a lot of folk make believe they know of, but keep to themselves. It makes us feel behind the times, as it were. A taunt is often cast by those who have got the first read of a newspaper to which they can well afford to subscribe, into the teeth of poor fellows who can only go shares with others and who have to wait till chum has done with it, "What! don't know. Behind the times, eh!" or something to that effect. One does not like to be taking a leap into the dark—though the great David Hume enjoyed it as a good joke; but that was because he thought old Charon would pick him up and kindly ferry him in his own boat over to Lethe's distant shore. We could not undertake to tell what private business could take the Prince of Wales all the way to the East Indies, as he never told us a word about it on the North side of the British Channel. But it is mortifying to think all these folk should be taken into his confidence—though a person not known to trust any body in his life lays down the aphorism "confidence breeds confidence," if we can really rely on their "*gup*" about private business when we were shut out:—and they seem to be knowing too when they tell us how they are certain "it was quite understood that the visit should be altogether of a private nature." At any rate we think it excuseable in us to ask, "What private business?" and we hope we won't be thought too inquisitive for enquiring, and taking so much interest in the welfare of the Prince, even though we have been twitted in this.

way about being behind the age. But perhaps these cunning codgers say they know it was private business, in hopes, that as they seem to know so much, some body may tell them something more about it which they do not know. Yet in a simple way, and as it were only to be confirmed in their report of the suspected additional information they were communicating. This is how some wily folk "throw out a sprat to catch a mackerel."

G. H.

(To be continued.)

LAND TENURE IN BENGAL.

Fifth Paper.

The next topic of Rent Law that demands our consideration is Ejectment. Ejectment is a relief which is rather singular in its features. It pre-supposes on the one hand a right vested in the landlord of re-entry into his property, and on the other a dissolution of all ties which had bound the tenant to him. Like every other species of legal remedy, ejectment is either the offspring of contract or positive law. It is the offspring of contract, where the tenant has entered into certain covenants with his landlord, rendering ejectment from his holding contingent upon the breach of them. Thus if the tenant had stipulated the payment of rent on a fixed date and had rendered himself liable to be ejected on committing default, or if he be a tenant at will liable to be ousted at the option of the land-lord. Ejectment is the offspring of positive law where, in consequence of some act or omission of the tenant, his tenancy has become determinable.

First, then, we shall examine the law regulating ejectment arising from voluntary contract either express or implied. It should be premised at the beginning that, strictly speaking, there is no statutory law governing cases under this head, and in determining them our courts are under the necessity of applying the principles of equity and English law as have been approved and adopted by the highest courts of appeal in the decision of Indian

cases. In fact, case law forms the only guide to the subordinate tribunals. This cannot be too deeply regretted. It is no doubt very desirable that in the decision of cases the lower Courts should follow the sage counsel of the judges of the superior Courts, whose large experience, profound erudition, and intrinsic sense of justice, entitle them to the foremost seats in the temple of justice. But alas ! for Bengal, her highest court has since the departure of Sir Barnes Peacock lost its prestige, and has ceased to command such respect as it formerly did. Barring exceptions, few in number, new decisions of the High Court are at best extremely conflicting ; and they afford no safe guide. What with the complications of facts made by the parties, the absence of any express law, the precedents conflicting, the situation of the subordinate courts which administer the rent law can more easily be conceived than described. But enough of this for the present.

A great many suits are instituted by land-lords for ejecting tenants who are destitute of occupancy or other permanent rights. In such cases, the procedure which they adopt is, first, to serve 'a notice to quit' on the tenants, and then to sue them actually on the expiry of the term set forth in the notice. The object of the notice is to apprise the tenant of the land-lord's intention of re-entry as well as to make a legal demand. If the tenant obeys the notice and quits his holding, there is an end of the matter. If not, the land-lord has to institute a suit against him. If in the suit the tenant contests the service of notice, and the land-lord fails to prove it, the suit fails. The policy of our courts thus sketched is radically different from that of the English Courts. In England, the land-lord has got to serve the notice on his tenant, and if unheeded he has to oust him with the aid of the nearest constable or justice of the peace; and if, after dispossession, the tenant has cause of complaint, he has to resort to the proper court for relief. In this respect the English law is, we think, in advance of the Indian law. The English law arms the land-lord with summary powers of evicting tenants which the Indian legislature have thought fit not to grant to Bengal Zemindars. This is undoubtedly to be ascribed to reasons of an administrative.

character. In England, the tenant lives and moves in a moral atmosphere far more pure than is the case here. The English land-lord is, in generality of cases, a resident land-lord ; and, as is natural, he takes a greater amount of interest in the well being of his tenantry than his Bengal brother who transacts his business, by his deputies and proxies. The English land-lord is also amenable to public opinion, and if in his dealings with his tenants he transgresses the bounds of law and justice, and proves exective, or oppressive, he is held out as an object of public scorn. This is not the case with the Bengal Zemindar. The Bengal Zemindar's locale of oppression is generally in districts which are beyond the reach of public opinion, and if we have a tale of oppression published in the newspapers it makes but a faint echo, and is consigned to eternal oblivion. Looking therefore to the state of the times and the condition of the peasantry, we cannot assuredly advocate the vesting of the Bengal Zemindars with the plenary powers of eviction which their English brethren enjoy.

In Bengal, if the land-lord must needs evict his tenant, he cannot do it without the intervention of a court of justice and without bringing a suit for it. In suits for ejecting tenants who have no occupancy rights, the courts are frequently called upon to decide the *factum* of service of the notice to quit. This notice is not served through the medium of any court or public office, and as a rule there is nothing to prevent the tenant from denying it. It would be consistent with other portions of the rent law if the service could be made with the aid of a court of justice. The rent law has made ample provision for the service of notice of relinquishment of the tenant's holding upon the land-lords for serving notices of enhancement of deposit of rent. All this is done with the assistance of a public officer, and the like procedure may be adopted in cases of notices to quit.

Leaving the subject of notice, the next great difficulty our courts come across is to determine whether tenants at will sought to be ejected have become occupancy tenants. This is attributable to the defective and inaccurate way in which occupancy

rights have been defined, a defect which we had occasion to dwell upon in a former paper, and not to any defect in the law regarding ejectment itself.

It is cheering to see that, where ejectment follows from the terms of a written contract, few complications arise. The reason of this is quite obvious. The contract being plain and unequivocal, any concrete case can be disposed of in a moment. • by looking to its terms and conditions. And here we cannot too strongly recommend the introduction of something like the English Statute of Frauds into this country, so as to govern contracts relating to right and property. Such a piece of legislation will do more to discourage perjury and false cases than what the Penal Code and all the Magisterial authorities in the world can accomplish. Already the thin end of the statutory wedge has been applied in the case of wills and codicils, the writing of which has become compulsory. The Registration Act has followed suit, and shows some degree of partiality to registered instruments as against mere oral agreements. The Evidence Act of Mr. Fitz-James Stephen has incapacitated oral evidence to contradict or vary the terms of an instrument in writing. The legislature have got only to make a bold effort and raise the superstructure the foundations of which have been already laid, and I am sure they will have the heartfelt sympathies of all right-thinking people. Let them turn a deaf ear to all such talk that Bengal is not England, and that the idea of swamping the country with written contracts is inconsistent with the traditions and feelings of the people. It is true that unwritten contracts have descended to us from our Vedic ancestors, and as such they raise in our bosoms feelings of an ennobling and enlivening character. They remind us of the purity, the honesty, the truthfulness of character which our ancestors possessed. They remind us of their absolute recognizance of all transactions, clothed with moral and religious sanctions, and attested by the presiding deity of religion. They remind us of those primitive times when a man's word was as good as his bond, thus giving the emphatic lie to such of our national revilers as say that India is a land of

perjury and forgery from the commencement of time. But times have changed, the civilization imported from the west have alienated our hearts from the Vedio tenets, and a legal sanction consistent with the spirit of the times is urgently called for.

The second branch of our subject is ejectment which is the offspring of statutory enactment. Sections 22, 23 and 52 of Act VIII. of 1859 B. C. contain the law relating to it. Section 22 provides that, when an arrear of rent is due from a ryot at the end of the native year, he shall be ejected from his holding, but no ryot, having a right of occupancy or holding under a lease the term of which has not expired, shall be ejected, unless he shall have paid the amount of such arrears with interest and law costs within fifteen days from the date of the decree passed by a competent court of justice. And See. 23 makes a similar provision in respect of farmers or other lease holders not having a permanent or transferable interest. It will be seen from the above that the law leaves the ejectment of the ryots having permanent and transferable interest in their holdings in great obscurity. The general proposition enunciated in the 22d Section being that all ryots are liable to ejectment upon the happening of a particular contingency, the inference is, those having permanent and transferable rights labor under that disqualification also. This inference follows from the peculiar wording of the law; but, strange to say, it has been abandoned by many judges in consequence of the legislature having section 59 authorizing, the sale of permanent and transferable tenures for arrears of rent which have accrued in respect of them. They seem to be of opinion that, because in respect of such holdings the law has provided the remedy by sale, that by ejectment is to be dispensed with. It is submitted with due deference that there is a fallacy in this reasoning, and for any thing we know to the contrary the legislature may have intended the two remedies by sale and ejectment to be availed of indiscriminately by the land-lord. And there are good grounds to support our view. If we look to the provisional clause in Section 22, we find that as against the occupancy ryots the remedy by ejectment has been accorded

to the land-lord. An occupancy ryot acquires his right on the strength of 12 years' continuous possession, and if, according to the usage of the locality he resides in, that right is transferable, he becomes a ryot having transferable rights. But because he acquires transferable rights he is none the less an occupancy ryot, and if he is an occupancy ryot he comes within the four corners of Section 22 and is liable to ejectment. In the same manner an istemrari ryot, whose holding is older than the decennial settlement, is an occupancy ryot of a higher class. His possession is not for 12 years, but for a higher multiple of twelve.

Further, it should be borne in mind that while the law has provided that occupancy rights can be had by twelve years' possession, it has not ordained that it cannot be had in any other manner. This was the opinion of Sir Barnes Peacock in a celebrated rent case, where his lordship authoritatively stated that "there was no magic in the number 12." Such ryots, therefore, who have not been in actual possession for 12 years, but who are nevertheless occupancy ryots, are governed by Section 22, in company with other occupancy ryots. But irrespective of these considerations there are other reasons of a more weighty character why all tenants should be made liable to ejectment on default of payment of rent. If we go down to the principles of jurisprudence we find that the holding of a tenancy rests upon one *fulcrum*, the payment of rent. Annihilate that notion, and the whole fabric falls to the ground. Do away with the payment of rent, and the tenant becomes a trespasser, and the natural claims of the landlord to re-enter become irresistible; and this irresistibility would admit of no other bounds than the payment of rent and the recognition of the land-lord's superior right.

To realize arrears of rent by the attachment and sale of the holding which has fallen into arrears, would take some time. To realize them by threatening the ryot with ejectment is much more prompt, expeditious and business-like. Constituted as the Bengal land-lords are, time is of the greatest moment to them. If they are under the obligation to pay government revenue punctually, and on default are to be deprived of their estates, it is but fair and

just that in the realization of their demands they should have promptness and expedition sanctioned by law.

In dealing with the subject of ejectment, courts are very frequently called upon to apply the principle of waiver ; and in particular cases this is a task of no ordinary difficulty. Waiver in law or equity is the effect of a surrender of some right by some act or omission on the part of some person to whom that right belongs, and it places that person with reference to the right in the same position as if the right had not existed. If I lay out considerable capital in raising pucca buildings upon your land, and you stand by and allow by implication the buildings to be pushed on, equity will declare that you have by your omission waived your right to remove them. We are not going to demonstrate that the doctrine of waiver is in unison with the notion of abstract justice, but there can be no doubt that, constituted as society is, it promotes the greatest amount of relative justice. In the case of ejectment, it is a common thing for the land-lord to receive rent from his tenant after his right to eject has become ripe ; should he receive rent, he creates a new tenancy, and his right to eject, based upon some cause which accrued prior to the creation of the new tenancy, becomes extinct. In the same way, an admission by the land-lord that he will keep the tenancy intact after his right to eject had accrued, operates as a legal waiver in the way of actual ejectment. As with the land-lord so it is with the tenant. If the tenant, has after the termination of his period chosen to hold on, he is estopped from questioning the conditions of the old tenancy governing the new. He is bound by them in the same manner as if they had been the conditions of his new tenancy.

Before leaving the question of ejectment, we cannot help taking a favorable notice of one provision of the law relating to it which is calculated to be of immense advantage to the tenantry. This is the provision regarding the payment of the rent adjudged, by any body on behalf of the tenant, before the expiry of fifteen days from the date of the decree. The law does not care by whom the rent decreed is paid so long as it does not remain un-

paid, and consequently it is customary with people interested in the holding in arrears to pay them off. If the law were not so, great hardship would have been the result. The zemindar is, as we have shown in a former paper, not bound to look to any body for his rent save his recognized or recorded tenant, and in suing him for rent the land-lord may unwillingly oust a *bona fide* assignee of the tenant in actual possession. The land-lord may collude with the old tenant in ejecting the new by keeping the latter entirely in the back gound. Happily the law has sufficiently prevented such incidents, and the new tenant is quite secure if he pays off the rent, and thereby renders the decree for ejectment inoperative.

From the preceding remarks it will be seen that the law governing ejectment is in a most imperfect state. In fact, there is no law governing a large class of ejectment cases, and that governing others is open to such a diversity of interpretations and constructions as renders it difficult to distinguish what is law from what is not. Very naturally this has been the fertile cause of a host of conflicting precedents which are a puzzle alike to the suitor and to the judge. It is therefore high time for the legislature to interfere and to recast the law which has, after being in operation for nearly eighteen years, proved singularly defective.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE STATE OF NATIONS.

The state of a nation implies the point at which it arrives in social progress; and this, with reference to its comforts and means of providing them, is said to be its prosperity,—with reference to its learning and manners, its civilization, and with reference to its virtues, its greatness.

The prosperity of a nation depends upon the natural blessings, which it may have the good fortune to enjoy. In a country, where the productions of nature are abundant, and earned at the cost of little labor, the people do not long remain in a rude state;

nor are they required to depend long on hunting for precarious subsistence. They soon learn to cultivate the soil, and thus get leisure and opportunity enough to practise those arts which supply the ordinary comforts of life. Their early progress in civilization, until they obtain these comforts, is consequently rapid, but if subsequently they do not feel much want, they become little inclined to labor, and make but slow progress in prosperity as well as in civilization. If they feel no necessity to carry on commerce with other countries, they rarely hold intercourse with other nations, for they have no other motive to do so than curiosity, which is not unfrequently repressed by a feeling of self-sufficiency. Their progress in civilization, though at first rapid, thus stops generally at that stage, beyond which it is impossible to pass without commerce or intercourse with foreign nations, unless curiosity or some other motive sufficiently powerful overcomes their indolence and excites desires which cannot be satisfied at home. It is not, however, necessary that they must stop at a certain stage of progress, for if they hold intercourse with foreign nations, and have some object of pursuit to shake off indolence, they may reach the highest state of civilization. An indolent nation can never have prosperity any more than a lazy individual. But a worthy object of pursuit may not be long wanting. The blessings of commerce are two-fold, it blesses him that gives and him that takes. Both the importing and the exporting countries are benefited by the mutual intercourse of nations. Besides, however rich may be the soil, the wants of men are so various and numerous, that all the objects of their desires cannot be found at home. Even supposing they want nothing foreign, that is the reason why the foreign people, who want their natural products and manufactures, come to them. Thus there may be sufficient causes which make them hold intercourse with other nations and advance in civilization, till they attain the highest pitch as steadily, as the people who are not naturally rich but who become prosperous by commerce.

In a country, where nature is unfavorable, and the soil yields but scanty productions, the people long remain dependent on

hunting for their subsistence ; consequently it is long before they begin to be civilized. Being, however, inured to toil and suffering for procuring their livelihood, they grow hardy and adventurous ; and when they desire for any comfort, they strive hard to obtain it. But as what is acquired with difficulty gives greater enjoyment than what is obtained with ease, it is followed by new desires the objects of which not being found at home, they are under the necessity of carrying on commerce and holding intercourse with foreign nations for obtaining those objects. When they learn to do so, their progress may be far behind that of the people, who, being favored with a profusion of natural blessings, come almost to a stop, after making a rapid progress at first. But as prosperity brought on by commerce smiles on them, they make a steady advancement and go far ahead of their competitors, who may be said to be their elder brethren. Thus while rapid growth goes to swift decay, that which grows slowly endures long, proving thereby the impartiality of the dispensations of Providence. Here then is an explanation of the striking fact, that the southern countries of the globe, rich in natural products, are first civilized, and while their civilization remains stationary, in the countries of more northern latitudes which are less favored by nature, it grows late, fairly beginning with the extension of commerce, and keeps pace with the prosperity brought on thereby in its steady and progressing advancement.

. Prosperity and civilization, which commence with the first appreciation of the principle of the division of labor, find a new stimulus for making progress when that principle finds its extensive application in commerce. It breaks down the barriers of countries and climates, and strengthens the bond of humanity as if all belonged to one family. These are the direct advantages of intercourse with other nations, which unavoidably follows commerce. The prosperity of a country is likewise the direct result of natural blessings and not of commerce, which is only the means, whereby these blessings, if not found in one country, are transferred thither from another. From the preceding observations, it is manifest that the relation between national

prosperity and civilization is very close: there is no civilized nation that does not enjoy some degree of prosperity, either owing to natural gifts at home, or to the acquisition of those by means of commerce from other countries. Likewise a nation prosperous by either means is sure to make some progress in civilization. If there be any difference between the two nations, whose prosperity and civilization are attained by these two different ways, it is in favor of that nation whose prosperity depends on natural blessings found at home rather than in favor of the other, for the prosperity of the former is lasting and substantial; that of the latter casual and hollow. The one has a deep foundation in the firm soil; the other is floating on the unsteady waves.

From the preceding observations it is quite clear, that national prosperity is to a certain extent the cause of the progress of civilization, far from being the cause of its remaining stationary or moving in a retrograde movement.

But civilization is not wholly the result of prosperity. Properly speaking, it depends on the cultivation of learning and arts, and, like the politeness of an individual, it depends principally on morals or manners. When the people of any country live under a regular form of government, cultivate arts and manufactures to supply articles for their own comforts, carry the surplus produce of one place to another where they are wanted, and have some amount of learning and good breeding, they may be said to be in a state of civilization. It is said to advance with the cultivation of arts, improvement of manufactures and extension of trade, all which promote prosperity, as well as with the advancement of learning and refinement in manners; but these are its peculiar features, and these therefore most decidedly indicate the stage of civilization reached by a nation. The idea of civilization is however very vague even among the learned, since almost every nation, that has some idea of civilization, thinks others to be barbarians, or at least far behind it in that respect. This is owing to that self-applause, which makes every man think himself the best of men.

It is certainly a frailty among individuals as well as of nations, and the more it is found, the more decided is the proof of illiberality and ill-breeding, though it is sometimes owing to wrong judgment in forming the estimate of the civilization of a country at any age by the standard of that of one's own age and country.

Good-breeding consists in paying every man the respect due to him, in being careful not to cause unnecessary trouble to others, or hurt their feelings. It is however generally observed to be the mere outward polish of a man with roughness within; such ceremoniousness is worse than no expression of politeness. To profess to be pleased when vexed at heart, to express thanks while cursing within; to smile and at the same time to turn the face and gnash the teeth with vexation, are indications of politeness, false and artful, not true and natural. Gentle manners and polite expressions in a really civilized nation, do not appear to be acquirements but natural, and are found of course with some variety in men of all circumstances; while in a nation among whom civilization is exotic, not indigenous, these are mere external shows and not indications of a polished mind, and are hardly to be found except among men of cultivated mind and good breeding.

Manners become polished just in proportion as men come in contact with others of different interests, or as they have sound sense of morality among themselves. But as a gentleman is not only a man of good manners, but of some education, so the civilization of a nation not only implies its manners but its learning.

In estimating then the state of civilization from progress in learning, the first point to be carefully observed is, that it is original. If it is not original, it is not the necessary production of the national mind; it is transplanted from a foreign soil and does not prove the fitness between the mind and the knowledge, unless it is naturalized, adopted and applied. Its originality proves either the feeling of physical necessity which it supplies, or the mental craving which it satisfies. As art is the offspring of necessity, so science is the offspring of mental craving. A desire for the better understanding of an art may lead to the cultivation

of science. Thus art may precede science. Again, the cultivation of science may lead men to apply its principles to the invention of an art, and thus promote human comforts. The sphere of science is the class of phenomena, which are its subjects; one science can therefore help the growth of several arts. Art, unless it is the offspring of science, is the effect of the feeling of want; and science, unless it is the result of art, is the effect of physical aspects and intellectual tendency. Science thus originated does not look for mastery over nature, but for the adoration of the Creator. The end is noble, not normal. In thanking for the gift, we throw the gift away and forget its use. Fewness of wants makes few arts, and even those arts which are the offspring of science find no growth without the feeling of wants. In that case the comforts of man are not sought for, but the praise of God. The smallness of wants and thankfulness of spirit may feed the religious sentiment, but the normal condition not being fulfilled, the gift not being used, but the giver only thanked, the religious sentiment takes an abnormal course. A child loves the giver, but man uses the gift. The world in infancy, like a child, turned to the giver and loved him and tried to approach him. The world at present makes use of the gift in holding mastery over nature. This is certainly the right course provided it is done with thankfulness to the giver.

Of the different branches of learning, excepting poetry, which is the spontaneous production of nature, that which is earliest cultivated is said to be astronomy. It is curious how man before he knows the world he lives in, is busy about the rolling spheres above. The reason is obvious. Man more easily works up than he looks down. The shining orbs excite his admiration, enoble his spirit, and make him search after the Unknowable and the Unknown, as if He were enthroned above the Heaven of Heavens in all the majesty of Light. The early cultivation of astronomy is thus a proof of the natural tendency of the human mind to the Great Soul of the universe, just as the fact which astronomy discloses, proves that the earth is held in its place and directed in its course by the attraction of the material worlds

which compose the universe. The science of astronomy is well known to be of use to the navigator, but in the infancy of the world, when no necessity is felt for navigation, it is cultivated for divination. The phenomena of tides, of seasons, of crops, of diseases, are well known to depend on the influence of heavenly bodies. This dependence was observed in the infancy of the world ; it has subsequently been scientifically established. The relation however between the heavenly bodies and the dispositions and characters of men, as believed by the ancients, has not been proved; and though astrology is not thus far false *a priori*, the *onus probandi* lies with those who affirm that relation. Astronomy and astrology necessitate the cultivation of mathematics, but the decided proof of the advancement of civilization is obtained from the calculations which are required for the ordinary affairs of life. Astronomy, though studied very early, cannot be properly understood or explained without a clear knowledge of the laws of attraction and motion ; and consequently the right understanding of the science implies a very high state of intellectual culture.

The mind is more early engaged in the investigation of causes than in the observation of facts. Hence philosophy was fondly cultivated by the ancients ; but if it is not based on the observation of facts, it is founded on a false basis ; hence the difference between the philosophy of the ancients and that of the moderns. The intellect of the ancients spun philosophy out of its subjective elements, that of the moderns deduces it from the observation of facts. The principal end of ancient philosophy was the investigation of the First Cause, that of modern philosophy is the happiness of man. But for that reason neither were arts and sciences useful for the comforts of men quite neglected by the ancients, nor is the First Cause wholly ignored by the moderns. The science of medicine is one of those useful branches of knowledge to which the attention of man is early directed. The state of mental culture is to be estimated from the manner in which it is treated and the subjects of which it treats. The art of agriculture necessitates the observation of the phenomena of the weather, and thus the science of meteorology comes to light.

The sciences of medicine and meteorology are complex, and consequently the proper understanding of them necessitates the cultivation of many sciences; such as physiology, anatomy, chemistry and natural philosophy. It is impossible that, when the mind of man has not arrived at the stage of observing facts and drawing inferences purely from them, these sciences will be free from theories and conjectures; but in the course of the progress of the human mind, they are gradually founded on the sound basis of observation, and consequently it is then possible smoothly to make rapid progress. As a boy, who, with a certain amount of exertion, acquires a certain amount of knowledge, is able at an advanced age (his habit of study being kept up and his mind being duly cultivated) to acquire with the same amount of exertion a much greater amount of knowledge, so the progress at a later age of the world is naturally much greater than that in its infancy.

It may be further observed, that the relation of the sciences with one another and with arts cannot be properly understood until some progress has been made in them. This is one of the principal reasons why before that relation is observed and comprehended, the progress is slow; for the observation of that relation serves all the correlative or cognate arts and sciences not only to advance rapidly, but to help one another in that progress, their forces being increased by their combination, and their motion increasing in its velocity by accelerated impulse.

But progress of learning, of the arts and civilization, must be retarded unless there be freedom of thought and of action. It is the necessary condition of the progress of civilization. A nation of slavish spirit, a nation that does not understand its rights and privileges, can never advance in civilization. Not to think of one's own rights and privileges, is not to think himself a man; it is losing his dignity, the necessary consequence of which is retrogression instead of progress.

The greatness of a nation consists in maintaining its rights and privileges inviolate against tyranny or oppression, except so far as it yields for the benefit of society. The elements of great-

ness may have no scope or opportunity to exhibit themselves, or lying long dormant, they may appear almost extinct; while civilization may advance with long and rapid strides. But if they are really extinct, civilization is sure to come to a stand-still. But can they become extinct? Are they not implanted by nature in the heart of every individual? Can a man think himself not a man, not a brother, but a slave of another, born and destined to serve,—to serve, not as subordination of rank imposes in society, but as beings created in a lower order than that of man in the scale of creation? Yes, it is possible for man to have his views so distorted as to allow in his mind a place to such an unnatural and unreasonable belief. There are causes which degrade human beings lower than the position to which centuries of tyranny can hardly reduce them. The power yielded for the benefit of society to the sacerdotal order may be as much abused as that yielded to the rulers of a state; but the injury done in the former case is infinitely greater than that in the latter. Political despotism is hurtful; that of hierarchy, destructive: that strikes or stuns, this poisons and kills: that robs our liberty, this crushes our individuality. A nation prostrate at the feet of a despotic hierarchy can never rise—can never make any progress in civilization;—the elements of its greatness are well nigh extinct. Man must know himself a man before he can assert his rights; he must have individuality before he can strike for liberty. The despotic form of government is tolerated only by men, whose ideas of rights and responsibilities are vague and indefinite; in such a case there is no conflict between the people and the governing body. This, however, is an abnormal state in the development of man and progress of society, and is caused only by delusion. Though a nation may act blindly for ages under such a delusion, ultimately truth will triumph and nature will have her normal course.

Returning then from our digression in noticing the digression of nature in her development of the state of civilization, we observe that, in the earliest state of society, when there is no government, no subordination of rank, all men have equal

rights and privileges. In the course of social progress, when new relations are formed, new rights and privileges arise out of those relations, not subversive of original natural rights, but consistent with them. The government, whatever its form, is but the agent of a nation which, on the principle of the division of labor, entrusts to it the charge of protection and security. The assumption of this charge necessarily gives the persons who hold it, some power which they can use for the protection and security of those for whose benefit it is entrusted to them, or which they can abuse by exercising undue influence over them. When a nation advances to that stage, when it begins to have a regular form of government, the distance between the rulers and the ruled, is not great either in dignity or in power ; and if in such a state, the rulers exercise undue authority, the governed become watchful to secure their rights. This may occasion either the overthrow of monarchy and the establishment of a republican form of government, or it may lead to the limitation of the power of the sovereign by charters and councils. But if the early rulers are men of right principles ; if they make a proper use of the power yielded to them by protecting the people from foreign aggression and by administering impartial justice to all, then the people learn to have confidence in them and pay due homage to them, till they become more and more confirmed in power and exalted in dignity, while the people are content to remain in submission. The distance between the ruler and the subjects, with regard to dignity as well as power thus increases, (especially if there are no foreign foes to fight with,) and the latter become more and more unfit to oppose the former, if he begins to exercise undue authority. A nation thus becomes helpless, if the sovereign becomes a tyrant. The degrading influence of tyranny and despotism is too well known to need description. To a nation, having a strong feeling of patriotism and ardent love of liberty, such a state of things affords an opportunity for the exhibition of greatness, and it is important to observe its characteristics. Every individual of a great nation thinks himself entitled to defend his just rights, whenever and however they are en-

croached upon, and on being required to do so, he depends upon none but himself; but such is the peculiarity of the feelings of the individuals composing such a nation, that none is left without help in such a cause;—the cause of the meanest individual is the cause of the whole nation. The bond of union consists in the common love of justice, of liberty and of country, and no consideration of rank or opulence or power perverts that love, or relaxes that bond, the bond of spirit, so firm, close and compact as is never to be found in the combination of the atoms of matter. Such individuality, such nationality, such self-reliance, such patriotism, may by long slavery appear to be quite extinct, till a nation becomes helpless and spiritless; but it has been justly said by Hume that there is a pitch of exaltation as well as of depression, beyond which a nation necessarily tends to an opposite direction. Just so then fortunately under the dispensation of an all-wise Providence, the spirit of man too much depressed has its turn for reaction. Thus a creature, however, weak or timid, pressed too far, is found to have desperate courage in attacking its persecutor. Physical weakness or timidity may be long suffering, but the spirit of man is never to be crushed to destruction; its reaction may electrify the whole man, shoot lightning from his eye, and project thunderbolts from his arm. That electricity, thus once generated, is conducted through the souls of all the individuals composing the nation in the twinkling of an eye, by means of that wire which every one holds in his heart, namely, love of his country. If there is no union, that conduction of spiritual electricity converts the detached, the nerveless people, into a battery, that can overcome any amount of physical power opposed to it,—for the power of tyranny is never sound, but rotten to the core,—never substantial but visionary—it is frightful when seen afar, but becomes fallen as soon as touched, shrunk as soon as grasped, and crushed as soon as struck.

Whatever distance there may be between the power of the tyrant and the subjects, the one consisting of the disciplined army, the impregnable fortress, the dazzling steel, and the thundering artillery; the other consisting of naked body and bare arms;—but

do the people understand their rights? Do they feel that those rights are violated? Almighty God is their leader; His spirit moves in them, arranges them in files and ranks, constitutes them into a living, invincible fortress for themselves, and into a battery breaking down any fortress deemed however impregnable, makes the bare arms blunt the dazzling steel, and drowns the fire and sound of cannon into the flashing thunder of spiritual artillery. This is neither exaggeration nor the vision of fanaticism. Such in fact is the superiority of mind over matter, of the power of right over that of might. Might is never right. Such is never the decree of Heaven—the order of nature may be set aside for a time, the tyranny may be permitted to reign as long as patience disciplines the soul; but when the soul is thus disciplined, it crushes down tyranny. Bloodshed washes the land, the thunder-storm of war purifies the political atmosphere, and thus by a revolution the state of affairs takes a new turn. To a great nation, liberty is dearer than life, and death in the field for defending rights is deemed to be the sure way to Heaven.

RADHA NATH BASAK.

GREECE.

Pierre Lebrun.

In the sweet vale where stood Lacedemon,
Not far from the Eurotas, where the stream
Working its channel through some ruins old
Of tumbled columns hides its silver line
Beneath the laurel-roses,—oh, regard!
Here, here is Greece, and in a picture all.

A woman stands of beauty ravishing,
With naked feet, and with her fingers works
A wretched spindle, with a common reed
For distaff, and like flakes of dazzling snow

The cotton spread around her ; near her see
 A herdsman of Amyelée with his crook,
 In a short tunic that recalls to mind
 The shepherds of a bas-relief antique.
 Led by a charming instinct, without art,
 He leans against a white, white marble vase
 Half overturned, as in the solemn days
 Of Hyacinth's festivals, and his brow
 Is still encircled with the sacred flowers.
 Thus diademed in the shadow, with surprise
 He scans three travellers from Europe. These
 Sit upon mossy stones beneath an oak
 Beside the road. Upon a palfrey borne
 A Moslem woman passes, with her eyes
 Flashing disdainful underneath her veil ;
 A Negro follows bearing in her suit
 Her favorite partridge in its cage of gold.
 Then comes an Aga in his gorgeous dress
 Rapidly riding. Sombre and severe
 His look. The thunderous gallop of his steed
 Raises a dust-cloud, and his silver arms
 Struck by the sunbeams, through the olive groves
 Send lightning-scintillations near and far.
 He darts at us a scrutinising glance
 As he rides past, while thoughtfully I muse
 Lo, here is Sparta, here is Greece entire,
 A slave, a tyrant, ruins and bright flowers !

T. D.

EPIGRAM.*Albéric Deville.*

“The men of wit !” Says Dick,—“tis they have
 ruined France,”—
 “Have they indeed !” Cries Tom,—“then save
 her, now’s your chance !”

T. D.

AN EPITAPH.

Edmond Dallier.

A fearless, mild and faithful friend lies here,
 Faithful to death,—O stranger drop a tear !
 When sick and poor, men left me as a log,
 He stayed. And who was he ? Alas ! my dog.

T. D.

THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

Madame A. Tastu.

Eternité, néant, passé, sombres abîmes,
 Que faites-vous des jours que vous engloutissez ?

A De Lamartine.

The day declines, the hours draw near
 Of balmy and refreshing sleep,
 The sun, the last sun of the year
 Has sunk beneath the waveless deep.
 Beside the hearth I sit alone
 While shadows strange before me pass,
 The past and present dimly shown
 As in a wizard's magic glass.
 Long, long the flame arrests my sight
 Waving capricious, then the hand
 That counts upon the dial white
 Time's footfall, silent, calm and grand.
 Another step, another hour,
 And then the old year shall be dead ;
 What mortal can oppose the power
 That crumbles worlds beneath its tread ?
 And why should I pursue that march ?
 Can I retard its even course ?
 The fallen pillar, mouldering arch,
 Attest its overwhelming force.

And if I could, would I bring back
 A single buried day ? Oh no,
 Only lone journeying on my track
 Each day's farewell oppresses so
 My heart, that I perforce must say,
 Lo ! Lo ! Another flower is gone,
 Dropped from my crown to whirl away—
 Where ? In the wild and far unknown.
 Another shadow on the shade
 Already stretched across my path,
 Another spring retrenched and bade
 To join those that Oblivion hath.
 Harken ! The calm sonorous sound
 Slow shudders—twelve. 'Tis done ! 'Tis done !
 While darkness reigns on earth profound
 The old year's dead, the new begun.
 Adieu ! And hail ! O veiled new year
 Greetings ! What bearest thou in hand ?
 Tell us what benefits are near ?
 Shall peace and plenty rule the land ?
 What do I say ? Oh rather hide
 The secrets dormant in thy breast,
 In youth and hope thou seem'st a bride,
 And fairy colours on thee rest.
 But not the less thy course may bring
 Regrets and tears and bitter sighs ;
 Thus every day upon the wing
 Beholds our senseless vows arise,
 And thus before its course is o'er,
 It sees our dearest things decay
 And vanish to return no more ;
 • Like bubbles,—all, all past away.
 All, all, save one, for Hope remains
 And spreads her strange fantastic light—
 A spell against our griefs and pains,
 Across the futur's sombre night ;

And guides us on from year to year
 Until at last the happy day,
 That hath no end, dawn bright and clear.
 March Time ! And East the streak display !

T. D.

THE FOLK-TALES OF BENGAL.

By Mother Goose.

VI. THE EVIL EYE OF SANI.

Once upon a time Sani or Saturn, the god of bad luck, and Lakshmi, the goddess of good luck, fell out with each other in heaven. Sani said he was higher in rank than Lakshmi, and Lakshmi said she was higher in rank than Sani. As all the gods and goddesses of heaven were equally ranged on either side, the contending deities agreed to refer the matter to some human being who had a name for wisdom and justice. Now, there lived at that time upon earth a man of the name of Sribatsa* who was as wise and just as he was rich. Him therefore both the god and the goddess chose as the settler of their dispute. One day, accordingly, Sribatsa was told that Sani and Lakshmi were wishing to pay him a visit to get their dispute settled. Sribatsa was in a fix. If he said Sani was higher in rank than Lakshmi, she would be angry with him and forsake him. If he said Lakshmi was higher in rank than Sani, Sani would cast his evil eye upon him. Hence he made up his mind not to say anything directly, but to leave the god and the goddess to gather his opinion from his action. He got two stools made, the one of gold and the other of silver; and placed them beside him. When Sani and Lakshmi came to Sribatsa, he told Sani to sit upon the silver stool, and Lakshmi upon the gold stool. Sani became mad with rage, and said in an angry tone to Sribatsa, " Well, as you

**Sri* is another name of Lakshmi, and *batsa* means 'child'; so that Sribatsa is literally the 'child of fortune.'

consider me lower in rank than Lakshmi, I will cast my eye on you for three years; and I should like to see how you fare at the end of that period." The god then went away in high dudgeon. Lakshmi, before going away, said to Sribatsa, "My child do not fear. I'll befriend you." The god and the goddess then went away.

Sribatsa said to his wife, whose name was Chintamani, "Dearest, as the evil eye of Sani will be upon me at once, I had better go away from the house; for if I remain in the house with you, evil will befall you and me, but if I go away, it will overtake me only." Chintamani said, "That cannot be; where you will go, I will go, your lot will be my lot." The husband tried hard to persuade his wife to remain at home; but it was of no use. She would go with her husband. Sribatsa accordingly told his wife to make an opening in their mattrass, and to stow away in it all the money and jewels they had. On the eve of leaving their house, Sribatsa invoked Lakshmi, who forthwith appeared. He then said to her, "Mother Lakshmi! as the evil eye of Sani is upon us, we are going away into exile; but do befriend us, and take care of our house and property." The goddess of good luck answered, "Do not fear; I'll befriend you: all will be right at last." They then set out on their journey. Sribatsa rolled up the mattrass and put it on his head. They had not gone many miles when they saw a river before them. It was not fordable; but there was a canoe there with a man sitting in it. The travellers requested the ferryman to take them across. The ferryman said, "I can take only one at a time; but you are three, yourself, your wife, and the mattrass." Sribatsa proposed that first his wife and the mattrass should be taken across, and then he: but the ferryman would not hear of it. "Only one at a time," repeated he, "first let me take across the mattrass." When the canoe with the mattrass was in the middle of the stream, a fierce gale arose, and carried away the mattrass, the canoe and the ferryman, no one knows whither. And it was strange the stream also disappeared, for the place, where they saw a few minutes since the rush of waters, now became firm ground."

Sribatsa then knew that this was nothing but the evil eye of Sani.¹¹¹

Sribatsa and his wife, without a piec in their pocket, went to a village which was hard by. It was dwelt in for the most part by wood-cutters, who used to go at sunrise to the forest to cut wood which they sold in a town not far from the village. Sribatsa proposed to the wood-cutters that he should go along with them to cut wood. They agreed. So he began to fell trees as well as the best of them ; but there was this difference between Sribatsa and the other wood-cutters, that whereas the latter cut any and every sort of wood, the former cut only precious wood like sandal-wood. The wood-cutters used to bring to market large loads of common wood, and Sribatsa only a few pieces of sandal-wood, for which he got a great deal more money than the others. As this was going on day after day, the wood-cutters through envy plotted together, and drove away from the village Sribatsa and his wife.

The next place they went to was a village of weavers or rather of cotton-spinners. Here Chintamani, the wife of Sribatsa, made herself useful by spinning cotton. And as she was an intelligent and skilful woman, she spun finer thread than the other women ; and she got more money. This roused the envy of the native women of the village. But this was not all. Sribatsa in order to gain the good grace of the weavers asked them to a feast, the dishes of which were all cooked by his wife. As Chintamani excelled in cooking, the barbarous weavers of the village were quite charmed by the delicacies set before them. When the men went to their homes, they reproached their wives for not being able to cook so well as the wife of Sribatsa, and called them good-for-nothing women. This thing made the women of the village hate Chintamani the more. One day Chintamani went to the river side to bathe along with the other women of the village. A boat had been lying on the bank stranded on the sand for many days ; they had tried to move it, but in vain. It so happened that as Chintamani by accident touched the boat, it moved off to the river. The boatmen aston-

ished at the event, thought that the woman had uncommon power, and might be useful on similar occasions in future. They therefore caught hold of her, put her in the boat and rowed off. The women of the village, who were present, did not offer any resistance as they hated Chintamani. When Sribatsa heard how his wife had been carried away by boatmen, he became mad with grief. He left the village, went to the river-side and resolved to follow the course of the stream till he should meet the boat where his wife was a prisoner. He travelled on and on, along the side of the river till it became dark. As there were no huts seen, he climbed into a tree for the night. Next morning as he got down from the tree he saw at the foot of it a cow called Kapila-cow, which never calves, but which gives milk at all hours of the day whenever it is milked. Sribatsa milked the cow, and drank its milk to his heart's content. He was astonished to find that the cow-dung which lay on the ground was of a bright yellow colour; indeed, he found it was pure gold. While it was in a soft state he wrote his own name upon it, and when in the course of the day it became hardened, it looked like a brick of gold—and so it was. As the tree grew on the river-side, and as the Kapila-cow came morning and evening to supply him with milk, Sribatsa resolved to stay there till he should meet the boat. In the mean time the gold-bricks were increasing in number every day, for the cow both morning and evening deposited there the precious article. He put the gold-bricks, upon all of which his name was engraved, one upon another in rows, so that from a distance they looked like a hillock of gold.

Leaving Sribatsa to arrange his gold-bricks under the tree on the river side we must follow the fortunes of his wife. Chintamani was a woman of great beauty; and thinking that her beauty might be her ruin, she, when seized by the boatmen, offered to Lakshmi the following prayer.—“O Mother Lakshmi! have pity upon me. Thou hast made me beautiful, but now my beauty will undoubtedly prove my ruin by the loss of honour and chastity. I therefore beseech thee, gracious Mother, to make me ugly, and to cover my body with some loathsome disease, that

the boatmen may not touch me." Lakshmi heard Chintamani's prayer; and in the twinkling of an eye, while she was in the arms of the boatmen, her naturally beautiful form was turned into a vile carcass. The boatmen on putting her down in the boat, found her body covered with loathesome sores which were giving out a disgusting stench. They therefore threw her into the hold of the boat amongst the cargo, where they used morning and evening to send her a little boiled rice and some water. In that hold Chintamani had a miserable life of it; but she greatly preferred that misery to the loss of chastity. The boatmen went to some port, sold the cargo, and were returning to their country when the sight of what seemed a hillock of gold, not far from the river side, attracted their attention. Sribatsa, whose eyes were ever directed towards the river, was delighted when he saw a boat turn towards the bank, as he fondly imagined his wife might be in it. The boatmen went to the hillock of gold when Sribatsa said that the gold was his. They put all the gold-bricks on board their vessel, took Sribatsa prisoner, and put him into the hold not far from the woman covered with sores. They of course immediately recognized each other in spite of the change Chintamani had undergone, but thought it prudent not to speak to each other. They communicated their ideas to other by signs and gestures. Now, the boatmen were fond of playing at dice, and as Sribatsa appeared to them from his looks to be a respectable man they always asked him to join in the game. As he was an expert player, he almost always won the game, on which the boatmen envying his superior skill, threw him overboard. Chintamani had the presence of mind, at that moment, of throwing into the water a pillow which she had for resting her head on. Sribatsa took hold of the pillow by means of which he floated down the stream till he was carried at nightfall to what seemed a garden on the water's edge. There he stuck among the trees where he remained the whole night, wet and shivering. Now, the garden belonged to an old widow who was in former years the chief flower-supplier to the king of that country. Through some cause or other a blight seemed to have

come over her garden, as almost all the trees and plants ceased flowering; she had therefore given up her place as the flower-supplier to the royal household. On the morning following the night on which Sribatsa had stuck among the trees, however, the old woman on getting up from her bed could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw the whole garden ablaze with flowers. There was not a single tree or plant which was not begemmed with flowers. Not understanding the cause of such a miraculous sight, she took a walk through the garden, and found on the river's brink, stuck among the trees, a man shivering and almost dying with cold. She brought him to her cottage, lighted a fire to give him warmth, and showed him every attention, as she ascribed the wonderful flowering of her trees to his presence. After making him as comfortable as she could, she ran to the king's palace, and told his chief servants that she was again in a position to supply the palace with flowers; so she was restored to her former office as the flower-woman of the royal house-hold. Sribatsa, who stopped a few days with the woman, requested her to recommend him to one of the king's ministers for a berth. He was accordingly sent for to the palace, and as he was at once found to be a man of intelligence, the king's minister asked him what post he would like to have. Agreeably to his wish he was appointed collector of tolls on the river. While discharging his duties as river toll-gatherer, in the course of a few days he saw the very boat in which his wife was a prisoner. He detained the boat, and charged the boatmen with the theft of gold-bricks which he claimed as his own. At the mention of gold-bricks the king himself came to the river-side, and was astonished beyond measure to see bricks made of gold, every one of which had the inscription—SRIBATSA. At the same time Sribatsa rescued from the boatmen his wife who, the moment she came out of the vessel, became as lovely as before. The king heard the story of Sribatsa's misfortunes from his lips, entertained him in a princely style for many days, and at last sent him and his wife to their country with presents of horses and elephants. The evil eye of Sani was now turned away from

Sribatsa, and he again became what he formerly was the Child of Fortune.

Thus my story endeth,
The Natiya-thorn withereth, &c.

MOTHER GOOSE.

THE BIBLE AND SHAKESPEARE.

By A Hindustani.

A propos of what we said, in a recent number of this Magazine, on the heterogeneous character of the moral forces in operation under the banner of Government education, we may remark that the evil we pointed out is not confined to this country. In every country blessed with the light of revelation there are at least two opposite and conflicting classes of influences at work, viz., those which emanate from its religions, and those which emanate from its national and political life. In countries not blessed with the light of revelation, there is generally speaking no religious life distinct from political life, and the two classes of influences pointed out thoroughly harmonize with each other. In India for instance, there is no social or political system divergent from religion. The type of government in vogue here is theocracy, and the political system is so completely intermingled with and animated by the principles of the national religion that its separate existence is as little noticeable as the separate existence of lemon juice in a crystallized globule of citric acid. We have no national traditions separate from or acting in opposition to our religious traditions. Both our religion and our politics are domestic animals, and live peacefully within the same sacred enclosure. Such however is not the case in countries blessed with revelation, in countries which form what may be called the vanguard of civilization. Take for instance Italy, where one of the two opposite classes of forces has driven the other into a corner. Here, the political traditions are obviously and outrage-

ously at war with those which may be called religious. The old dotard confined within the walls of the Vatican represents a class of traditions, forces and influences the antipodes of that represented by Victor Emmanuel. The ultramontane and political parties have been fighting with each other for ages, and the triumph of the latter over the former has been achieved by consummate statesmanship and patriotic enthusiasm in our day.

We of course do not mean to say that the religious traditions of modern Italy, those miserable traditions which have for centuries unto this day fed priestcraft and tyranny and extinguished liberty of conscience in the fair provinces of Italy, are an outgrowth from that pure and sublime system of doctrine and morality to which the world owes the brightest blessings of freedom and toleration of which it can boast. But we bring forward the case of Italy to exemplify the constant hostility maintained in the most civilized countries of Europe and America between traditions which are national, local and political, and those which emanate from the unsectarian, universal, local and comprehensive truths of religion. In these countries, religion is an external, foreign influence which has to fight its way through a host of domestic traditions inconsistent with, and in many cases diametrically opposed to its spirit. How different is the national character of every country in Christendom from the bright, excellent character its religion is calculated to mould and fashion! How different is the undisguised arrogance of the German, the refined hauteur of the Englishman, the gilded frivolity of the French, the cupidity of the Spaniard or the duplicity of the Italian, from the fair, open, modest, peaceful and Christ-like character which Christianity is fitted to domesticate wherever its benign influence is not entirely neutralized by a host of antagonistic forces.

In England, these two jarring classes of forces are represented by two well known and incomparable books, the Bible and Shakespeare. The sacred and sanctifying influences of religion emanate from the Bible, while the questionable—to say the least—principles of national life emanate from Shakespeare. Or—to express the same idea in different forms—the traditions which

Englishmen look upon as religious and therefore universal and all-comprehensive cluster around the Bible ; while those which are purely local and national cluster around Shakespeare. And there is a perpetual, ceaseless warfare maintained between these two classes of traditions, a warfare somewhat like that kept up every where on the surface of the globe between God and evil, the beneficent principle of virtue and the malignant principle of vice. And the result of this dualism in England is somewhat like the result of the well-known and universally acknowledged dualism in the world. There is in the sphere of nature a constant, never-ceasing hand-to-hand fight between God and evil, the genius of virtue and the demon of vice ; and the condition of the world changes as victory sides with either of these conflicting parties. When the good principle triumphs and holds the demon of vice in subjection, peace and plenty, prosperity and joy prevail in the world, and what is called in common parlance "good time" smiles upon it. But when the demon of vice triumphs, and holds its opponent in subjection, nothing but adversity and misery is seen in the world, and nothing is heard but sighs and groans. In a similar manner, when the Bible prevails in England, virtue flourishes, and vice retires into the background. But when Shakespeare succeeds in throwing its rival into the background, vice flourishes, and virtue conceals itself in the caves and dens of the world. In other words, when the Bible has its own way in England, the English nation struggles forward in the path of virtue and holiness with marked energy and enthusiasm ; but when Shakespeare has its own way, the nation is rapidly and obviously demoralized. And lastly, as in nature, when the two opposing principles are well matched in power and authority, virtue and vice go hand-in-hand like old friends, so in England when the Bible and Shakespeare hold "divided empire," the nation halts between an elevating and a demoralizing influence.

But it may be said that, as Shakespeare is an antiquated book studied only by the plodding student, its influence in England cannot but be of the most limited character. How can Shakespeare then be appropriately represented as the centre

of those formative principles to which the genuine Anglo-Saxon character is to be traced? It is true that Shakespeare even in those days when it was not antiquated was read and admired by the reading classes, not by the English nation generally. It is moreover true that in these days, when ponderous glossaries and voluminous commentaries are needed to enable Englishmen to appreciate its puns and laugh over its jokes, its reading is confined to narrower circles. But we maintain that it nevertheless is the centre of those national and domestic influences which, when entirely dissociated from the holier influences of religion, tend to produce Englishmen of the truest *English* type. Emerson of American and Unitarian notoriety is quite right when he says that English poets, song composers and ballad-makers have, since the time of the great bard of nature, done nothing but *Shakespearized*, or reproduced Shakespeare. The theatrical plays, the poetical compositions, the national songs and the rural ballads, to which, apart from the divine truths enshrined in the Bible, the work of forming the English character must be wholly traced, breathe so thoroughly the spirit of the book that they may all be represented as so many editions of Shakespeare. Shakespeare either in his primitive, antiquated garb, or modernized in the presiding genius of that extensive and wide-spread mass of popular literature which, in various shapes, secular poetry, songs, ballads and even folk-tales, exerts an almost omnipotent influence over the national character of the English people. Shakespeare is generally speaking represented as the Bard of nature, the Bard of all countries and all times, the only poet of universal genius whom mankind in general may claim as their own. This is somewhat extravagant praise, but it is not wholly undeserved. In some respects Shakespeare may be regarded as the poet of all times and all countries;—but this fact does in no way stand in the way of his being looked upon as the domestic poet of England in the same sense in which Burns is regarded as the domestic poet of Scotland. The spirit of the domestic traditions of England is as decidedly concentrated in Shakespeare as the spirit of the national traditions of ancient Greece was concentrated in

the heroic lays of Homer. Nay, Shakespeare, in our humble opinion, is more decidedly the domestic poet of England than Cowper who is generally represented as such. Cowper's domesticity is to a considerable extent balanced by his fervent evangelical piety, while Shakespeare's domesticity is unchecked and rampant!

That the spirit of Shakespeare is the antipodes of the spirit of the Bible, no argument is needed to demonstrate. Shakespeare is of the earth, earthly; but the Bible is of the heaven heavenly. The one says—Be ye like the heroes of the world who never pocketed an insult and never forgave an enemy! The other says—Be ye like your Father in heaven who causeth His sun to rise both on the just and on the unjust. How different is the spirit of Hamlet nursing in the inmost recesses of his heart a revenge which ends in a frightful tragedy, the spirit of Othello plunging the dagger into the heart of his innocent wife in a fit of violent jealousy, the spirit of Romeo deliberately swallowing a cup of poison in a moment of desperate grief, from the spirit of Him, who when he was reviled reviled not again, of the worthy preachers when buffeted and imprisoned by the rulers of their nation thanked God that they were counted worthy to suffer for their crucified master, of the two well-known prisoners in the jail of Philippi who, when their inhuman persecutor was about to commit suicide cried out—Do thyself no harm! Greatly as we admire Shakespeare, we think twice before putting it into the hands of the young and inexperienced. Its influence is on the whole demoralizing. The types of heroism it presents, though marvellously attractive, are fitted to poison youthful hearts and "turn" youthful minds. But the Bible, even the irreligious and immoral man and the infidel must devoutly wish to see their children rooted and grounded in its sublime and heavenly principles! Shakespeare is not merely not innocuous, but positively demoralising—but the Bible is not only innocuous but elevating. The two moral forces are wide as the poles asunder in their nature and tendencies!

* Shakespeare and the Bible hold divided sway in England,

and Englishmen may be divided into three classes, Shakespearians, Christians, and those who are halting between the Bible and Shakespeare.

The Shakespearians form a large party, and are perpetually pluming themselves on the prestige and glory of the English nation. They are proud and haughty, form an exaggerated opinion of the virtues and excellencies of their race, and look down with supercilious contempt on almost every nation dwelling beyond the precincts of their native land. Instead of facing in a manly spirit the solemn responsibilities inseparably associated with the prominence of position vouchsafed to their country by providence, they look only to the privileges which its grandeur places around their path. The ascendancy of England over the whole world is their idol; and they are engaged in inspiring fear rather than love among races which providence has placed under their sway. The terror of the English name, not reverence for it, is the unworthy and worthless blessing they wish to see ubiquitous in the world. And they succeed in diffusing this blessing. In America and Africa they maintained and fostered slavery, and carried on exterminating wars. In Australia, the barbarians are oftener kept at a distance by the terror of English guns, than attracted by the amiable features of British generosity. And in India, they maintain the prestige of the British name by acts of insolence similar to that which has given an unenviable notoriety to Mr. Fuller. These people do not act unreasonably—on the contrary, they assign proper reasons for their conduct. They believe that the careful maintenance of the British ascendancy is a sort of earthly providence with which the world in its present degraded condition can not dispense with. The welfare and happiness of the world will disappear as soon as the prestige of the British name is lowered. These good people however do not know what genuine prestige is or in what it consists. The prestige of the Lord Jesus Christ has been infinitely greater than that of Napoleon—a fact acknowledged in unmistakable terms by that spoiled child of fortune himself. The prestige of the virtues which philosophers like Mill sneer as “passive”

has always and invariably overcome and extinguished the prestige of Mahomedan statesmanship or military violence.

The Christians in Britain, as in every country, form a small and despised minority. They however rate Shakespearian principle and Shakespearian philosophy at their proper value; and cheerfully and fearlessly casting them overboard, they adhere to a principle and philosophy as far above of the classes referred to as the heaven is above the earth. The passive virtues smiled at by John Stuart Mill are precious in their eyes; and the example, not of Robin Hood, nor of Hamlet, but of the meek and lowly Prophet of Nazareth they do their best to follow. Clad with humility and meekness, and animated by the noblest principles of benevolence and philanthropy, they go about doing good like their Great Master in spite of geographical boundaries ethnological peculiarities, national prejudices, and caste distinctions. They try to raise fallen humanity, nations, languages and tongues, not to a comfortable position beneath their feet, but to the vantage ground they themselves occupy; and they fight, not under the banner of haughty, domineering Anglo-Saxonism, but under that of Christian love. And they gladly look forward to the glorious time when all such national and social distinctions, as have been a prolific source of hatred and war during the six thousand years which have rolled over this world, will merge in universal brotherhood and uninterrupted peace. They are more cosmopolitan than patriotic, more Christian than English. They are few and far between; but they are the salt of England. And if they were allowed to have their own way, that is, if genuine Christianity in England were not to a considerable extent neutralized by all that is peculiarly English, her fame would be above criticism and her glory without a dark spot. India may expect a good deal from the disinterested labors of these good persons. Her rise in civilization depends on the entire prevalence of their principles and the entire suppression of those enshrined in Shakespeare.

Then there are many large classes of persons among Englishmen who are halting between the Bible and Shakespeare. They

represent what may be called the defective Christianity of England,—the various degrees of defective Christianity which are the different links of the chain which connects the high-toned Shakespearianism of the first and the high-toned piety of the second community. Their principles, neither thoroughly Christian nor thoroughly Shakespearian, are preponderant, inasmuch as in all the works of life their numerical strength is greater than that of either of the other two parties. It is but fair to say that pure Shakespearianism is retiring before the irresistible march of religion and humanity. But it is a lamentable fact that a sort of mongrel spirit, the spirit of a questionable marriage between the principles represented by Shakespeare and those represented by the Bible, is taking its place, not the lofty and sublime spirit which comes down from above. This spirit needs a thorough baptism of fire, such as is fitted to consume its baser elements and cause it to emerge out of the dust, so to speak, in all the glory of its native purity and holiness. England is most decidedly a great country; and our heartfelt prayer to God is that the sun of its glory may never set! But no Englishman ought to be blind to the fact that this sun, like the luminary over our heads, has spots, and these will be multiplied in proportion as Shakespeare has the upper hand in her councils and proceedings, and removed in proportion as her purely national traditions retire before lofty principles of her faith. And the complete freedom of her reputation from all stain will not be effected till a revolution fitted to send Shakespeare to the wall and render the Bible predominant is accomplished. We of course do not deny that there is much that is good in Shakespeare; but this is a fruit of the Bible, and is by no means in harmony with principles and maxims which are peculiarly Shakespearian. The Bible and Shakespeare are at war in England, as the mystery of iniquity is at war with the mystery of good in the world; and if Englishmen are really anxious to see their beloved country crowned with a halo of *unmixed* glory, they ought to wish the Bible triumph, and Shakespeare defeat and confusion evermore.

EDITORIAL NOTE TO THE PRECEDING
ARTICLE.

Unwilling to deprive the public of the sentiments, on an important subject, of so able a writer as our excellent contributor "A Hindustani," we have given publicity to the preceding article, though the views it contains are not our own. We are aware that there are not a few puritanical, or, as they are at present called, Evangelical Christians, whose opinion of Shakspeare is similar to that of our contributor; but it must not be forgotten that the greatest writer that puritanism ever produced, perhaps the greatest writer that England ever produced, John Milton, had intense admiration for the immortal bard of Avon. Witness his "Epitaph on the admirable dramatic poet, W. Shakespeare," beginning with the well-known lines—

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-pointing pygⁿail?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?"

It is true that Milton wrote this Epitaph when he was young, when perhaps his puritanism was not fully developed; but it is also true that he had written the year before the sublime ode on *Christ's Nativity*, and a few months after he wrote that noble sonnet in which occur the lines—

" Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n,
To that same lot, however mean, or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye,"

—lines which breathe of the lofty spirit of puritanism. With Milton we think there is no inconsistency between puritanism or evangelicalism and admiration for Shakspeare. We have

great admiration for those grand old puritan divines, the Howes, the Owens, the Baxters, the Goodwins, the Bostons, the Haliburtons, the Rutherfords, the Leightons, and a host besides, who have sounded the depths of the *spiritual man* more profoundly than any other writers in the world, and at the same time we have equally great admiration for the immortal Shakspeare, the plummet of whose many-sided genius has sounded the depths of the *natural man* more deeply than any other poet or moralist in the world. We do not think that there is any antagonism between the Bible and Shakspeare; indeed, we are of the opinion that but for the Bible and the Reformation there would have been no Shakspeare. The spirit of Shakspeare is in harmony with the spirit of the Bible.

It is admitted that there are bad characters in Shakspeare, but that is only because there are bad characters in the world. Shakspeare paints the world as it is; and his picture would have been unreal if there had been no bad characters in it. But are there no bad characters in the Bible?—a Cain, a Potiphar's wife, a Pharaoah, a Sapphira, a Simon Magus, a Judas Iscariot? It is not meant, surely, that these bad characters should be imitated.

As for the tendency of Shakspeare, it is, we think, on the whole, ennobling and elevating. Every reader of Shakspeare must be acquainted with innumerable passages giving expression, in beautiful language, to the purest and loftiest sentiments.

The division of the whole English nation into Shakspearians, Christians, and halters between Shakspeare and the Bible, seems to us to be entirely fanciful. Many earnest evangelical Christians of deep piety, who are at the same time men of culture, intensely admire Shakspeare not only as an artist, but also as a moral teacher.

As regards the Bible, our reverence for it is so profound that we look it as blasphemy to compare it with the plays of Shakspeare or with any other human production. Ed. D. M.

